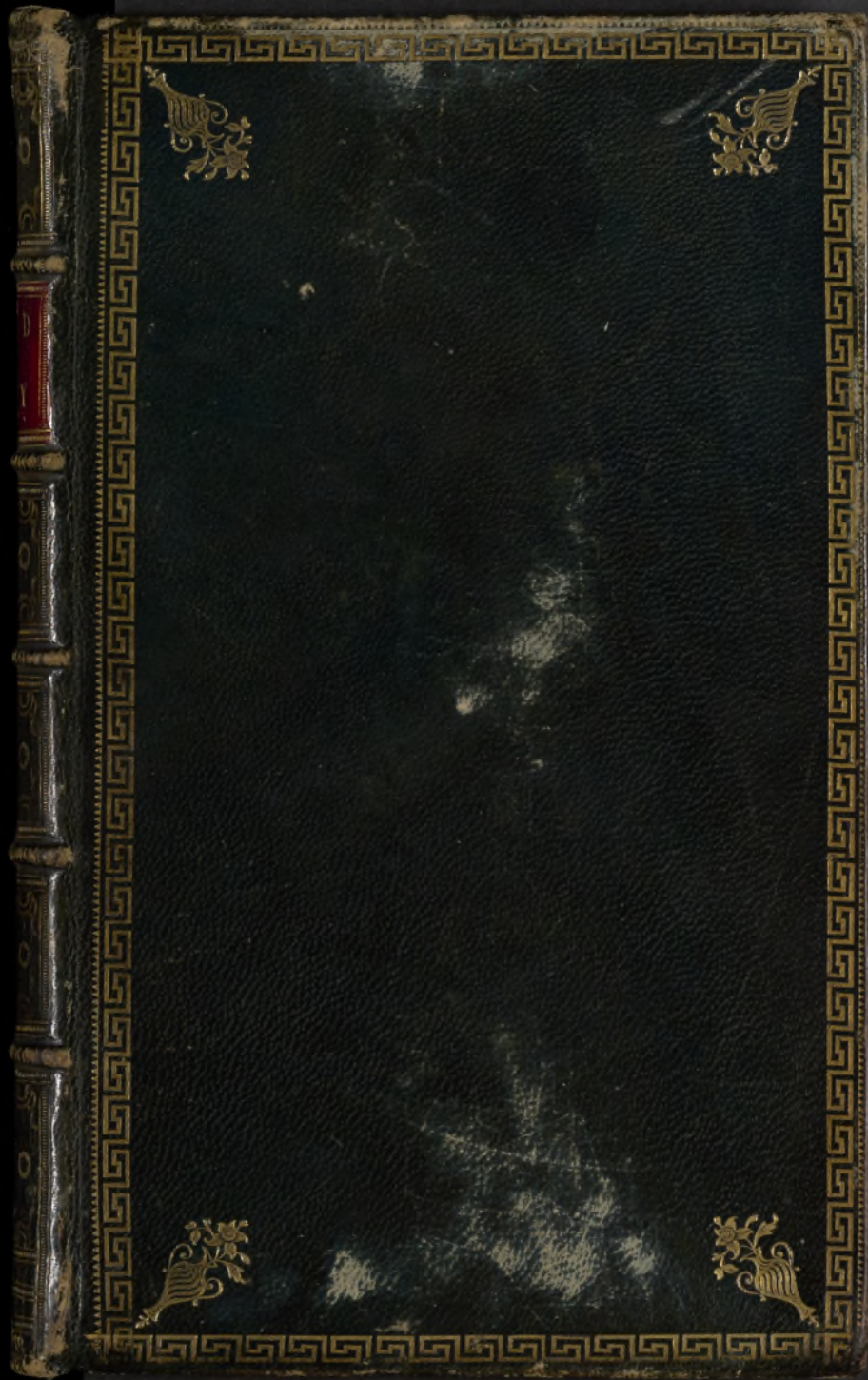
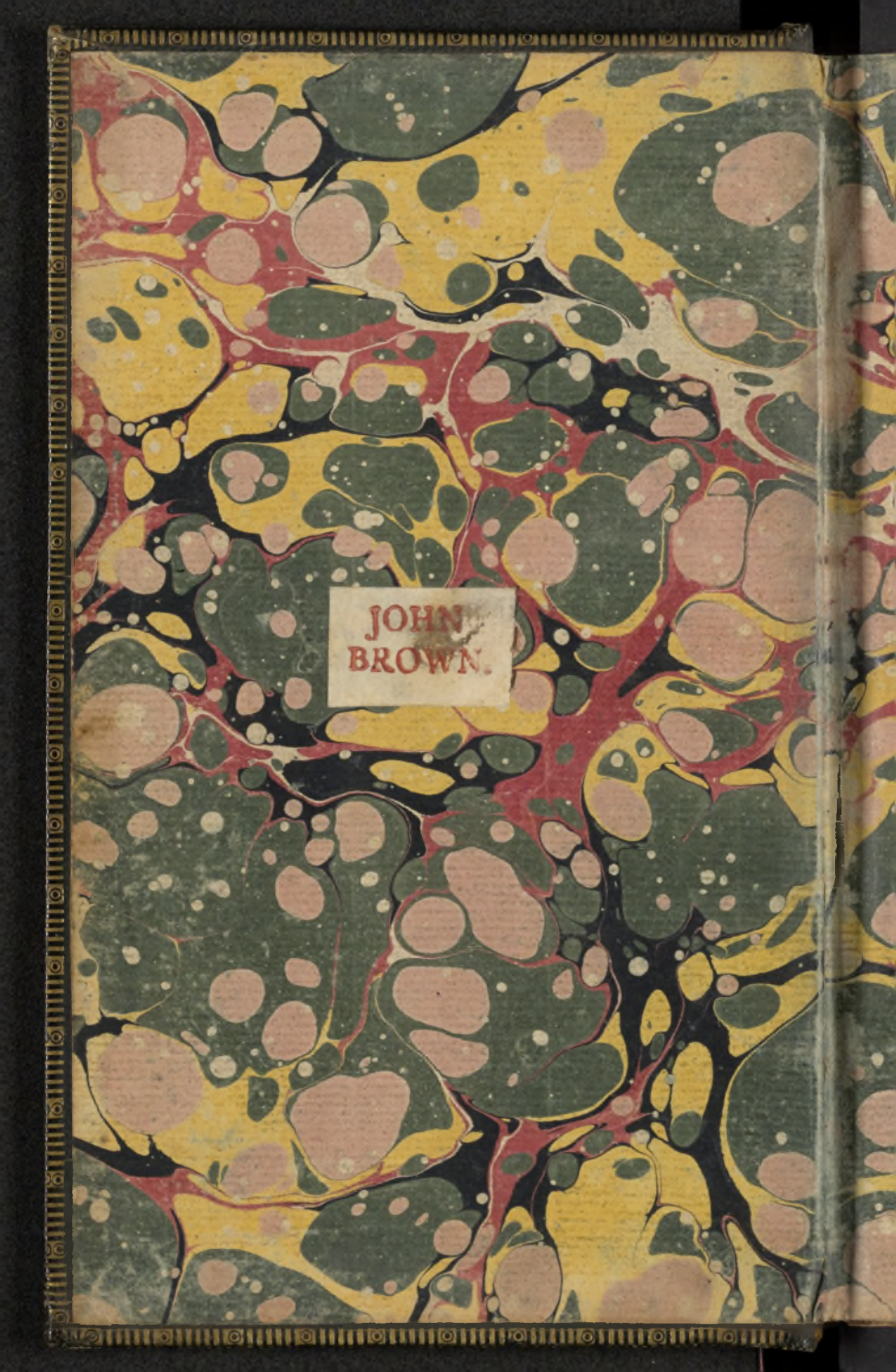
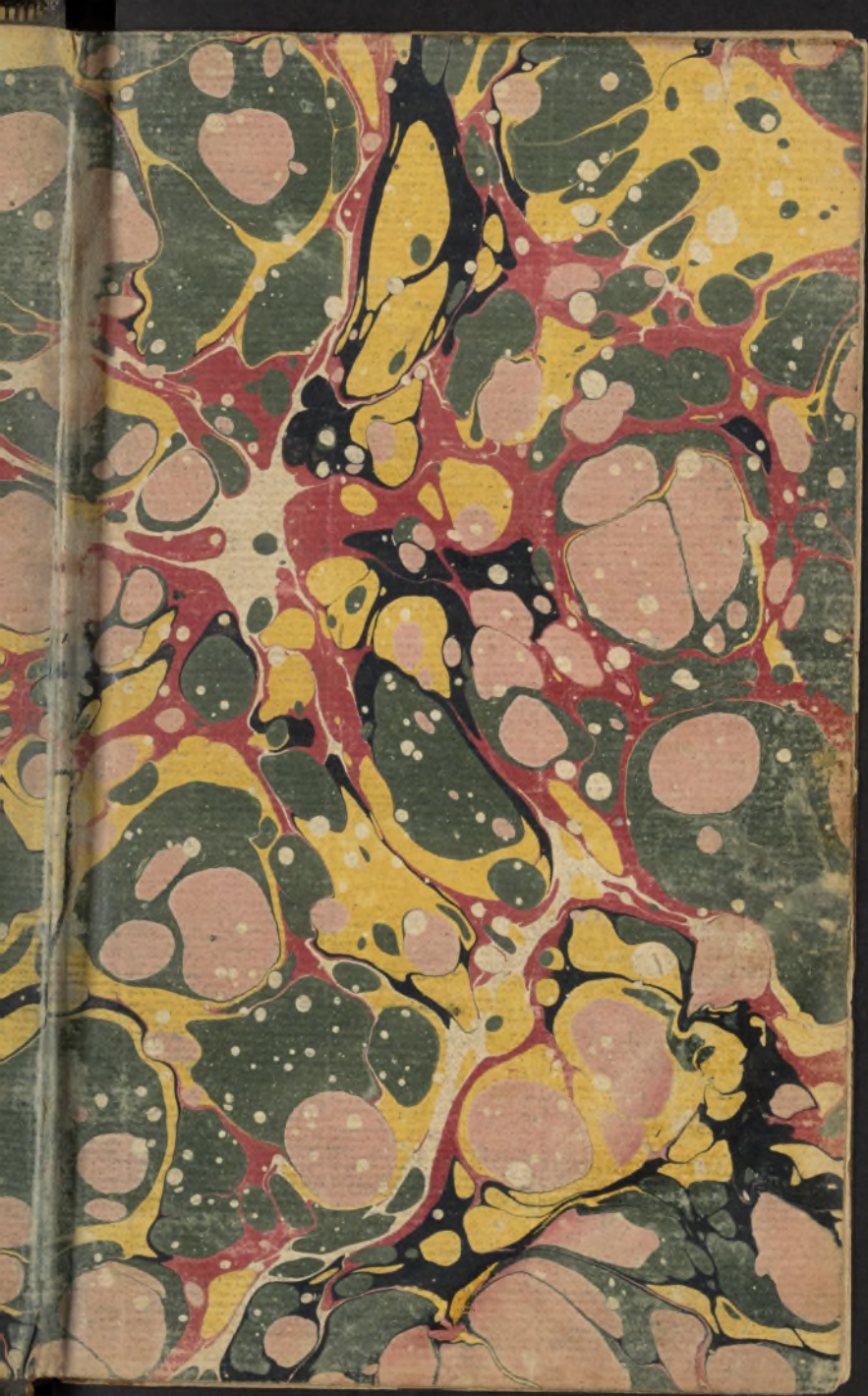




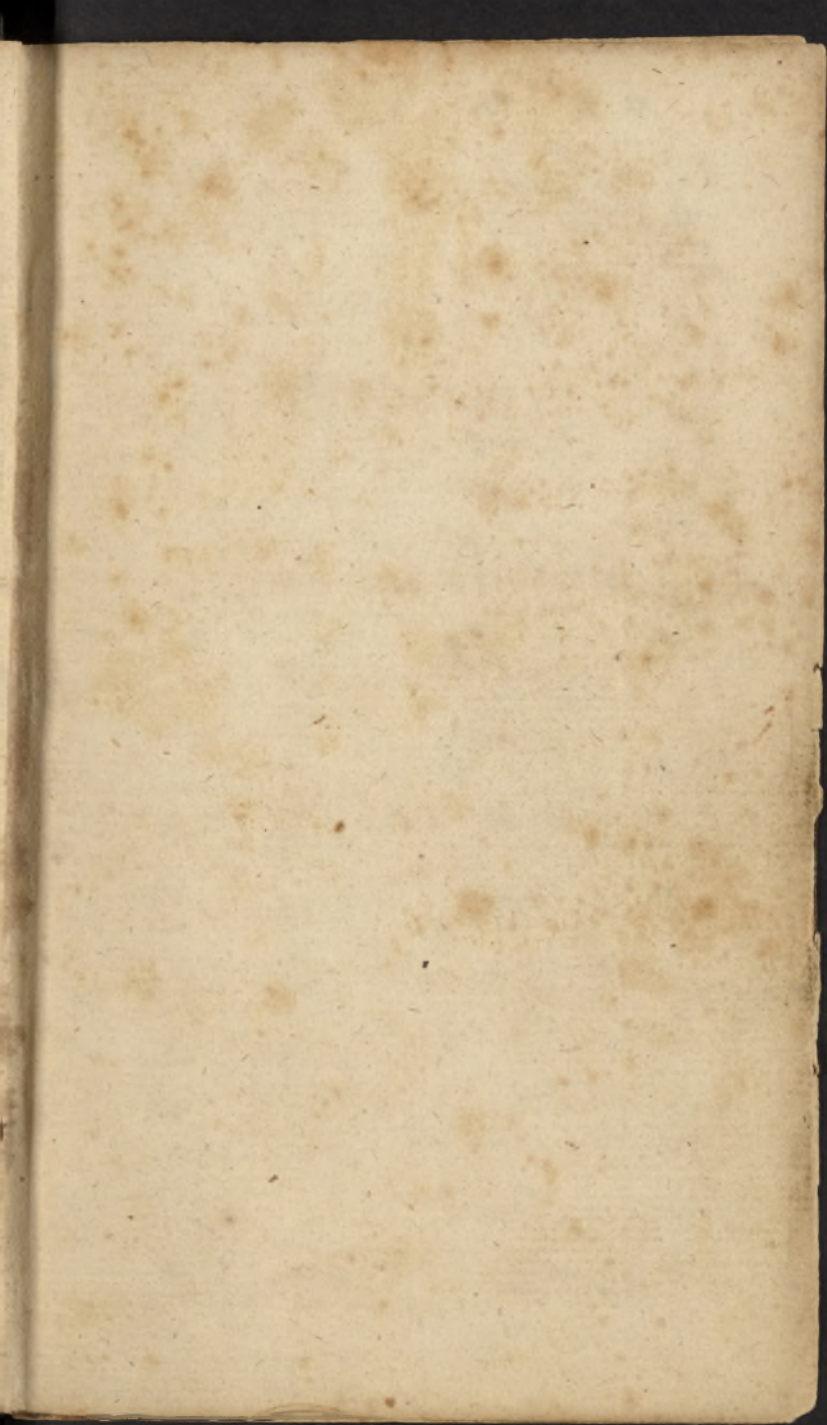
The image shows the front cover of an old book. The cover is decorated with a traditional marbled paper pattern, often called a 'stone' or 'shell' pattern. This pattern consists of large, irregular, organic shapes in shades of yellow, green, and pink, set against a dark, almost black background. The edges of the cover are framed by a decorative border made of small, repeating geometric motifs. In the center of the cover, there is a small, rectangular, off-white paper label. On this label, the name 'JOHN BROWN' is printed in a red, serif, all-caps font. The text is arranged in two lines: 'JOHN' on the top line and 'BROWN' on the bottom line. The overall appearance is that of a well-preserved but aged historical volume.

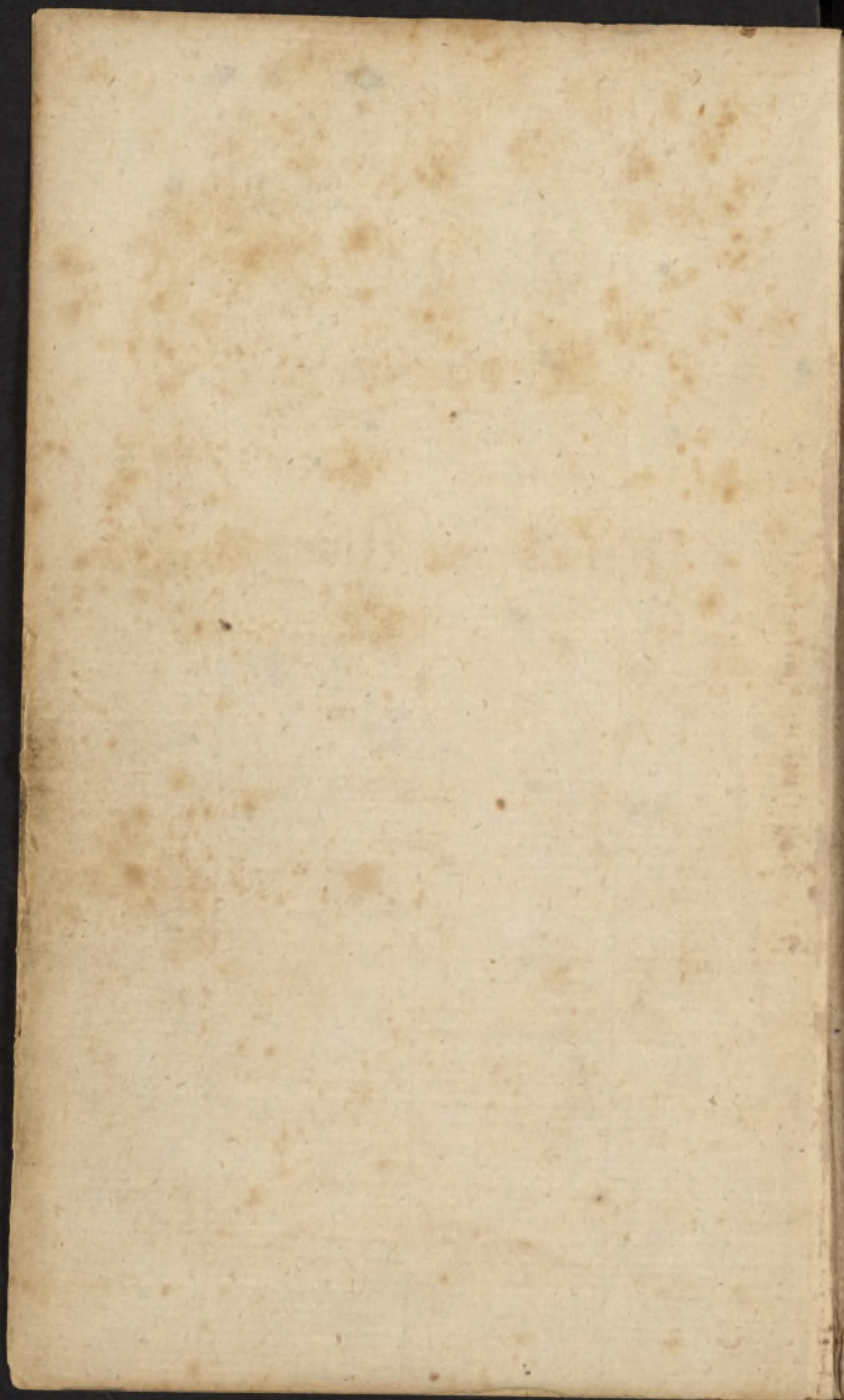
JOHN
BROWN.

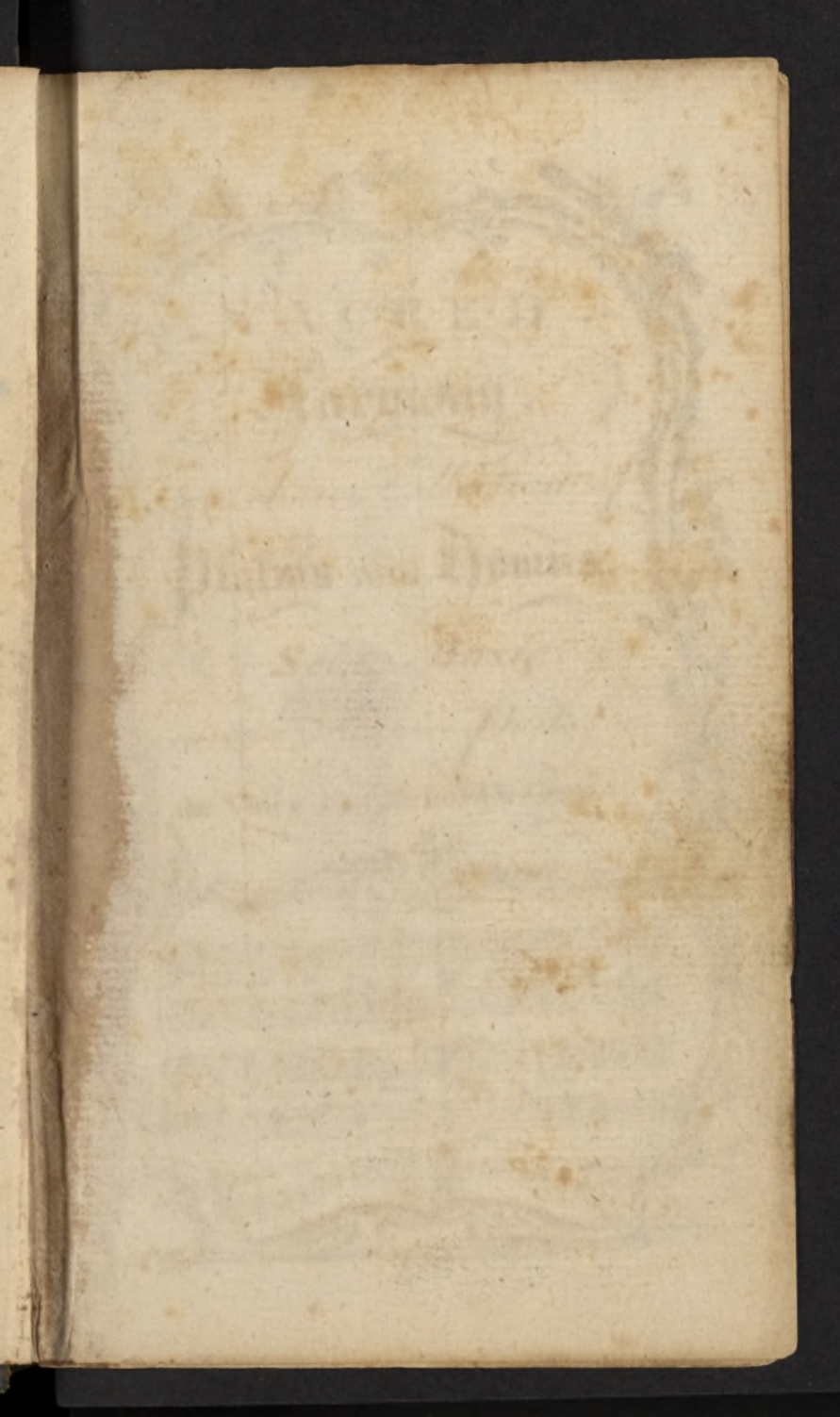


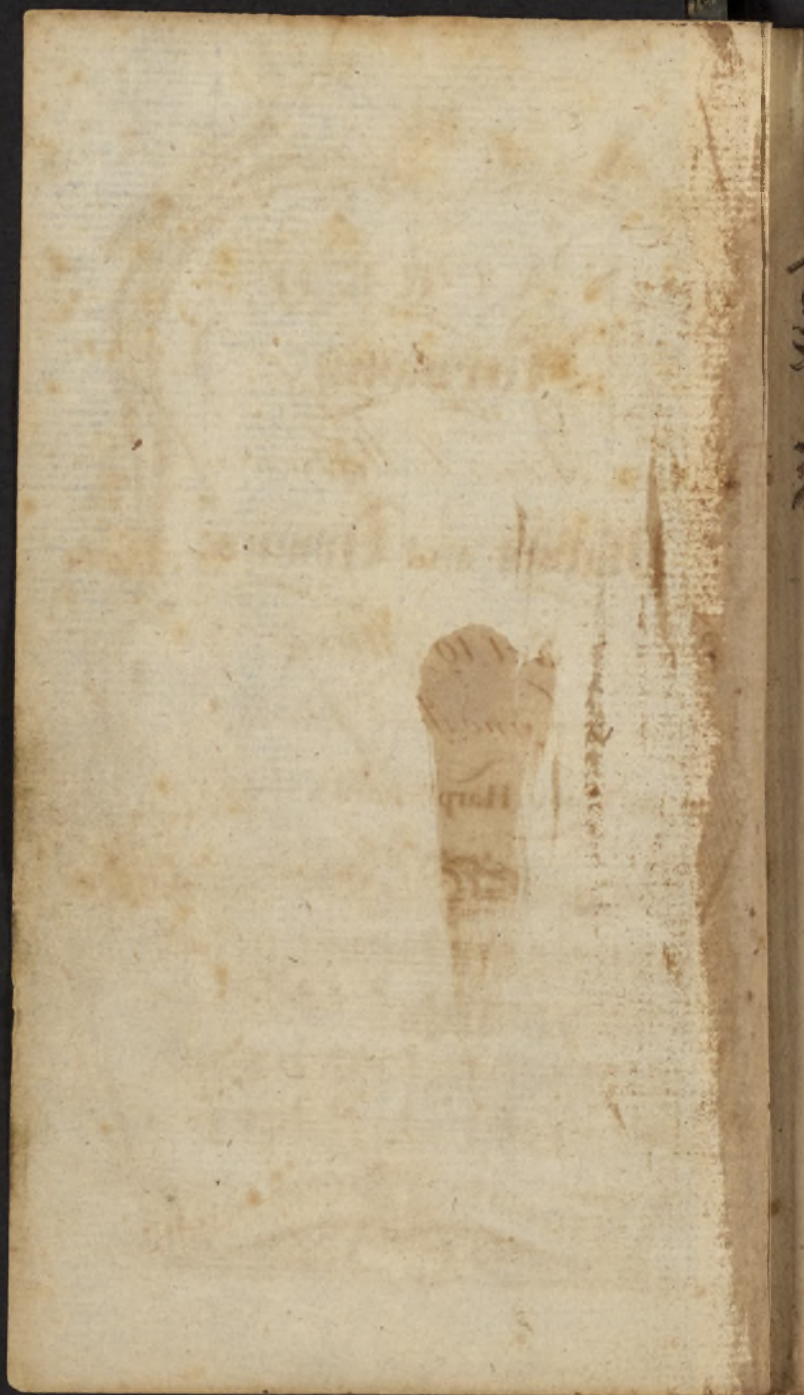
John Wesley

Jan. 10. 1780







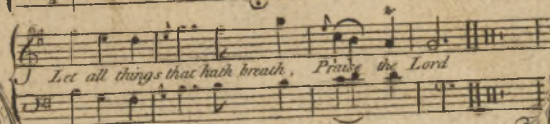
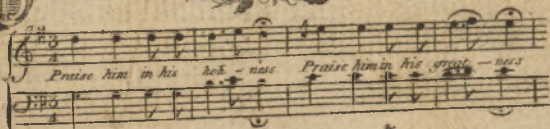




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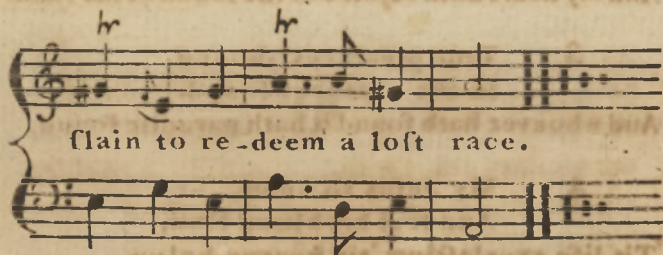
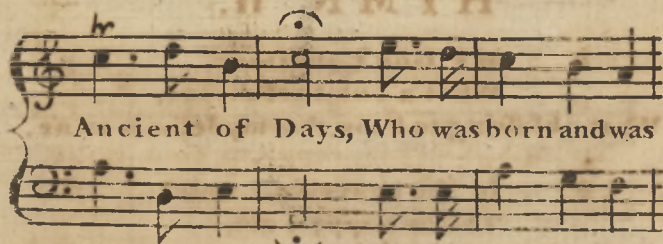
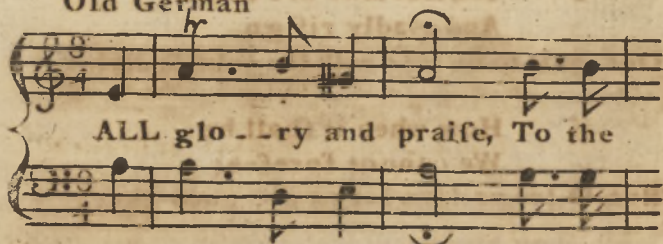
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H Y M N I.

Old German



2 Salvation to God,
 Who carried our load,
 And purchas'd our lives with the price of his blood.

3 And shall he not have,
 The lives which he gave
 Such an Infinite ranfome for ever to save.

4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,
And gladly resign
Our souls to be fill'd with the fulness divine.

5 How, when it shall be
We cannot foresee:
But, O let us live, let us die unto thee.

H Y M N II.

1 MY God I am thine,
What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine.

2 In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am,
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his Name

3 True pleasures abound
In the raptures found,
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found.

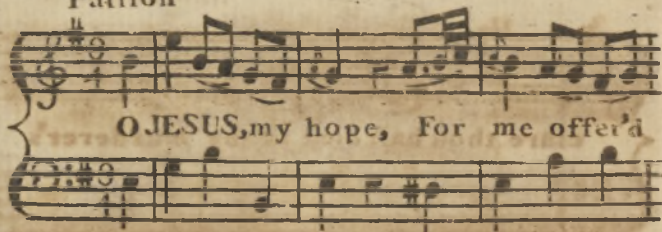
4 My Jesus to know,
And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

5 Yet onward I haste
To the heav'nly feast:
That, that is the fulness; but this is the taste.

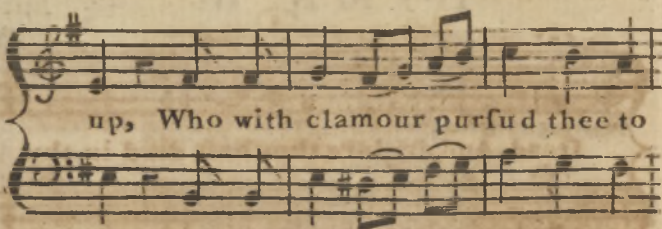
6 And this I shall prove,
Till with Joy I remove
To the Heaven of Heavens in Jesus's love.

HYMN III.

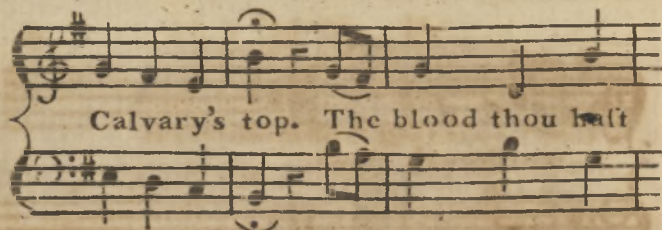
Passion



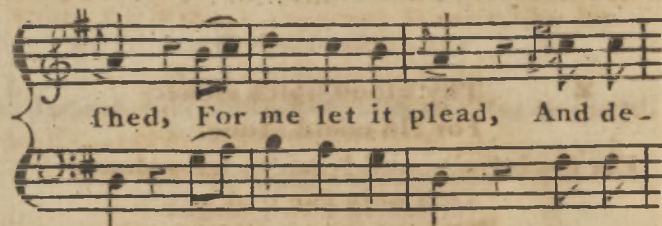
O JESUS, my hope, For me offer'd



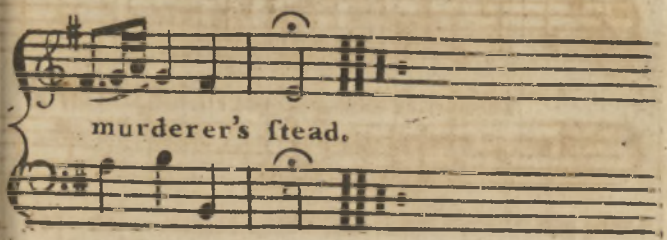
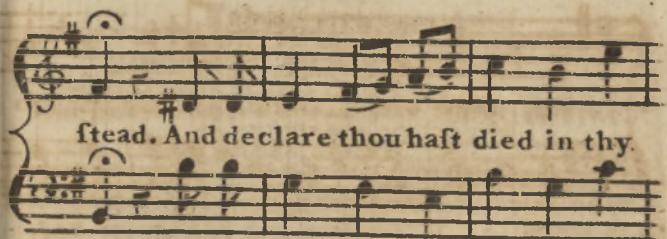
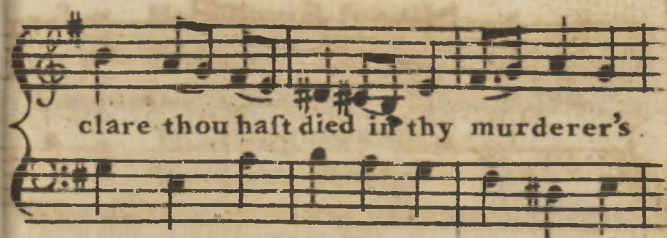
up, Who with clamour pursu'd thee to



Calvary's top. The blood thou hast



shed, For me let it plead, And de-



2 Thy blood, which alone
For sin could atone
For the infinite evil I madly have done:
That only can seal
My pardon, and fill
My heart with a power of obeying thy will.

3 Now, now let me know
 Its virtue below;
 Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
 Let it hallow my heart,
 And throughly convert,
 And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

4 Each moment apply'd,
 My weakness to hide,
 Thy blood be upon me, and always abide:
 My advocate prove
 With the Father above,
 And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

H Y M N I V.

1 ALL ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh:
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die.
 Your ransom and peace,
 Your surety he is:
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

2 For what you have done
 His blood must atone:
 The Father hath punish'd, for you, his dear Son;
 The Lord, in the day
 Of his anger, did lay
 Your sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.

3 He answer'd for all,
 O come at his call;
 And lo, at his feet with astonishment fall.
 Ye all may receive
 The peace he did leave
 Who made intercession, "My Father forgive."

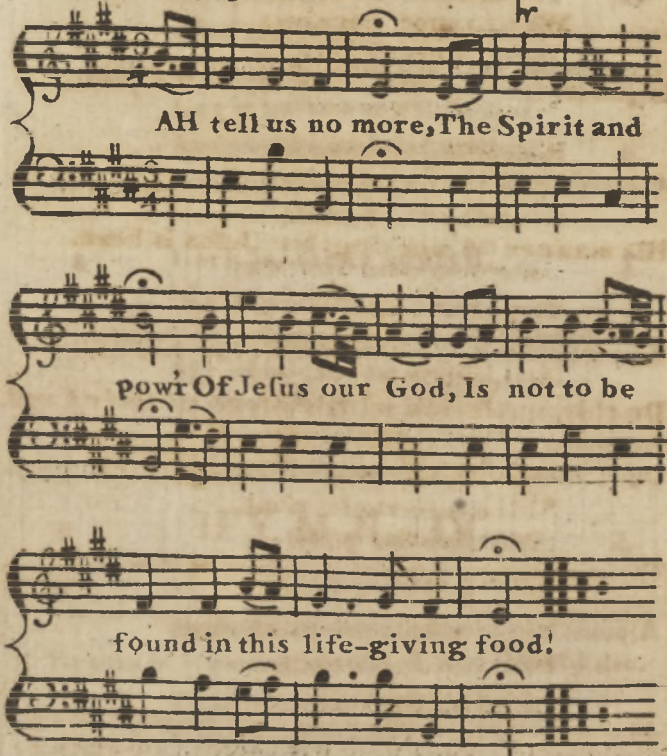
4 For you and For me,
 He pray'd on the tree:
 The prayer is accepted: the sinner is free.
 The sinner am I,
 Who on Jesus rely,
 And come for the pardon: God cannot deny.

5 My pardon I claim;
 For a sinner I am,
 A sinner believing on Jesus's name:
 He purchas'd the grace
 Which now I embrace:
 O Father, thou know'st, he hath died in my place.

6 His death is my plea,
 My advocate see,
 And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd for me
 Acquitted I was,
 When he hung on the cross,
 And by losing his life he hath carried my cause.

HYMN V.

Sacrament



2 Did Jesus ordain
His supper in vain?
And furnish a feast,
For none but his earliest servants to taste?

3 Nay, but this is his will,
We know it and feel
That we should partake
The banquet for all he so freely did make.

4. 'Tis God we belive,
Who cannot deceive:
The witness of God
Is present, and speaks in the mystical blood.
- 5 Receiving the bread,
On Jesus we feed:
It doth not appear
His manner of working: but Jesus is here.
- 6 O that all men would haste
To this spiritual feast:
At Jesus's word,
Do this, and be fed with the love of their Lord.
- 7 True light of mankind,
Shine into their mind,
And clearly reveal
Thy perfect, and good and acceptable will.
- 8 Bring near the glad day,
When all shall obey
Thy dying request,
And eat of thy supper and lean on thy breast.
- 9 To all men impart
One way and one heart;
Thy people be shown
All righteous, and spotless, and perfect in one.
- 10 Then, then let us see
Thy glory, and be
Caught up in the air,
This heavenly supper in heaven to share.

HYMN VI.

Derby



AWAY with our fears, Our sorrows and



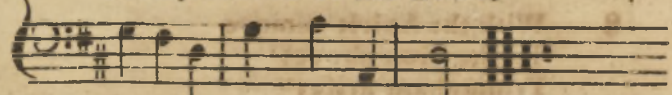
tears, The Spirit is come, The Spirit is



come, The witness of Jesus, The witness of



Jesus, return'd to his home.



2 The pledge of our Lord
To his heaven restor'd,
Is sent from the sky,
And tells us, our Head is exalted on high.

3 Our advocate there
By his blood and his pray'r
The gift hath obtain'd,
For us he hath pray'd and the Comforter gain'd.

4 Our glorify'd head
His Spirit hath shed,
With his people to stay;
And never again will he take him away.

5 Our heavenly guide
With us shall abide:
His comfort impart,
And set up his kingdom of love in our heart.

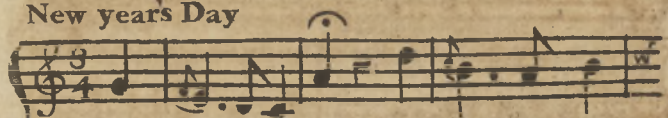
6 The heart that believes,
His kingdom receives,
His pow'r and his peace,
His life and his joy's everlasting increase.

7 Then let us rejoice
In heart and in voice,
Our leader pursue
And shout as we travel the wilderness through:

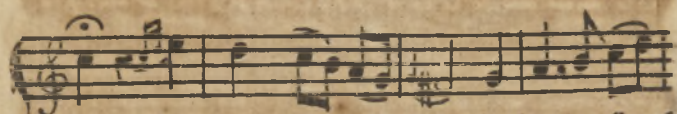
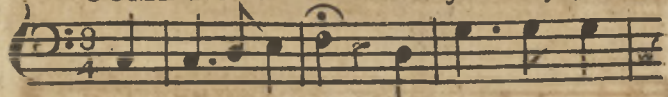
8 With the Spirit remove
To the Sion above;
Triumphant arise,
And walk with our God till we fly to the skies.

HYMN VII.

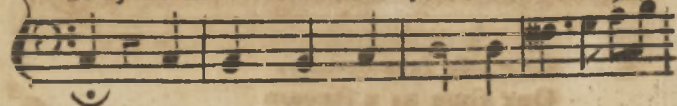
New year's Day



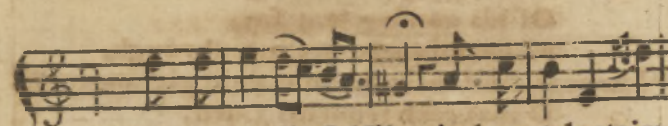
COME let us anew Our journey pur-



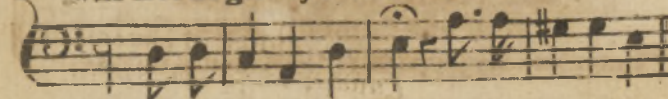
sue, Roll round with the year, And never stand

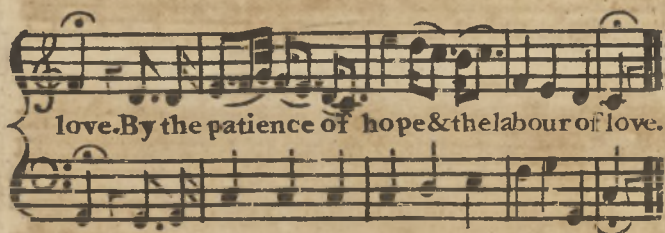
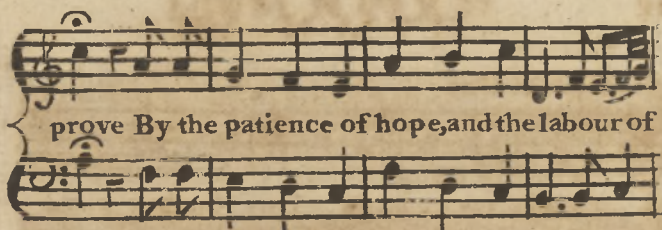


still till the master appear: His adorable



will Let us gladly fulfil, And our talents im-



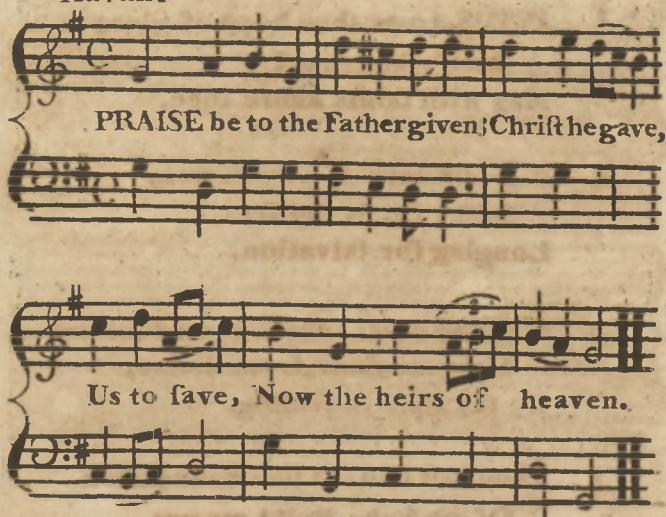


2 Our life is a dream,
 Our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day
 Of his coming may say,
 "I have fought my way through,
 "I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do."
 O that each from his Lord,
 May receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done,
 "Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

HYMN VIII.

Havant



- 2 Pay we equal adoration
To the Son: He alone,
Wrought out our salvation.
- 3 Glory to the eternal Spirit;
Us he seals, Christ reveals,
And applies his merit.
- 4 Worship, honour, thanks and blessing,
One and Three, Give we Thee
Never, never ceasing.

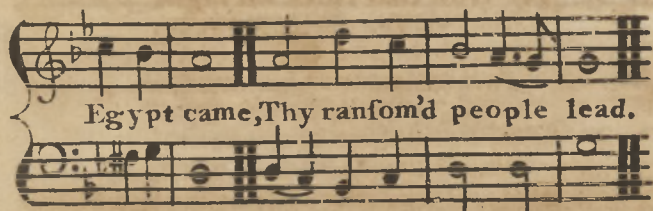
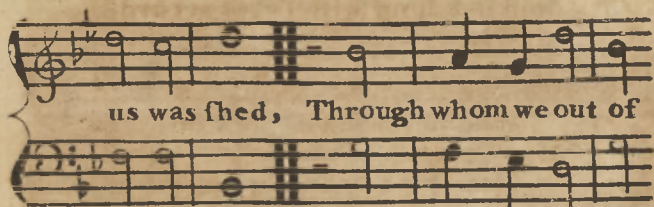
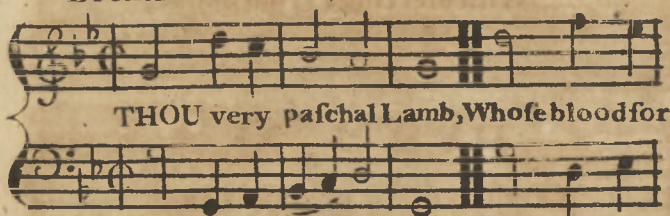
H Y M N IX.

15

- 1 JESUS, come, thou hope of glory;
Purify Me, that I
May with saints adore thee.
- 2 Big with earnest expectation,
Still I sit, At thy feet,
Longing for salvation.
- 3 My poor heart vouchsafe to dwell in:
Make me thine, Love divine,
By thy Spirit's sealing.
- 4 Thou hast laid the sure foundation
Of my hope, Build me up;
Finish thy creation.
- 5 From this inbred sin deliver;
Let the yoke, Now be broke,
Make me thine for ever.
- 6 Partner of thy perfect nature
Let me be, Now in thee,
A new, spotless creature.
- 7 Perfect when I walk before thee,
Soon or late, Thou translate
To the realms of glory.

HYMN X.

Brentford

Tennant

- 2 Angel of gospel-grace,
Fulfil thy character;
To guard and feed the chosen race
In Israel's camp appear.

- 3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light:
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A chearing fire by night.

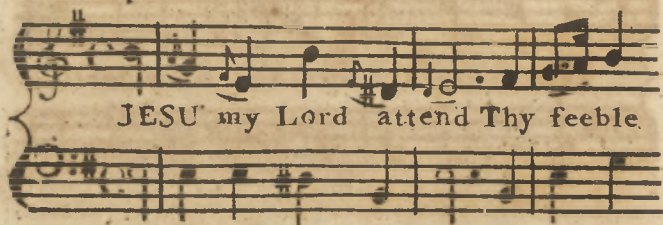
- 4 Out fainting souls sustain
 With blessings from above,
 And ever on thy people rain
 The Manna of thy love.

HYMN XI.

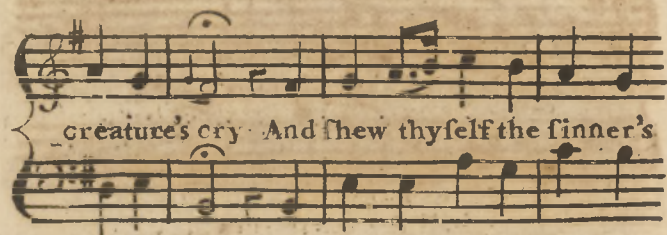
- 1 COME ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known:
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround his throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never knew our God:
 But servants of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,
 And all the earth surveys,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calmes the roaring seas:
- 4 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our love;
 He shall send down his heavenly pow'rs
 To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see his face,
 And never never sin:
 There from the rivers of his grace
 Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry:
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N XII

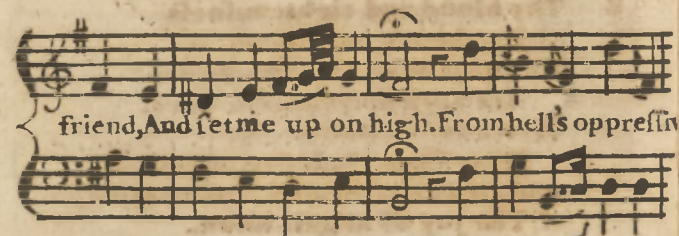
Lamp's



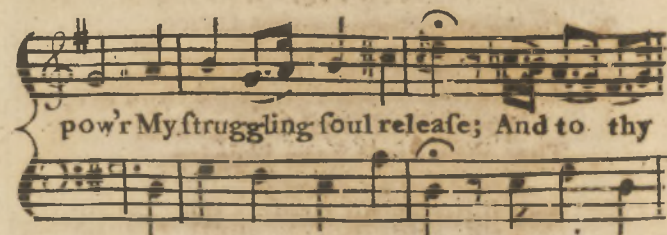
JESU my Lord attend Thy feeble.



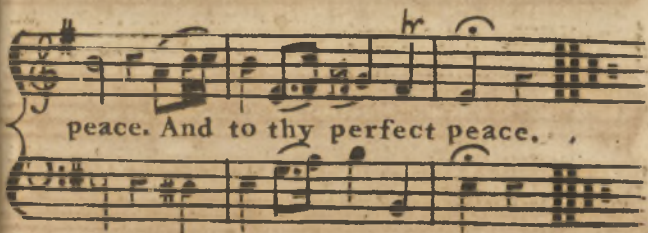
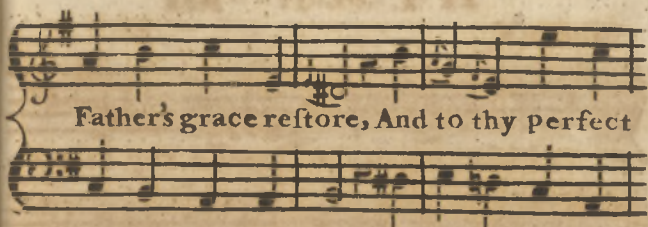
creature's cry And shew thyself the sinner's



friend, And let me up on high. From hell's oppressin'



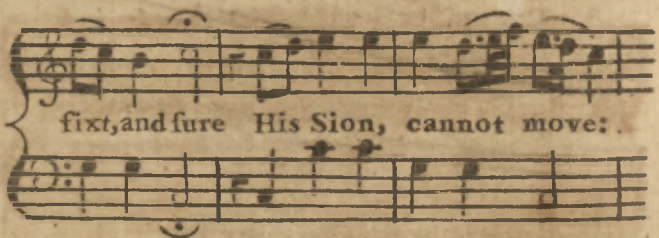
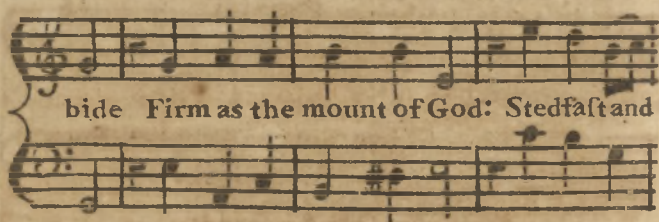
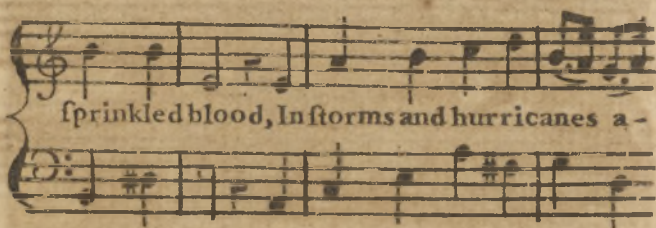
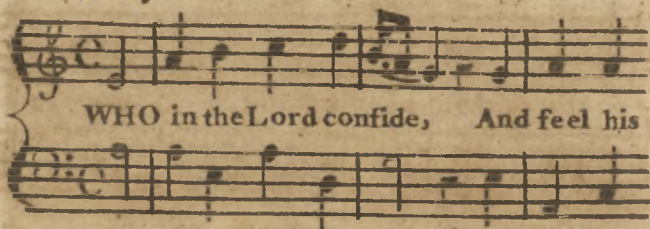
pow'r My struggling soul release; And to thy

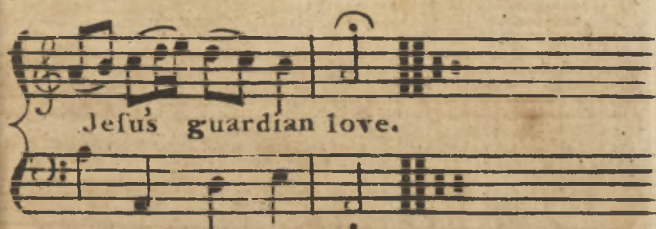
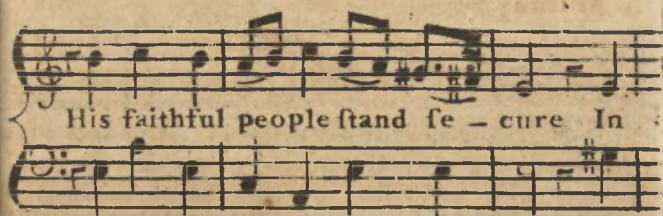


- 2 Thy blood and righteousnes
 I make my only plea:
 My present and eternal peace
 Are both deriv'd from Thee.
 Rivers of life divine
 From Thee their fountain flow,
 And all who know that love of thine,
 The joy of angels know.
- 3 Come then, impute, impart
 To me thy righteousnes,
 And let me taste how good thou art,
 How full of truth and grace:
 That thou canst here forgive,
 Grant me to testify,
 And justify'd by faith to live,
 And in that faith to die.

HYMN XIII.

O'liney



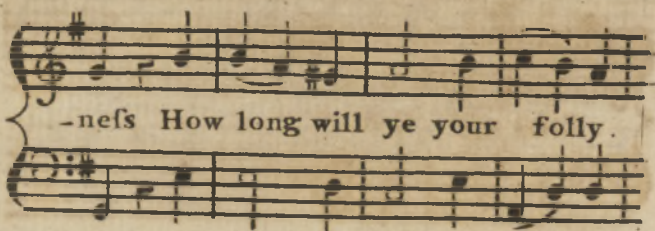
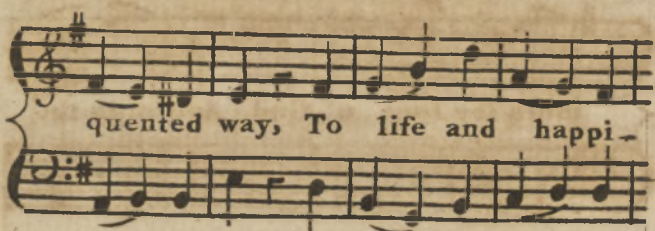
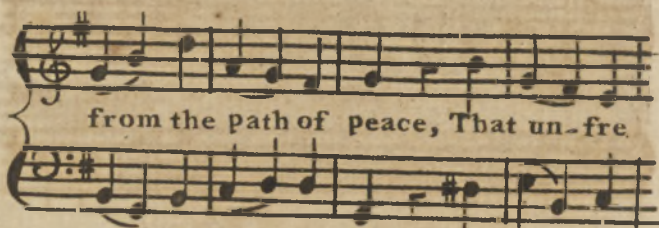
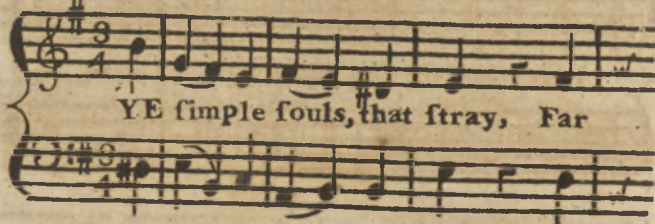


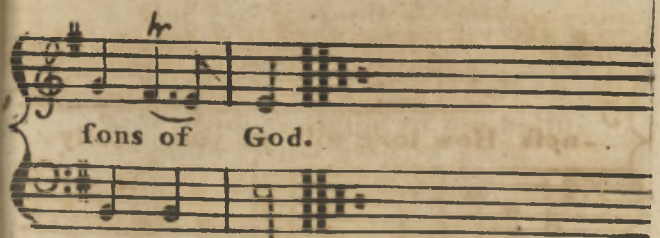
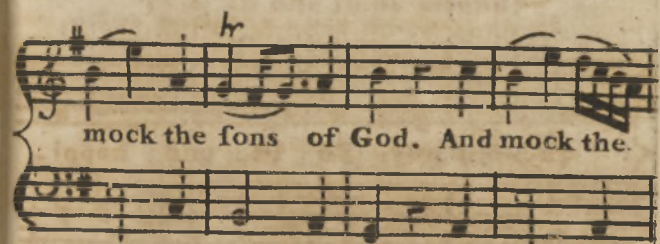
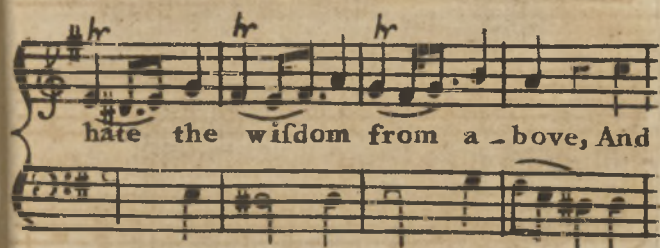
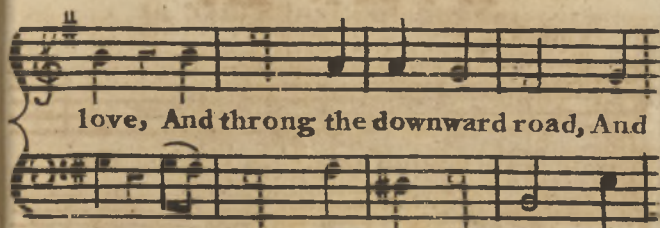
2 As round Jerufalem

The hilly bulwarks rife,
 So God protects and covers them
 From all their enemies,
 On ev'ry fide he stands,
 And for his Ifrael cares;
 And fafe in his almighty hands
 Their fouls for ever bears.

HYMN XIV.

Chester



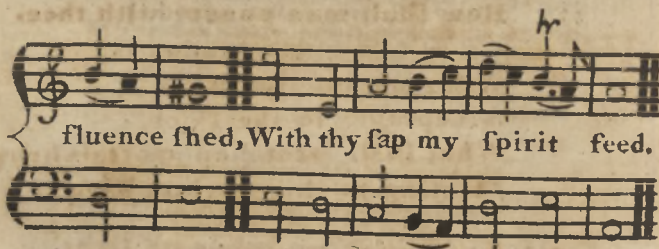
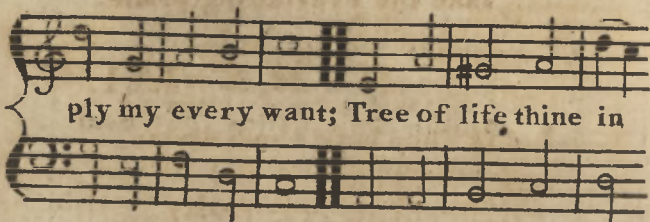
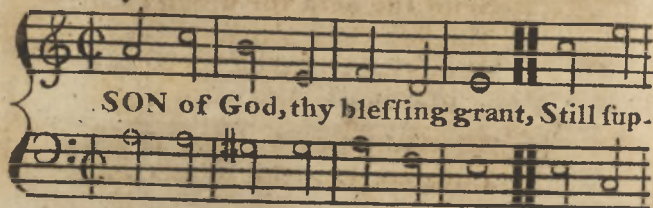


- 2 Madneſs and miſery
 Ye count out life beneath,
 And nothing great can ſee,
 Or glorious in our death;
 As born to ſuffer and to grieve,
 Beneath your feet we lie,
 And utterly condemn'd we live,
 And unlamented die.
- 3 Poor penſive ſojourners
 O'erwhelm'd with grief and woes,
 Perplex'd with needleſs fears,
 And pleaſure's mortal foes;
 More irkſome then a gaping tomb,
 Our ſight we cannot bear,
 Wrapt in the melancholy gloom
 Of fanciful deſpair.
- 4 So wretched and obſcure,
 The men whom ye deſpiſe,
 So fooliſh weak and poor,
 Above your ſcorn we riſe:
 Our conſcience in the Holy Ghoſt
 Can witneſs better things;
 For he, whoſe blood is all our boaſt,
 Hath made us prieſts and kings.

- 5 Riches unfearchable
 In Jefu's love we know,
 And pleasures, from the well
 Of life, our foul's o'erflow;
 From him the Spirit we receive
 Of wifdom grace and pow'r,
 And always forrowful we live,
 Rejoicing evermore.
- 6 Angels our fervants are,
 And keep in all our ways,
 And in their hands they bear
 The facred fons of grace;
 Our guardians to that heavenly blifs.
 They all our steps attend;
 And God himfelf our father is,
 And Jefus is our frind.
- 7 With him we walk in white,
 We in his image fhine,
 Our robes are robes of light,
 Our rightoufnefs divine;
 On all the grov'ling kings of earth
 With pity we look down,
 And claim in virtue of our birth,
 A never fading crown.

HYMN XV.

Bray's



- 2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,
 Wither without thee and die,
 Weak as helpless infancy;
 O confirm my soul in thee.

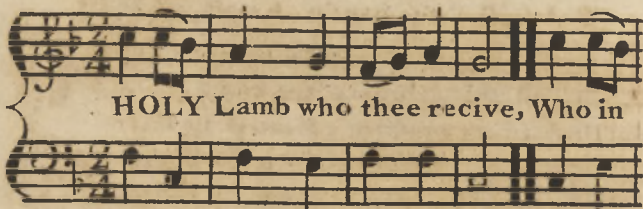
- 3 Unsustain'd by thee I fall;
 Send the help for which I call:
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I ev'ry moment need,
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend;
 Love me, save me to the end:
 Give me the continuing grace;
 Take the everlasting praise.

HYMN XVI.

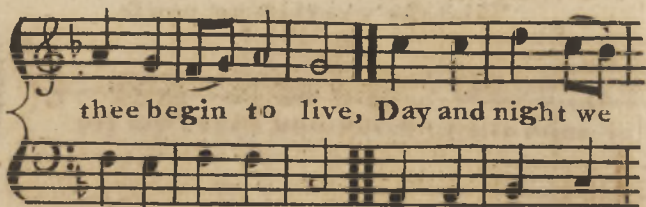
- 1 O Thou holy Lamb divine,
 How canst thou and sinners join.
 God of spotless purity
 How shall man concur with thee.
- 2 Offer up one sacrifice,
 Acceptable to the skies.
 What shall wretched mortals bring
 Pleasing to the glorious King.
- 3 Only sin we call our own:
 But thou art the darling Son:
 Thine it is our God t'appease;
 Him thou dost for ever please.
- 4 We on Thee alone depend,
 With thy sacrifice ascend,
 Render what thy grace hath given;
 Lift with thee our souls to heaven.

HYMN XVII.

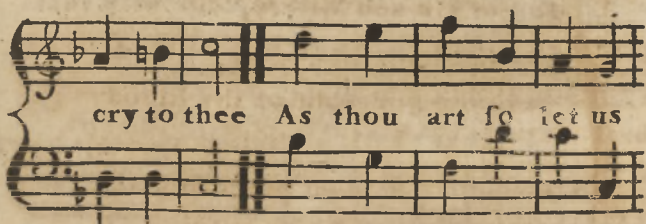
Savannah.



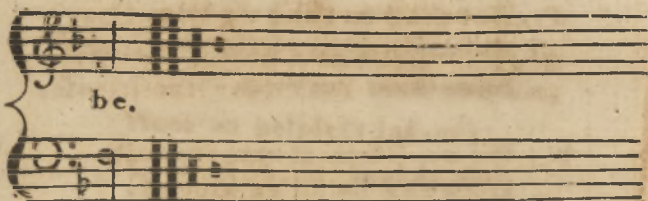
HOLY Lamb who thee receive, Who in



thee begin to live, Day and night we



cry to thee As thou art so let us



be.

2 Jesu, see my pantin breast,
 See I pant in the to rest;
 Gladly would I now be clean:
 Cleave me now from ev'ry sin.

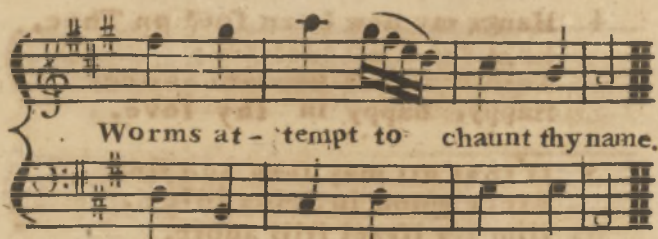
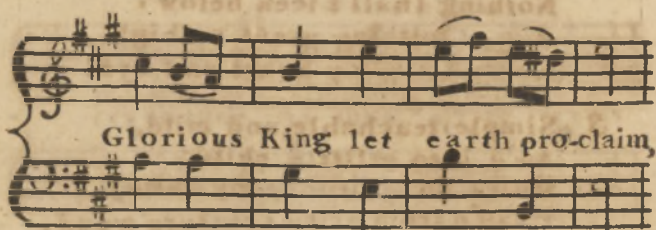
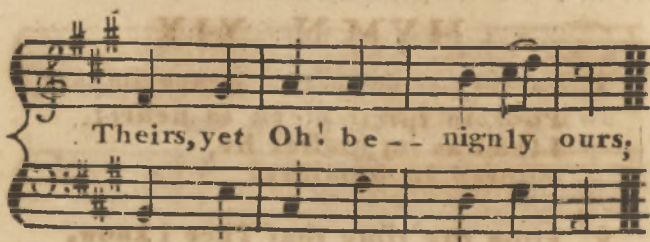
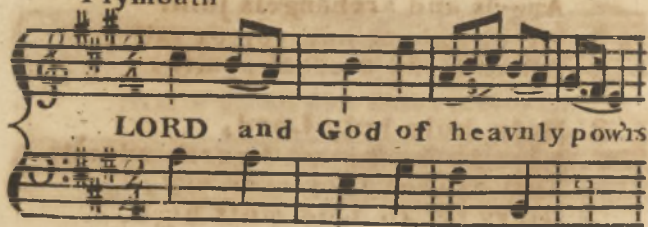
3 Fix O fix my way'rin mind;
 To thy cross my Spirit bind,
 Earthly passions far remove:
 Swallow up my soul in love.

4. Dust and ashes tho' we be,
 Full of Sin and Misery,
 Thine we are thou Son of God,
 Take the purchase of thy Blood.

5 Boundless wisdom pow'r divine,
 Love unspeakable are thine:
 Praise by all to the be giv'n,
 Sons of earth and hosts of Heav'n.

HYMN XVIII.

Plymouth



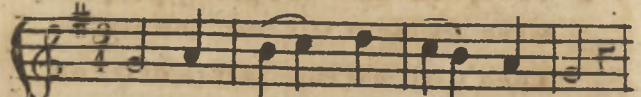
- 2 Thee to laud in songs divine,
 Angels and archangels join:
 We with them our voices raise,
 Echoing thy eternal praise.
- 3 Holy holy holy Lord,
 Live by heaven and earth ador'd;
 Full of thee they ever cry,
 Glory be to God most high.

HYMN XIX.

- 1 LORD if thou the grace impart,
 Poor in spirit meek in heart;
 I shall as my Master be,
 Rooted in humility.
- 2 From the time that Thee I know,
 Nothing shall I seek below;
 Aim at nothing great or high,
 Lowly both my heart and eye:
- 3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Aw'd into a little child:
 Quiet now without my food,
 Wean'd from ev'ry creature good.
- 4 Hangs my new born soul on Thee,
 Kept from all idolatry;
 Nothing wants beneath above,
 Happy, happy in thy love.
- 5 O that all may seek and find
 Every good in Jesus join'd.
 Him let Israel still adore;
 'Trust him, praise him evermore.

HYMN XX.

Paris



COME, de - fire of na - tions come;



Hasten, Lord, the gen' - ral doom;



Hear the Spirit and the bride,



Come, and take us to thy side.



2 Thou, who hast our place prepar'd,
Make us meet for our reward;
Then with all thy saints descend,
Then our earthly trials end.

3 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days,
Who for full redemption groan,
Hear us now and save thine own.

4 Now destroy the man of sin,
Now thine antient flock bring in,
Fill'd with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransom'd world for thine.

5 Plant the heavenly kingdom here,
Glorious in thy saints appear,
Speak the sacred number seal'd,
Speak the mystery' fulfil'd.

6 Take to thee thy royal powr,
Reign when sin shall be no more,
Reign when death no more shall be,
Reign to all eternity.

HYMN XXI.

Macanabets Easter

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to



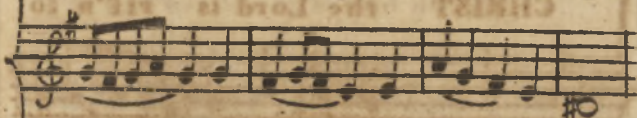
day. Sons of men and angels say,

day. Sons of men and angels say,

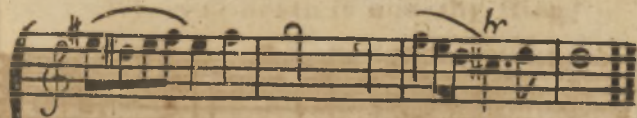
LXX HMMH



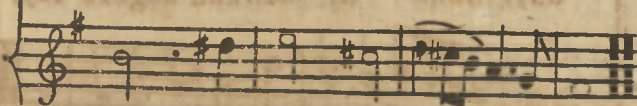
Raise your Joys and triumphs high,



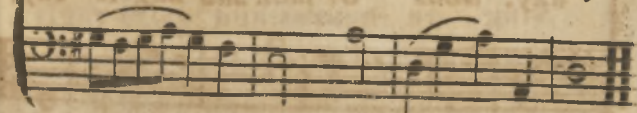
Raise your Joys and triumphs high,

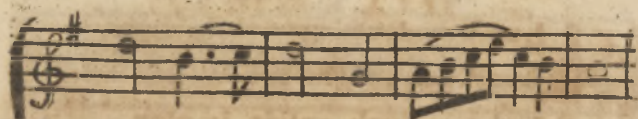


Sing ye heav'ns and earth re-ply.

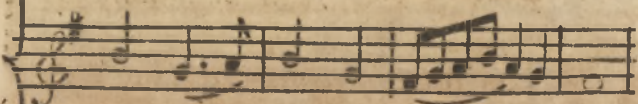


Sing ye heav'ns and earth re-ply.

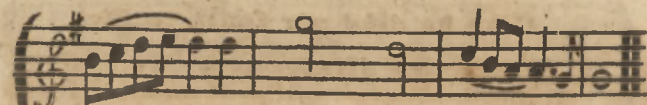
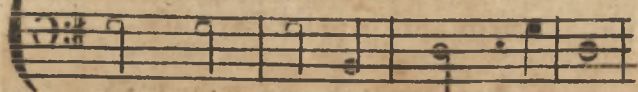




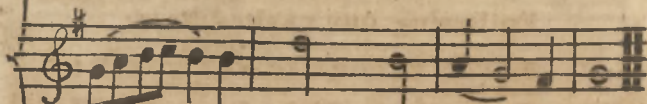
Raise your Joys and triumphs high,



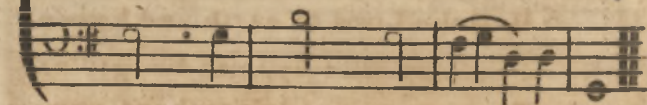
Raise your Joys and triumphs high,



Sing ye heav'ns and earth reply,



Sing ye heav'ns and earth reply,



2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight the battle's won,
 Lo! our Sun's eclips is o'er,
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
 Death in vain forbids his rise:
 Christ hath open'd Paradise.

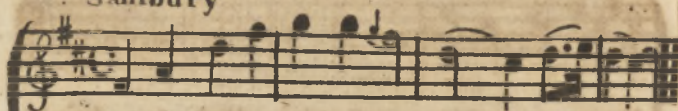
4 Lives again our glorious King;
 Where O death is now thy sting?
 Once he died our souls to save,
 Where thy victory O Grave!

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Following our exalted head;
 Made like him, like him we rise;
 Ours the Cross, the Grave, the Skies!

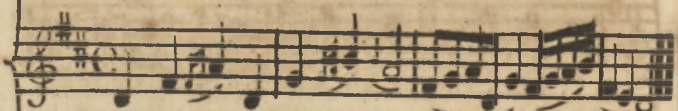
6 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
 Praise to thee by both be giv'n:
 Thee we greet triumphant now;
 Hail the Resurrection thou!

HYMN XXII.

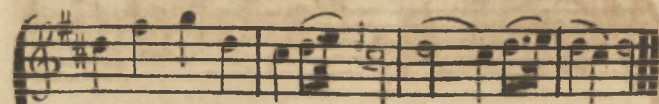
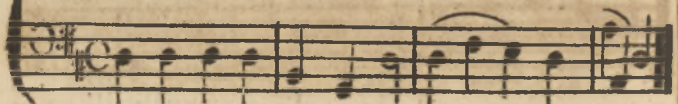
Salisbury



GLORY be to God on high, Hal - - le - lujah!



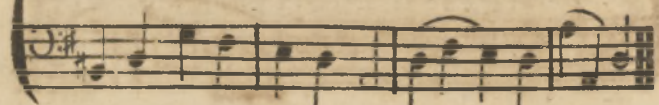
GLORY be to God on high, Hal - - le - lujah!



God whose glory fills the sky, Hal - le - lujah!



God whose glory fills the sky, Hal - le - lujah!

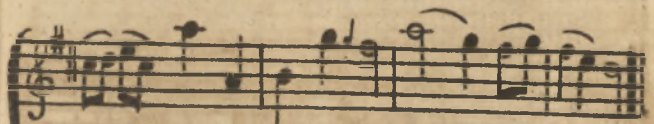
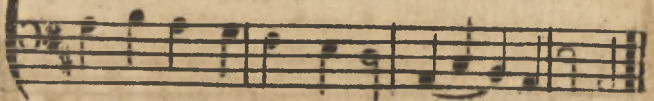




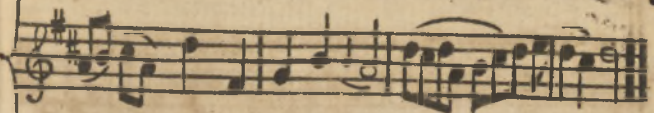
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n, Hal - le - lujah!



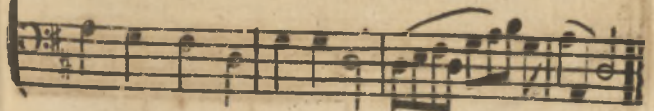
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n, Hal - le-lujah!



Man the well belov'd of heav'n, Hal - le - lujah!



man the well belov'd of heav'n, Hal - -le-lujah!



2 Sov'reign Father, heav'nly king,
Thee we now presume to sing,
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

3 Hail by all thy works ador'd!
Hail the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove!
Lord of power, and God of love.

4 Christ our Lord and God we own;
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for finners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

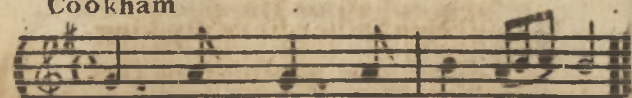
5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou:
Jesu in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away.

6 Powerful advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou.

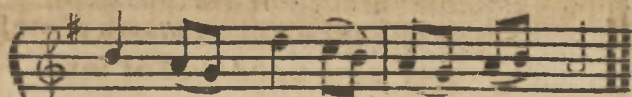
7 Hear, for thou O Christ alone,
With thy glorious Sire art one;
One the Holy Ghost with thee,
One supreme, eternal Three.

HYMN XXIII.

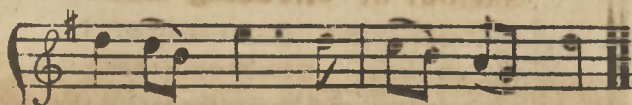
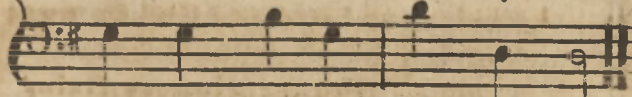
Cookham



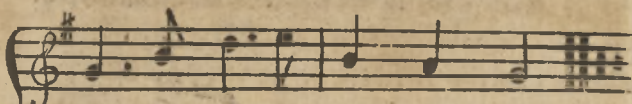
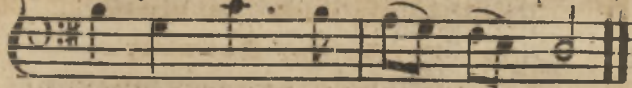
CLAP your hands ye peo-ple all,



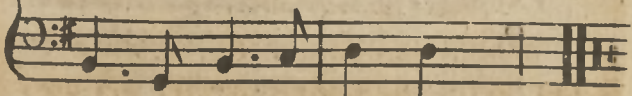
Praise the God on whom ye call,



Lift your voice and shout his praise,



Triumph in his sov'reign grace..



2 Glorious is the Lord Most High,
 Terrible in majesty,
 He his sov'reign sway maintains,
 King o'er all the earth he reigns.

3 He the people shall subde,
 Make us kings and conq'rors too;
 Force the nations to submit,
 Bruise our sins beneath our feet.

4 He shall bless his ransom'd ones,
 Number us with Israels sons;
 God our heritage shall prove,
 Give us all a lot of love.

5 Jesus is gone up on high,
 Takes his seat above the sky:
 Shout the angels quires aloud,
 Echoing to the trump of God.

6 Sons of earth the triumph join,
 Praise him with the host divine,
 Emulate the heavn'ly pow'rs,
 Their victorious Lord is ours.

7 Shout the God enthron'd above,
 Trumpet forth his conqu'ring love,
 Praises to our Jesus sing,
 Praises to our glorious King.

8 Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n,
 Pow'r o'er hell and earth and heav'n:
 Pow'r he now to us imparts:
 Praise him with believing hearts.

9 Heathens he compels t'obey,
 Saints he rules with mildest sway;
 Pure and holy hearts alone
 Chuse for his quiet throne.

10 Peace to them and pow'r he brings,
 Makes his subjects priests and kings:
 Guards while in his worship join'd,
 Bids them cast the world behind.

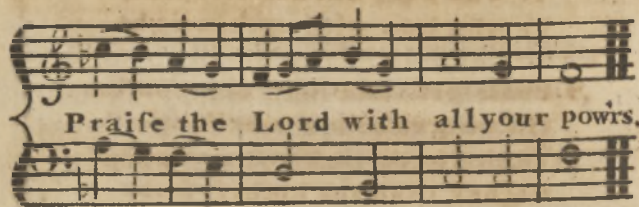
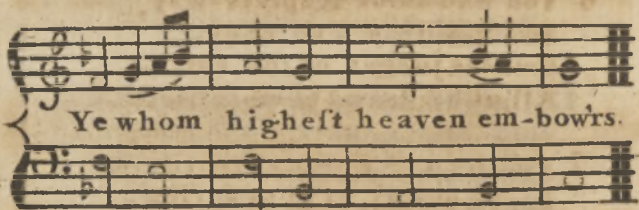
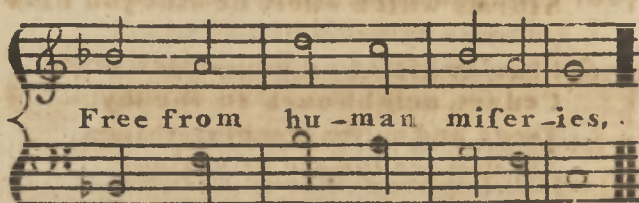
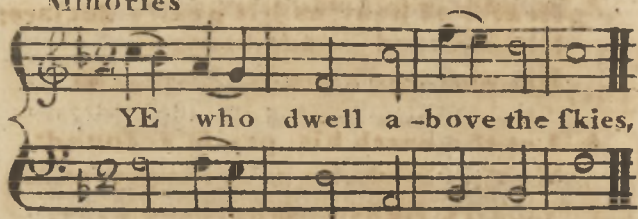
11 On himself he takes their care,
 Saves them not by sword or spear:
 Safely to his house they go,
 Fearless of th' invading foe.

12 God keeps of the hostile bands,
 God protects their happy lands,
 Stands as keeper of their fields,
 Stands as twice ten thousand shields.

13 Wonderful in saving pow'r,
 Him let all our hearts adore:
 Earth and heav'n repeat the cry,
 Glory be to God Most High.

HYMN XXIV.

Minories

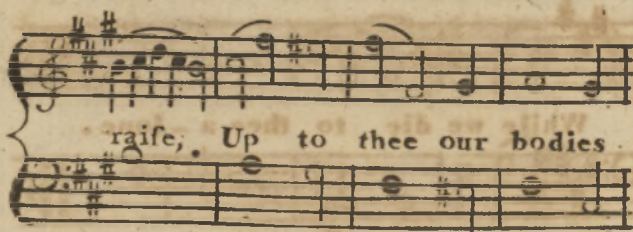
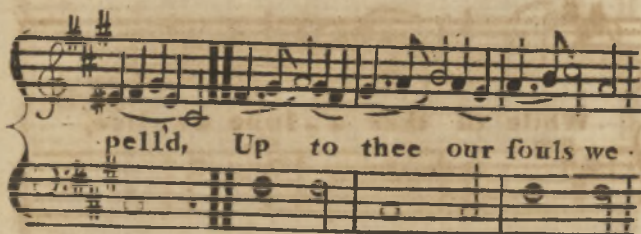
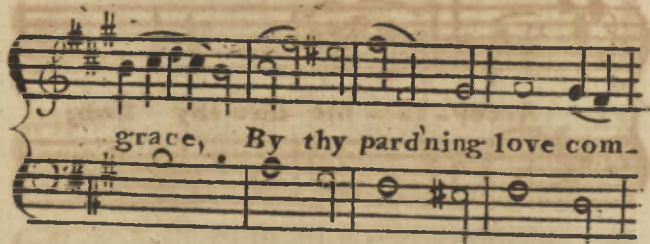
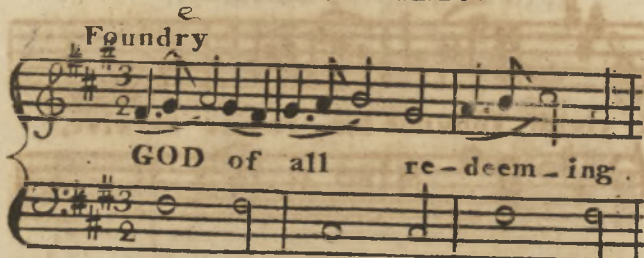


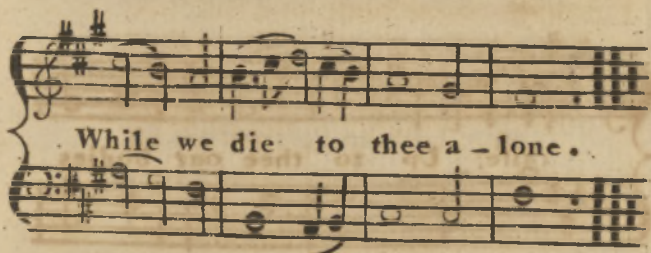
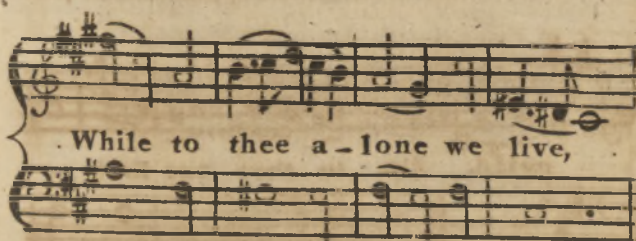
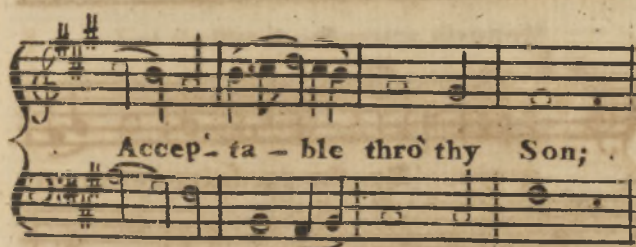
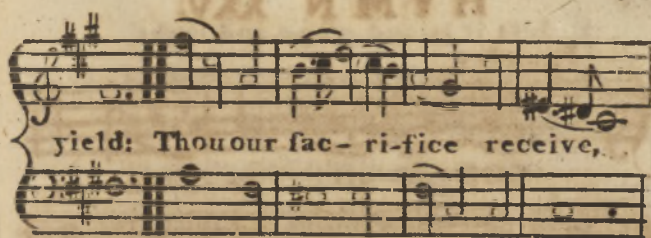
- 2 Angels your clear voices raise:
 Him ye heav'nly armies praise;
 Sun and moon with borrow'd light;
 All ye sparkling eyes of night.

- 3 Waters hanging in the air,
Heav'n of heav'ns his praise declare:
His deserved praise record;
His who made you by his word,
- 4 Let the earth his praise resound:
Monstrous whales and seas profound:
Vapours, lightning, hail, and snow,
Storms which where he bids you blow
- 5 Flow'ry hills and mountains high;
Cedars, neighbours to the sky;
Trees and cattle, creeping things,
All that cut the air with wings.
- 6 You who awful scepters sway,
You accusom'd to obey,
Princes, judges of the earth,
All of high and humble birth.
- 7 Youths and Virgins, flourishing
In the beauty of your spring;
Ye who were but born of late,
Ye who bow with age's weight.
- 8 Praise his name with one consent:
O how great! how excellent!
Than the earth profounder far!
Higher than the highest star.
- 9 He will his to glory raise,
Ye his saints Resound his praise;
Ye his sons his chosen race,
Bless his love and sov'reign grace.

H Y M N XXV.

Foundry





Bath

- 2 Just it is, and good, and right,
 That we should be wholly thine;
 In thy only will delight,
 In thy blessed service join.
 O that every thought and word
 Might proclaim how good thou art!
 Holiness unto the Lord
 Still be written on our heart.

HYMN XXVI.

- 1 COME thou high and lofty Lord,
 Lowly, meek, Incarnate Word,
 Humbly stoop to earth again,
 Come, and visit abject man:
 Jesu, dear expected guest,
 Thou art bidden to the feast:
 For thyself our hearts prepare,
 Come and sit and banquet there.
- 2 Jesu, we thy promise claim,
 We are met in thy great name;
 In the midst do thou appear,
 Manifest thy presence here:

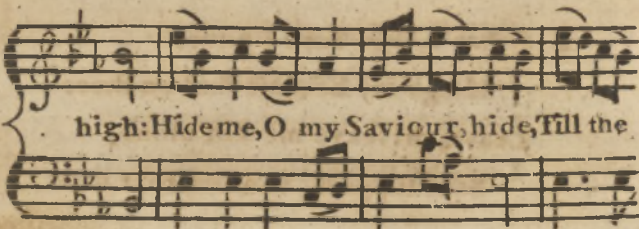
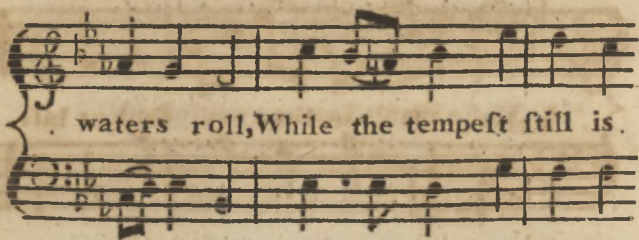
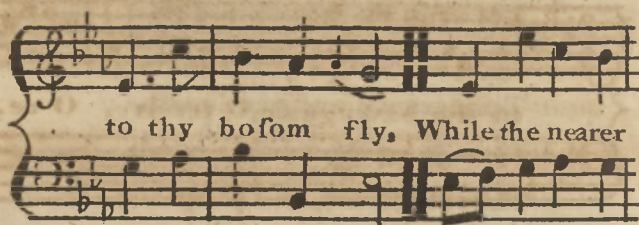
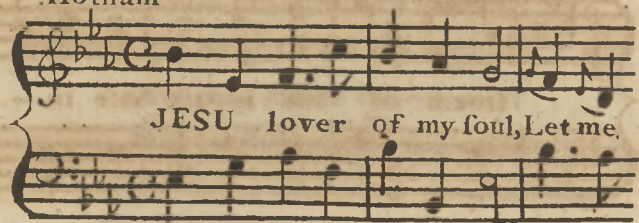
Sanctify us, Lord, and blefs:
 Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace:
 Thou thyself within us move,
 Make our feast a feast of love.

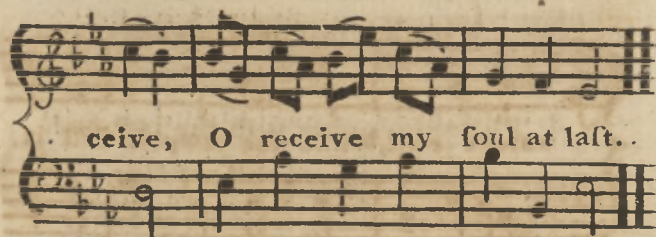
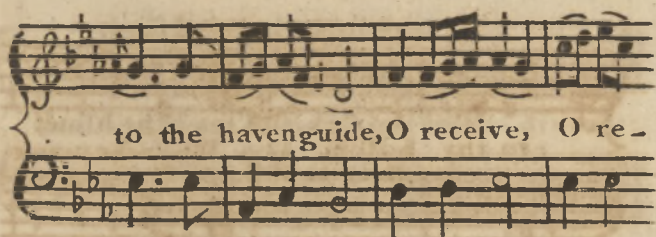
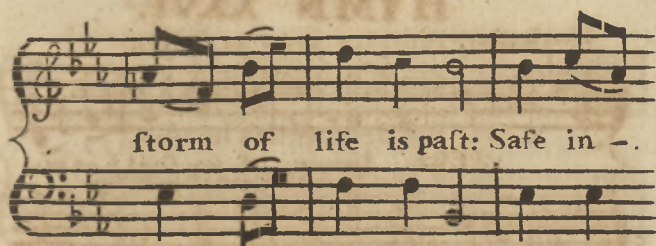
3. Let the fruits of grace abound,
 Let us in thy bowels found:
 Faith and love and joy increafe,
 Temperance and gentlenefs.
 Plant in us thy humble mind;
 Patient, pitiful, and kind:
 Meek and lowly let us be,
 Full of goodness, full of thee.

4. Make us all in thee complete,
 Make us all for glory meet,
 Meet t'appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light:
 Call, O call us all by name,
 To the marriage of the Lamb,
 Let us lean upon thy breast;
 Love be there our endless feast.

HYMN XXVI.

Hotham





2 Other refuge have I none,

Hangs my helpless soul on thee:

Leave, ah! leave me not alone,

Still support and comfort me:

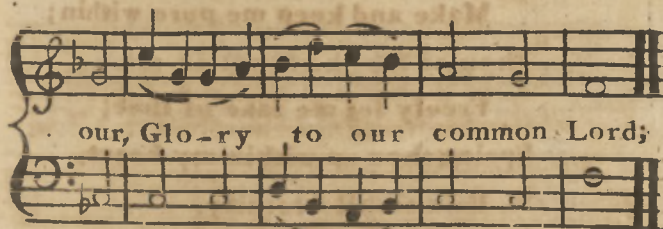
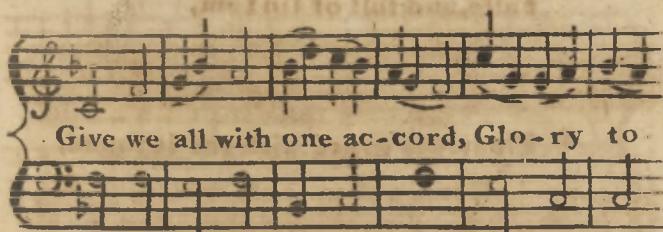
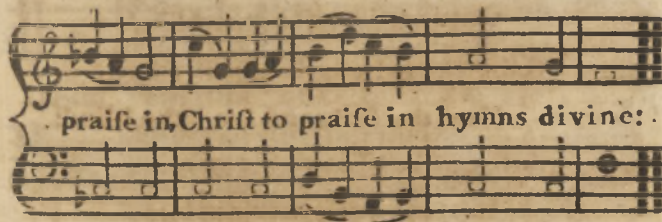
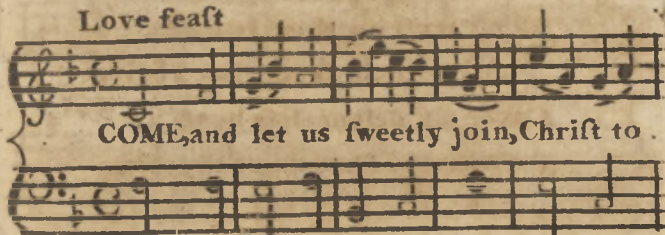
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring:
 Cover my defenceless head,
 With the shadow of thy wing.

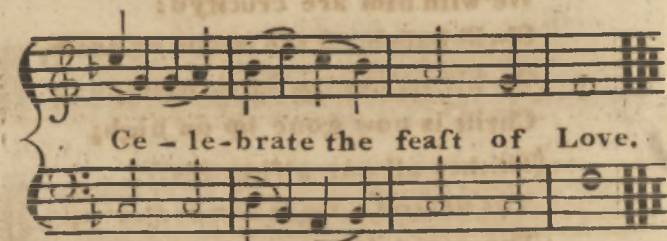
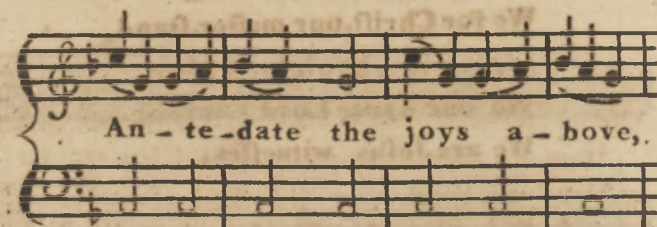
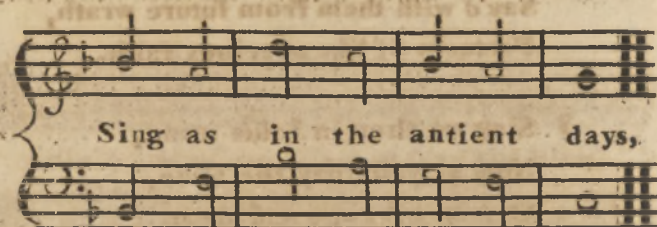
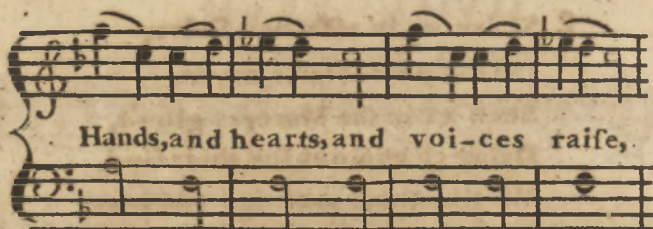
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

HYMN XXVII

Love feast

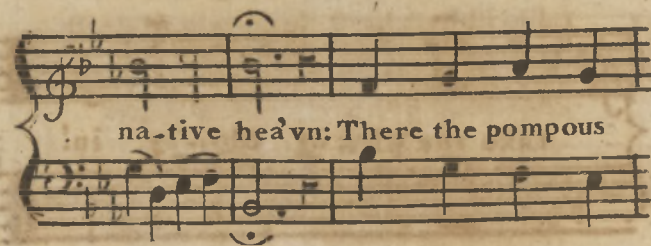
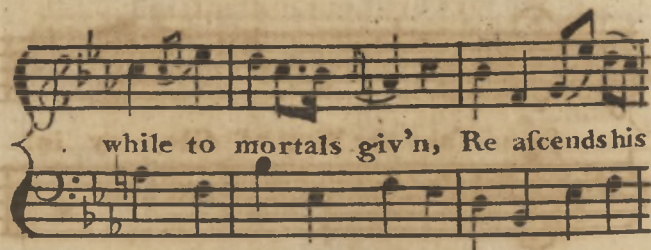
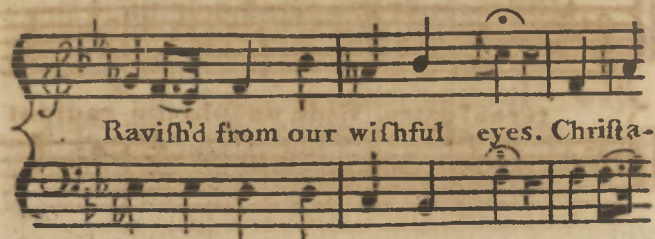
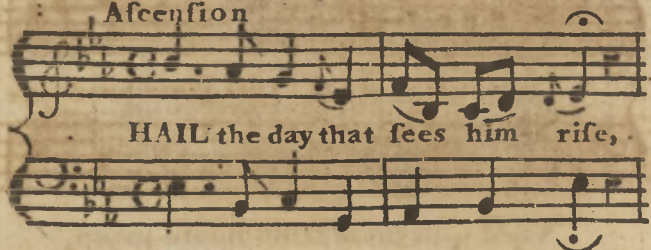


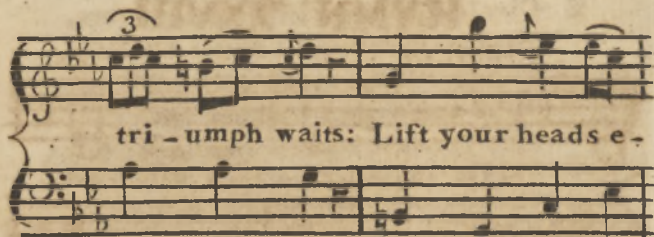


- 2 Strive we, in affection strive,
 Let the purer flame revive,
 Such as in the Martyrs glow'd,
 Dying champions for their God.
 We like them may live and love,
 Call'd we are their joys to prove;
 Sav'd with them from future wrath,
 Partners of like precious faith.
- 3 Sing we then in Jesus name,
 Now as yesterday the same,
 One in ev'ry age and place,
 Full for all of truth and grace.
 We for Christ, our master, stand,
 Lights in a benighted land;
 We our dying Lord confess;
 We are Jesus witnesses.
- 4 Witnesses that Christ hath dy'd,
 We with him are crucify'd:
 Christ hath burst the bands of death,
 We his quickning Spirit breathe:
 Christ is now gone up on high;
 (Thither all our wishes fly.)
 Sits at God's right hand above;
 There with him we reign in love.

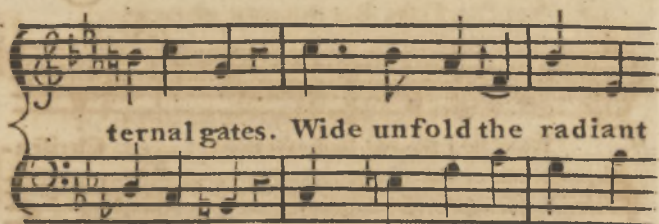
HYMN XXVIII

Ascension

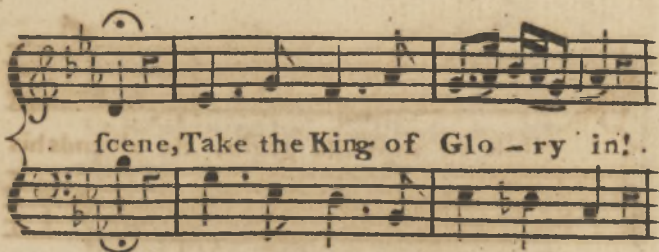




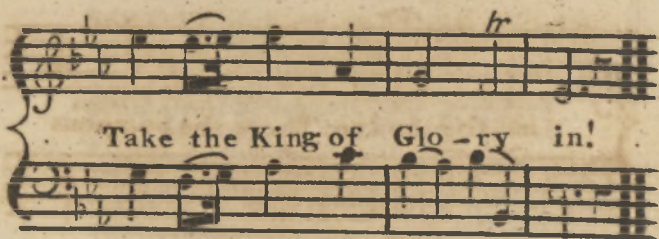
tri - umph waits: Lift your heads e -



ternal gates. Wide unfold the radiant



scene, Take the King of Glo - ry in!



Take the King of Glo - ry in!

- 2 Circled round with angel-powers,
 Their triumphant Lord and our's;
 Conq'ror o'er death, hell and sin,
 Take the King of Glory in.
 Him though highest heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves,
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own.
- 3 See, he lifts his hands above;
 See, he shews the prints of love;
 Hark! his gracious lips bestow
 Blessings on his Church below.
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads;
 Next himself prepares our place,
 Harbinger of human race.
- 4 Master (will we ever say)
 Taken from our head to day,
 See, thy faithful servants see,
 Ever gazing up to thee.
 Grant, though parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant, our hearts may thither rise;
 Following thee beyond the skies.
- 5 Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love:
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing gasping after home!
 There we shall with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign;
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN XXIX.

59

CHRIST, our head gone up on high
Be thou in thy Spirit nigh;
Advocate with God give ear,
To thine own effectual prayer;
Hear the sounds thou once didst breathe,
In thy days of flesh beneath:
Now, O Jesus, let them be
Strongly echoed back to thee!

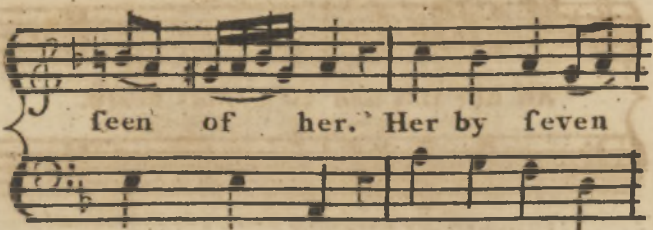
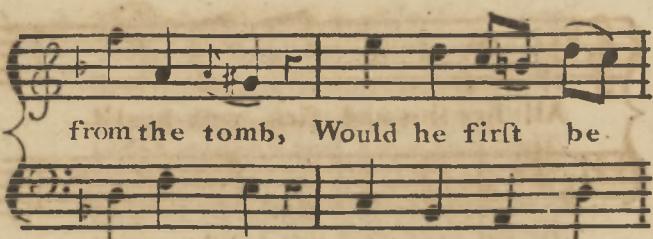
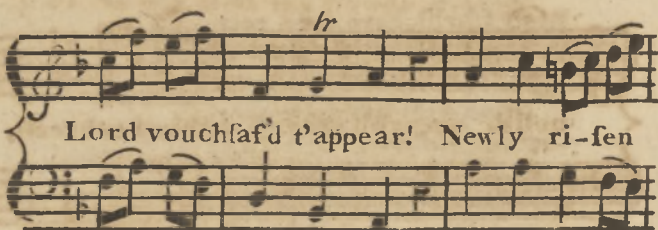
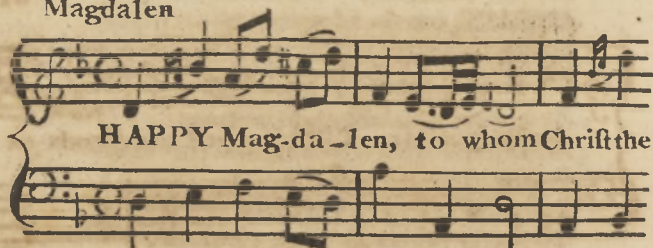
We, O Christ, have thee receiv'd;
Have the gospel-word believ'd,
Justly then we claim a share
In thine everlasting prayer.
One the Father is with thee,
Knit us in like unity;
Make us, O uniting Son,
One as Thou and Heart one.

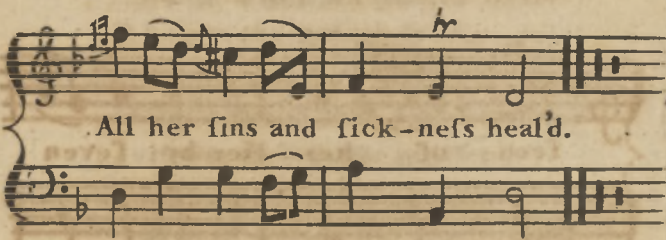
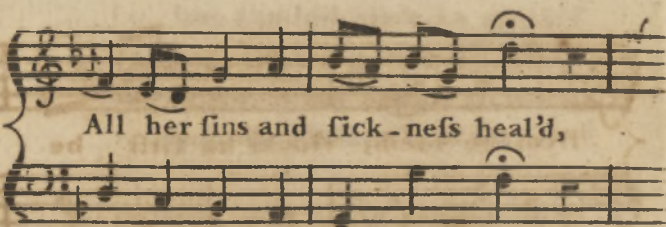
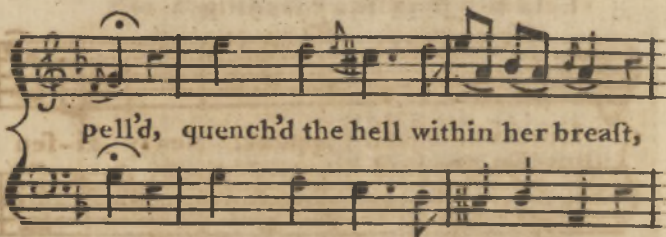
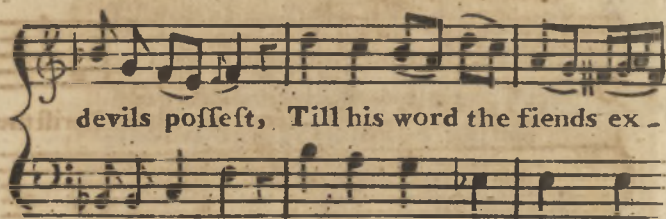
Thee he lov'd ere time begun,
Thee, the co-eternal Son:
He hath to thy merit given
Us th'adopted heirs of heaven.
Thou hast will'd that we should rise,
See thy glory in the skies:
See thee by all heaven ador'd,
Be for ever with our Lord.

Still O Lord, for thine we are,
Still to us his name declare:
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the world cannot receive:
Fill us with the Father's love,
Never from our souls remove,
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine to all eternity.

HYMN XXX.

Magdalen





- 2 Yes, to her the Master came,
 First his welcome voice she hears:
 Jesus calls her by her name:
 He the weeping sinner cheers;
 Lets her the dear task repeat,
 While her eyes again run o'er,
 Lets her hold his bleeding feet,
 Kifs them, and with joy adore.
- 3 Highly favor'd soul. To her
 Further still his grace extends,
 Raises the glad messenger,
 Sends her to his drooping friends:
 Tidings of their living Lord
 First in her report they find;
 She must spread the gospel word,
 Teach the teachers of mankind!
- 4 Who can now presume to fear?
 Who despair his Lord to see?
 Jesus, wilt thou not appear,
 Shew thyself alive to me?
 Yes, my God I dare not doubt:
 Thou shalt all my sins remove:
 Thou hast cast a legion out;
 Thou wilt perfect me in love.

5 Surely thou hast called now.

Now I hear the voice divine.
At thy wounded feet I bow,
Wounded for whose sins but mine.
I have nail'd him to the tree;
I have sent him to the grave;
But the Lord is ris'n for me;
Hold of him by faith I have.

6 Here for ever would I lie,

Didst thou not thy servant raise,
Send me forth to testify

All the wonders of thy graice.

Lo! I at thy bidding go,

Gladly to thy followers tell,
They their rising God may know,
They the life of Christ may feel.

7 Hear ye brethren of the Lord.

(Such he you vouchsafes to call)
O belive the gospel word,

Christ hath died and rose for all.
Turn ye from your sins to God.

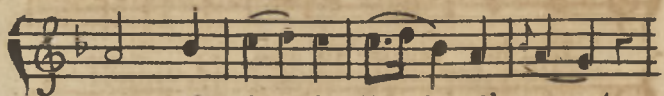
Haste to Galilee and see
Him who bought thee with his blood,
Him who rose to live in thee.

HYMN XXXI.

Arne



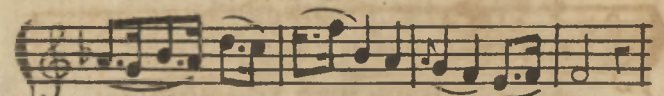
HAPPY soul, that safe from harms,



Rests with-in his shepherd's arms!

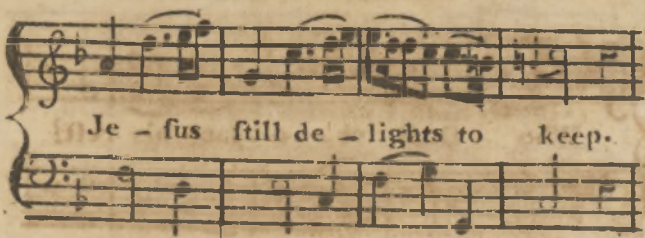
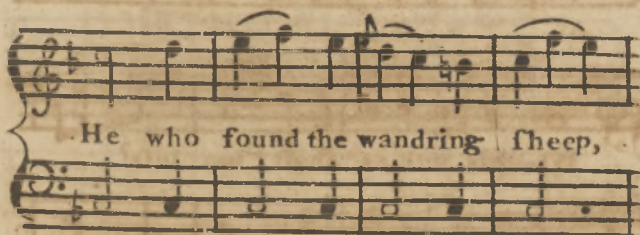
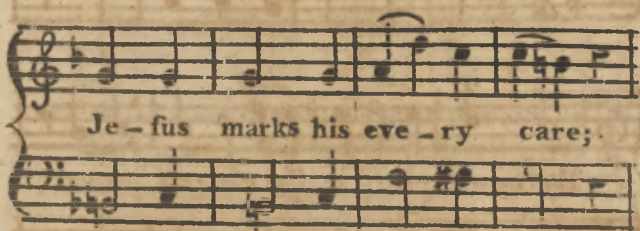
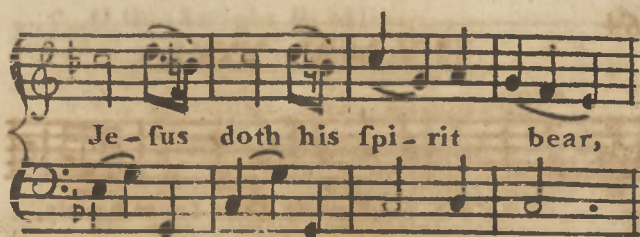


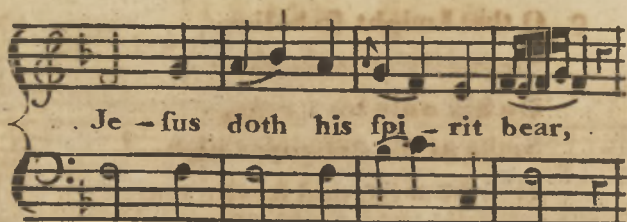
Who his qui-et shall mo-lest?



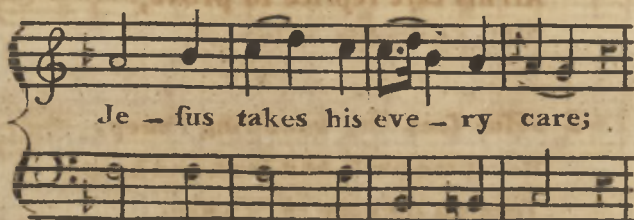
Who shall vi-o-late his rest?



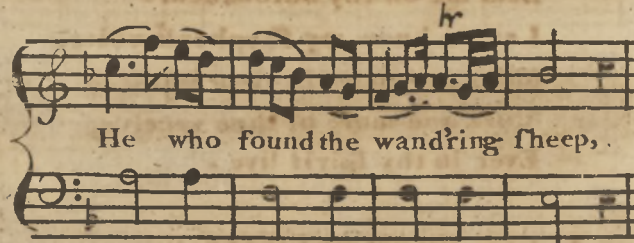




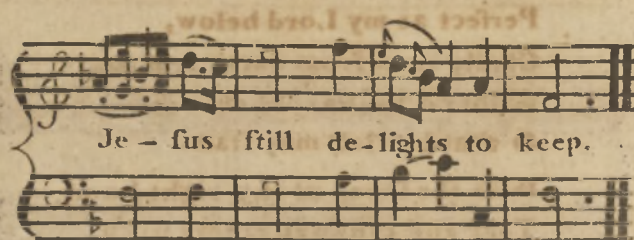
Je - fus doth his spi - rit bear,



Je - fus takes his eve - ry care;



He who found the wand'ring sheep,

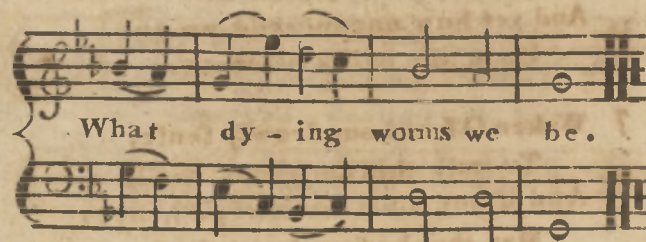
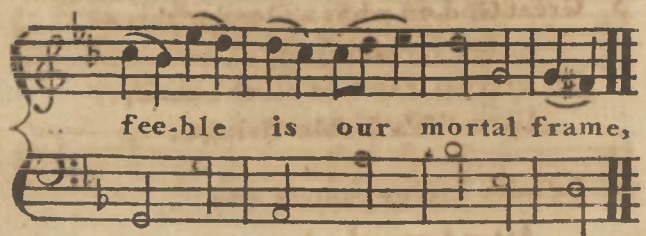
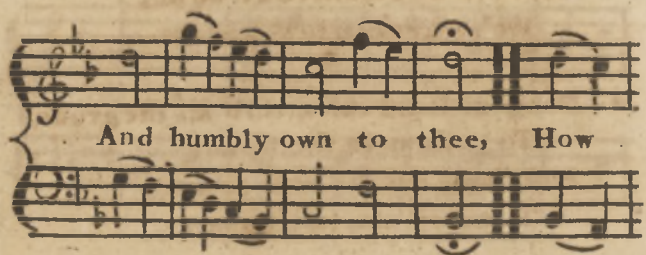
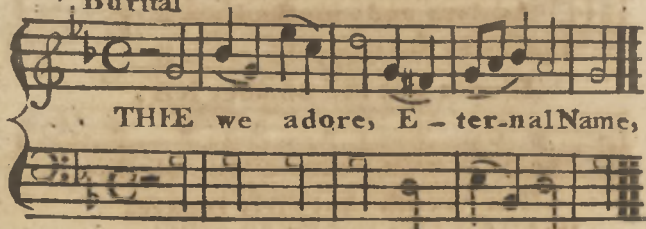


Je - fus still de - lights to keep.

- 2 O that I might so believe,
 Stedfastly to Jesus cleave,
 On his only love rely,
 Smile at the destroyer nigh.
 Free from sin and servile fear,
 Have my Jesus ever near;
 All his care rejoice to prove,
 All his paradise of love.
- 3 Jesus seek thy wand'ring sheep,
 Bring me back, and lead, and keep,
 Take on thee my ev'ry care,
 Bear me on thy bosom, bear.
 Let me know my shepherd's voice,
 More and more in thee rejoice:
 More and more of thee receive,
 Ever in thy spirit live.
- 4 Live till all my life I know,
 Perfect as my Lord below,
 Gladly then from earth remove,
 Gather'd to the fold above:
 O that I at last may stand
 With the sheep at thy right hand,
 Take the crown so freely giv'n,
 Enter in by thee to heav'n.

HYMN XXXII.

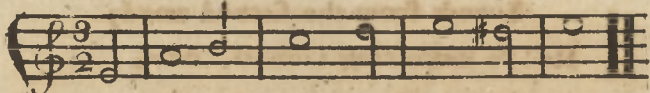
Burftal



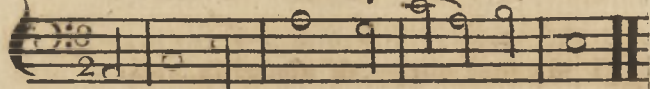
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things;
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attend on ev'ry breath:
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death.
- 7 Waken O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road:
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN XXXIII.

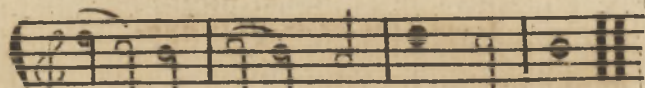
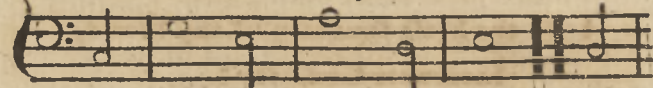
Fetter Lane



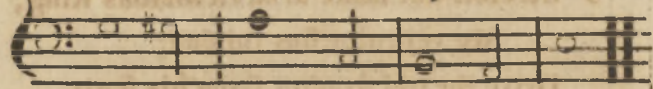
1. HOW sad our state by na - ture is!



Our sin how deep it stains! And.



Sa - tan binds our cap - tive souls



Fast in his fla - vish chains.



2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word;
 Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys th'almighty call,
 And runs to this relief:
 I would believe thy promise, Lord,
 O help my unbelief.

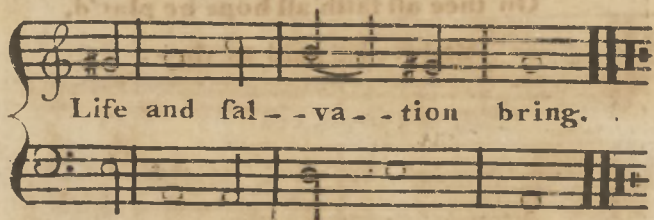
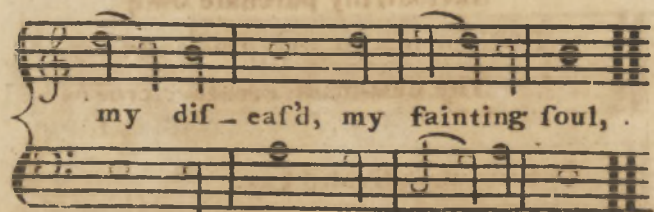
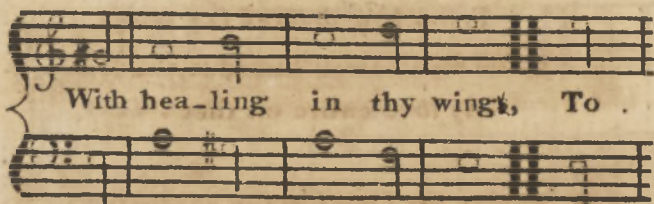
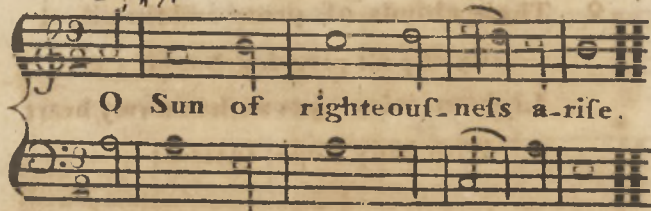
4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly:
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From sins of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
 My reigning sins subdue;
 Drive the old dragon from his seat,
 With his infernal crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 Into thy arms I fall;
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus and my all.

HYMN XXXIV.

Buxford



2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel
By thy all piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

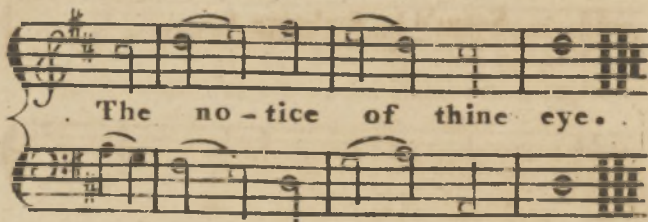
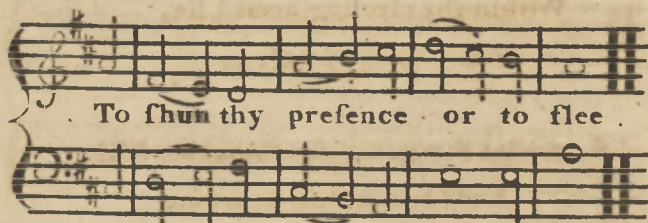
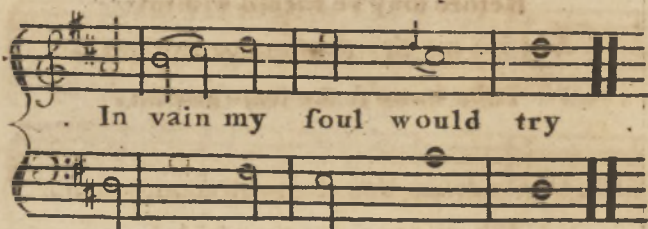
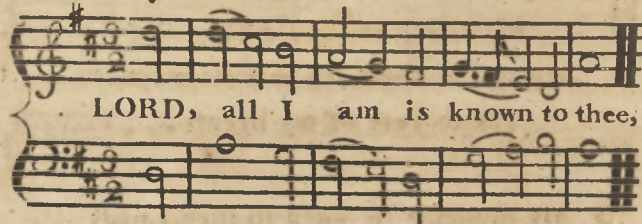
3 My mind by thy all quickning pow'r
From low desires set free;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father thy long lost son receive:
Saviour, thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three,
On thee all faith, all hope be plac'd,
All love be paid to thee.

HYMN XXXV.

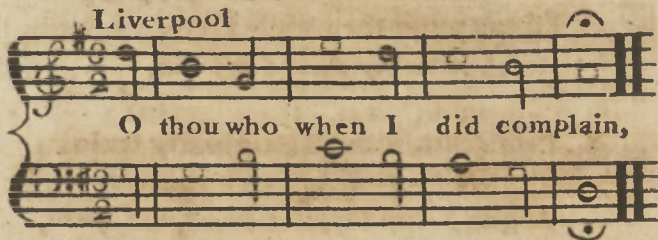
Bexly



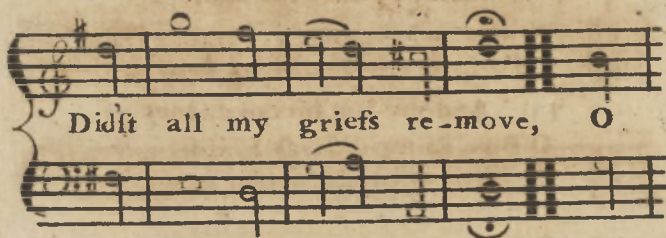
- 2 Thy all furrounding fight furveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
 Before they're form'd within:
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
 Secur'd by sov'reign love.

HYMN XXXVI.

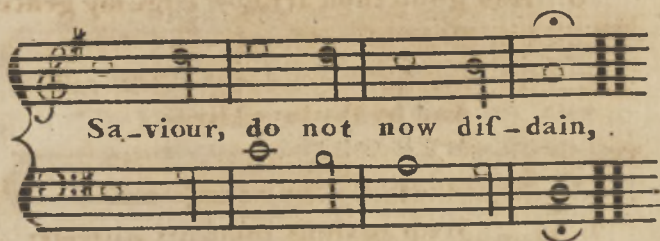
Liverpool



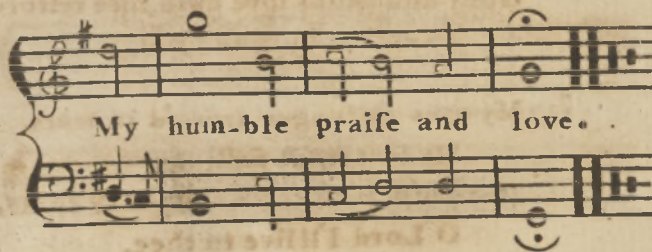
O thou who when I did complain,



Didst all my griefs re-move, O



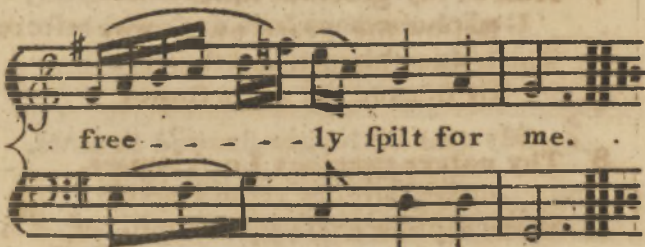
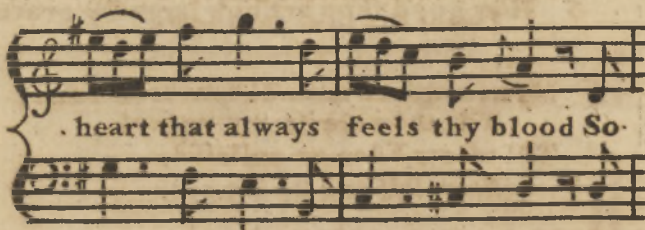
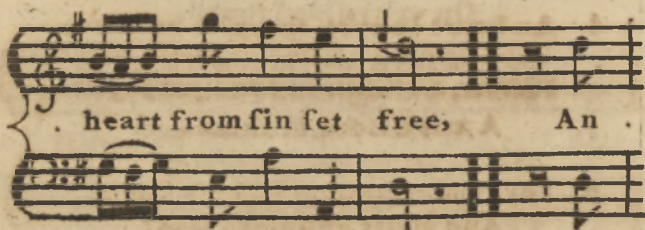
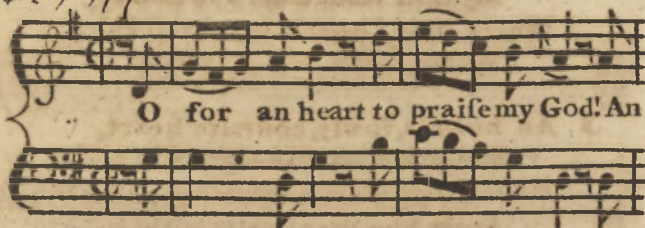
Sa-viour, do not now dis-dain,



My hum-ble praise and love.

- 2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give,
And heard me when I pray'd,
I'll call upon thee while I live,
And never doubt thy aid.
- 3 Pale death, with all its ghastly train,
My soul encompass'd round:
Anguish and sin, and dread, and pain,
On ev'ry side I found.
- 4 To thee, O Lord of life, I pray'd,
And did for succour flee:
O save, in my distress I said,
The soul that trusts in thee.
- 5 How good thou art! how large thy grace!
How easy to forgive!
The helpless thou delight'st to raise:
And by thy love I live.
- 6 Then O my soul be never more
With anxious thoughts distressed;
God's bounteous love doth thee restore
To ease, and joy, and rest.
- 7 My eyes no longer drown'd in tears,
My feet from falling free:
Redeem'd from death and guilty fears,
O Lord I'll live to thee.

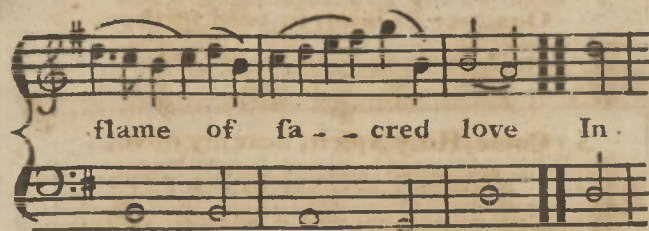
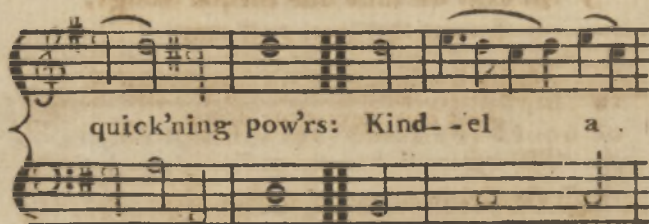
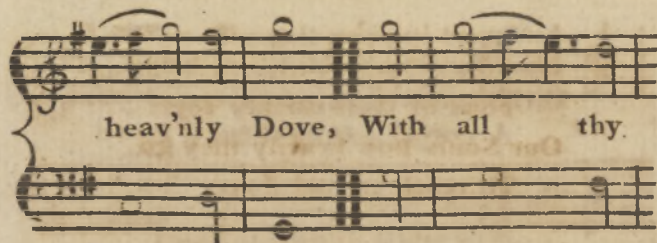
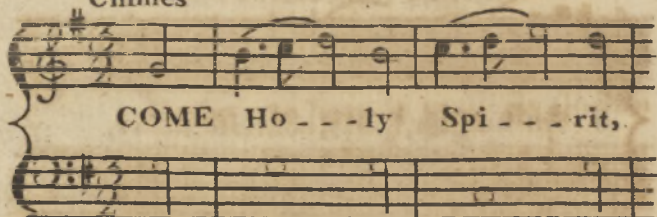
HYMN XXXVII.

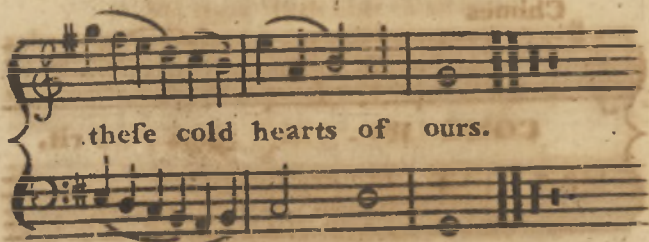
Gentle Song

- 2 An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life, nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 An heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe:
Jesu, for thee distressed I am,
I want thy love to know.
- 6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,
Till thou create my peace;
Till of my Eden re-possess'd,
From self and sin I cease.
- 7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow the peace unknown,
The hidden Manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.
- 8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

HYMN XXXVIII.

Chimes





- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly Toys:
Our Souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal Joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal Songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hofannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, shall we then ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs:
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN XXXIX.

Leeds



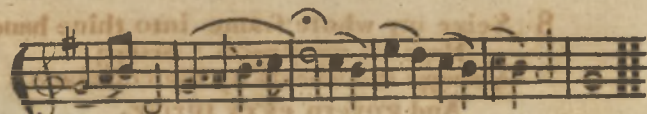
INFINITE Pow'r, E - ternal Lord,



How sov'reign is thy hand! All



nature rose t'obey thy word, And moves at



thy command, And moves at thy command.



2 With steady course the shining sun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

3 But ah! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God;
My soul forgets the heav'nly prize
And treads the downward road.

4 The raging fire and stormy sea
Perform thy awful will,
And ev'ry beast and ev'ry tree
Thy great design fulfil.

5 While my wild passions rage within,
Nor thy commands obey;
But flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,
Draw my best thoughts away.

6 Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee?
Creatures that never knew thy name,
That ne'er were lov'd like me.

7 Great God, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine;
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

8 Seize my whole frame into thine hand,
Here all my pow'rs I bring;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern ev'ry spring.

9 Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor my affections rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

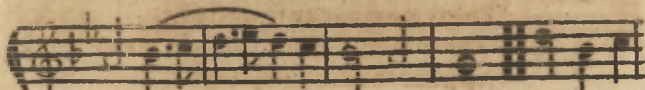
HYMN XL.

J

Manchester.



O Lord in cline thy gracious ear,



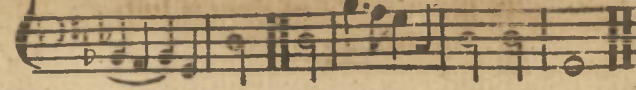
My plain - - tive sorrows weight, To thee for



succour I draw near, To thee - - - I



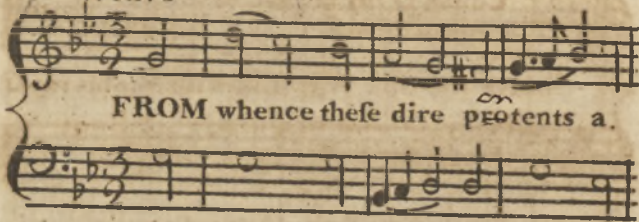
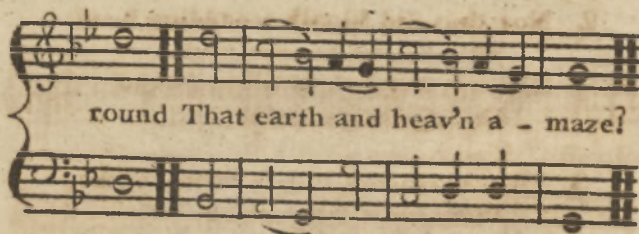
hum-bly pray To thee I humbly pray.



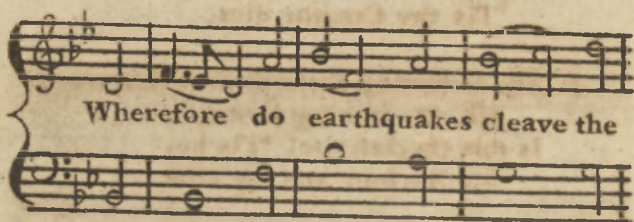
- 2 Still will I call with lifted eyes,
Come, O my God, and King,
Till thou regard my ceaseless cries,
And full deliv'rance bring.
- 3 On thee, O God of purity,
I wait for hallowing grace:
None without holiness shall see
The glories of thy face.
- 4 In souls unholy and unclean
Thou never canst delight;
Nor shall they, while unfav'd from sin,
Appear before thy fight.
- 5 But all who put their trust in thee,
Thy mercy shall proclaim,
And sing, with chearful melody,
Their dear Redeemer's name.
- 6 Protected by thy guardian grace,
They shall extol thy pow'r,
Rejoice, give thanks, and shout thy praise,
And triumph evermore.
- 7 They never shall to evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept and cover'd with the shield
Of thine almighty love.
- 8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

HYMN XLI.

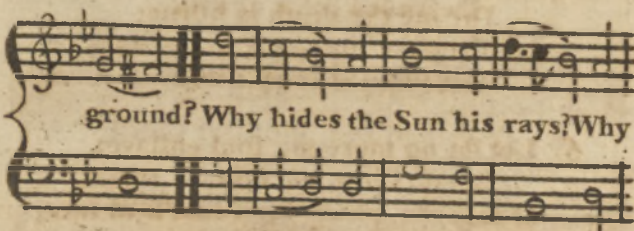
Wenno

FROM whence these dire ^{on} protents a.

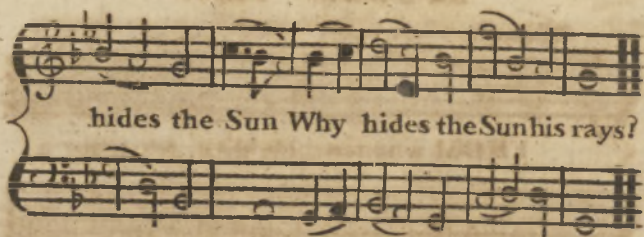
round That earth and heav'n a - maze?



Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the



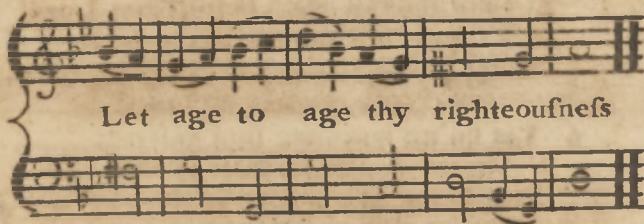
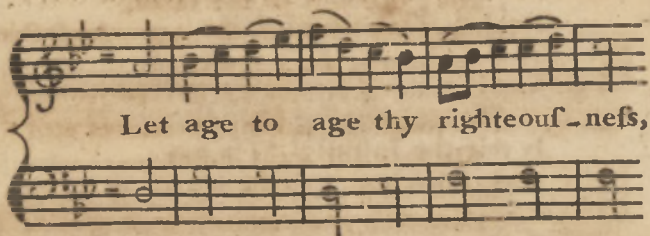
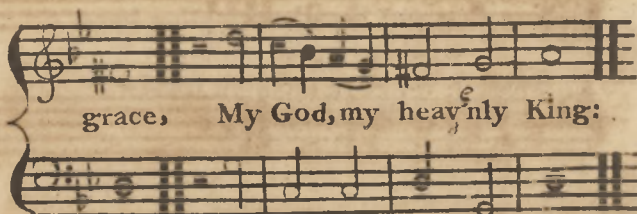
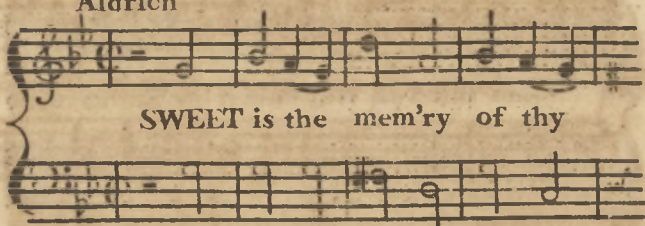
ground? Why hides the Sun his rays? Why

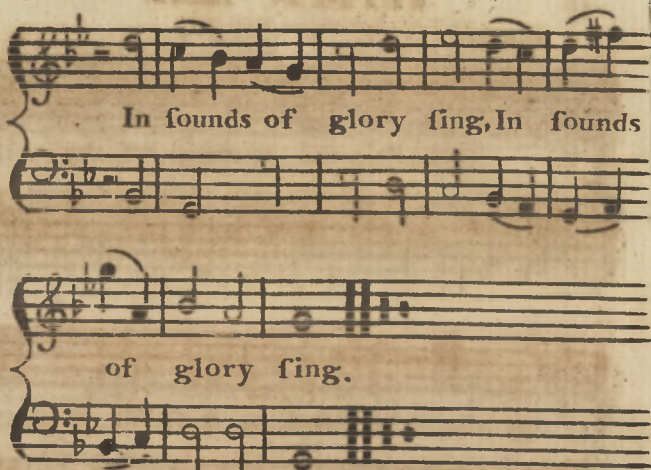


- 2 Not thus did Sinai's trembling head
With sacred horror nod,
Beneath the dark pavilion spread
Of legislative God.
- 3 Thou earth, thy lowest center shake,
With Jesus sympathize.
Thou sun as hell's deep gloom be black:
'Tis thy Creator dies.
- 4 See streaming from th' accursed tree,
His all-atoning blood.
Is this the Infinite! 'Tis he,
My Saviour and my God.
- 5 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me the death is borne;
My sin gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed ev'ry thorn.
- 6 Let sin no more my soul enslave;
Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain;
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save;
Nor bleed nor die in vain.

HYMN XLII.

Aldrich





- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his goodness shines,
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food:
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the soul he loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless rage,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim:
But we who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

HYMN XLIII.

Bristot



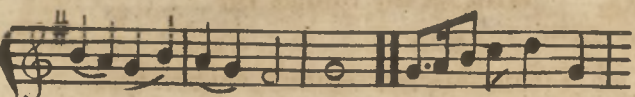
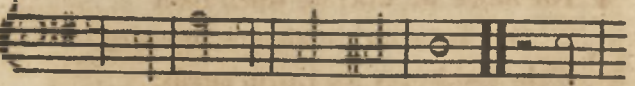
BEING of Beings, God of love,



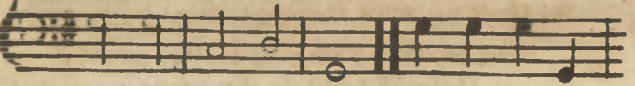
To thee our hearts we raise: Thy

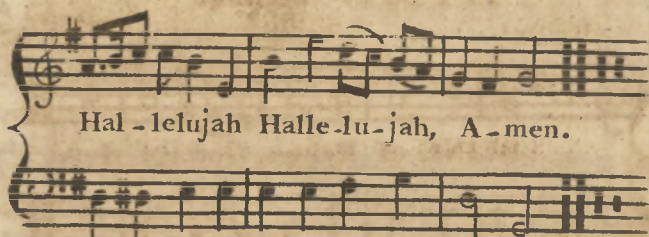


all-sustaining power we prove, And



gladly sing thy praise. Hal-lelu-jah

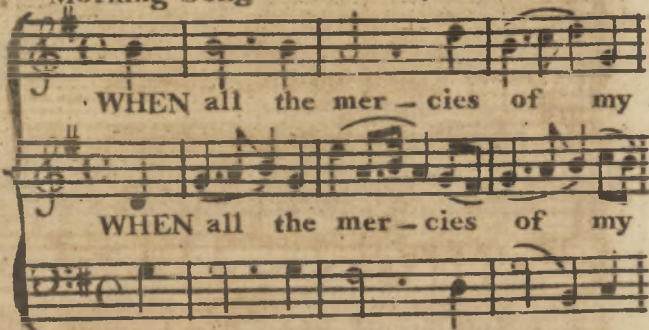




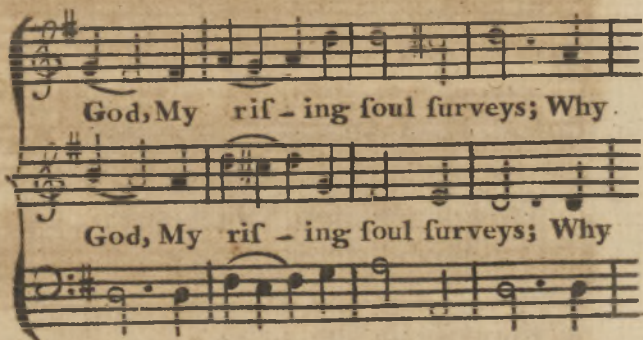
- Hal - lelujah Halle - lu - jah, A - men.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive:
Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heav'n-ward our ev'ry wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires
Is that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will:
Turn and beget us, Lord, again:
With all thy fulness fill.
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad!
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

HYMN XLIV.

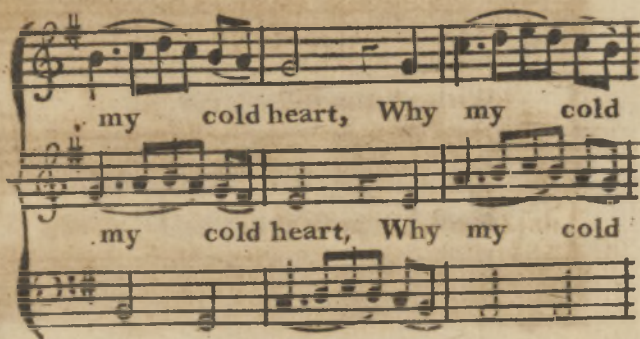
Morning Song



WHEN all the mer - cies of my
WHEN all the mer - cies of my



God, My rif - ing foul surveys; Why
God, My rif - ing foul surveys; Why



my cold heart, Why my cold
my cold heart, Why my cold

heart art thou not loft, art

heart art thou not loft, art

heart art thou not loft, art

thou not loft, In won - - der

thou not loft, In won - - der

thou not loft, In won - - der

love and praise?

love and praise?

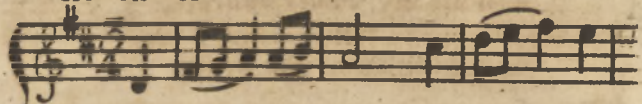
love and praise?

- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
Whilst in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the brest.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to Man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
- 8 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise:
But O eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN XLV.

95

Brochmer



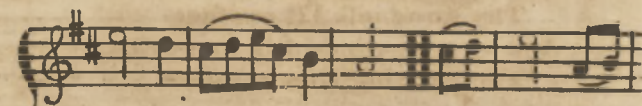
GOD of all grace and ma - -jes -



- ty, Supremely great and good, If

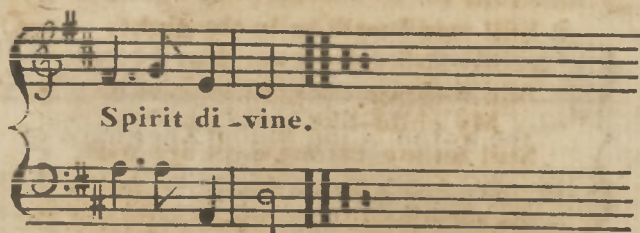
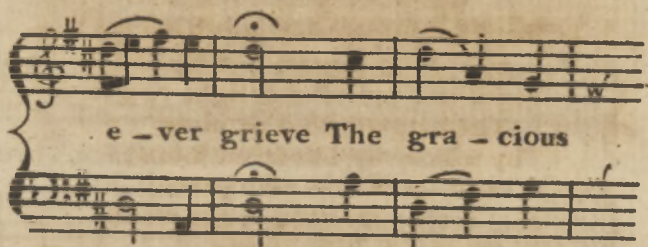
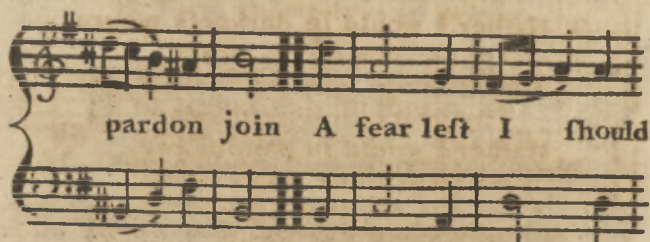
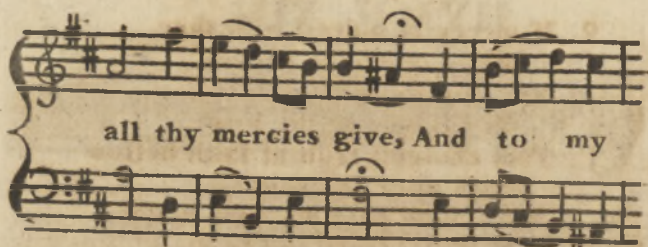


I have favour found with thee, Thro'



the a - ton - ing blood; The guard of

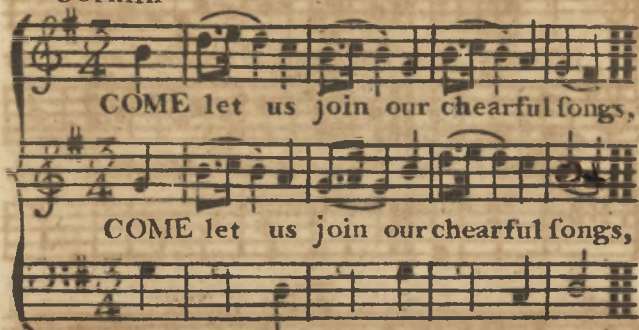




- 2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
 May I obedient prove;
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Or sin against thy love:
 This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor sojourner,
 And let me pass my days below
 In humbleness and fear.
- 3 Rather I would in darkness mourn
 The absence of thy peace,
 Than e'er by light irrev'rence turn
 Thy grace to wantonness:
 Rather I would in painful awe
 Beneath thine anger move,
 Than e'er reject the gospel-law
 Of liberty and love.
- 4 But O thou wouldst not have me live
 In bondage, grief and pain:
 Thou dost not take delight to grieve
 The helpless sons of men:
 Thy will is my salvation Lord;
 And let it now take place,
 And let me tremble at thy word
 Of reconciling grace.
- 5 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
 My strict observer see;
 And thou by rev'rent love unite
 My child-like heart to thee.
 Still let me till my days are past,
 At Jesu's feet abide;
 So shall he lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his side.

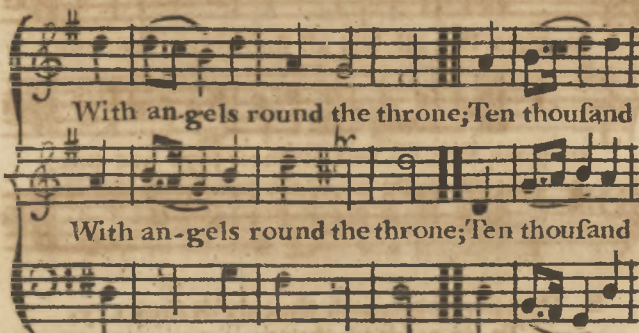
HYMN XLVI.

Cornish



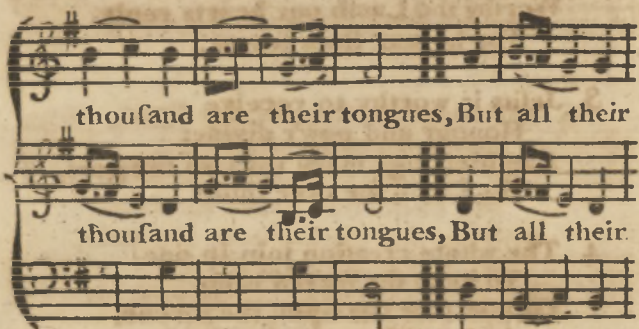
COME let us join our chearful songs,

COME let us join our chearful songs,



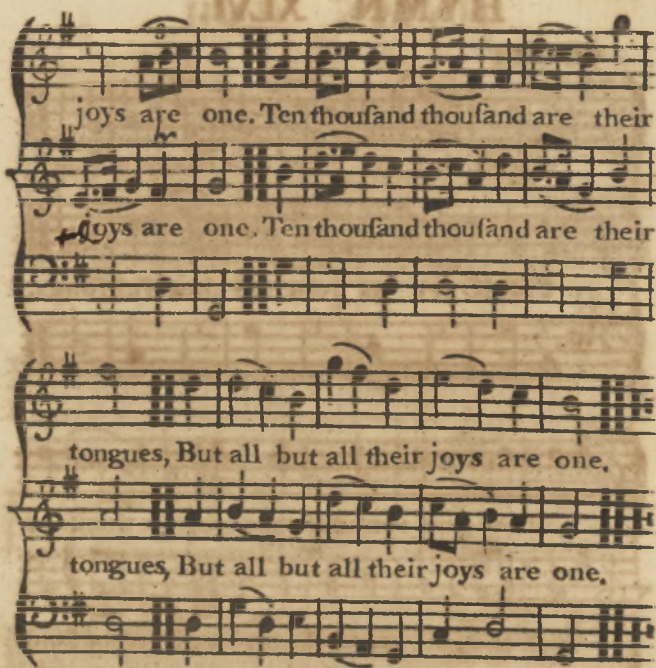
With an-gels round the throne; Ten thousand

With an-gels round the throne; Ten thousand



thousand are their tongues, But all their

thousand are their tongues, But all their

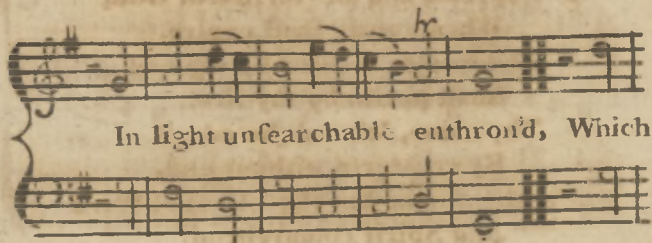
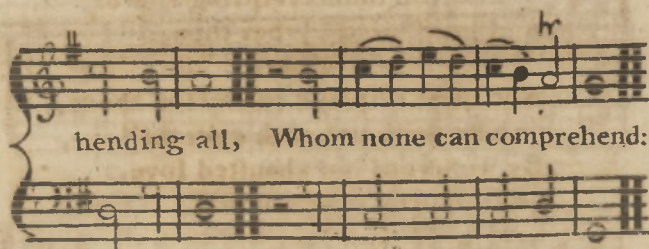
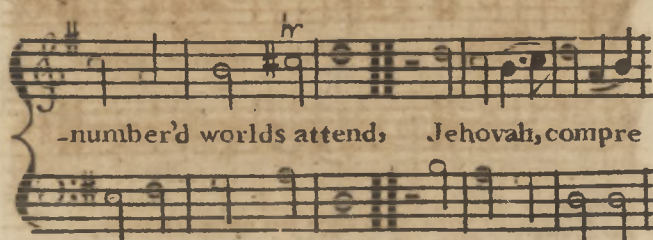
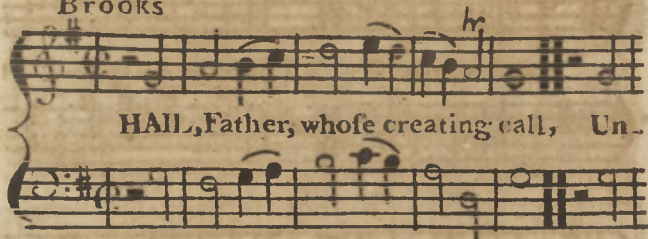


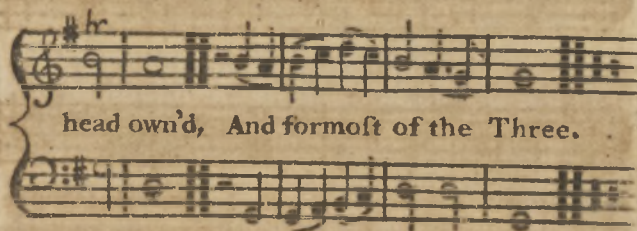
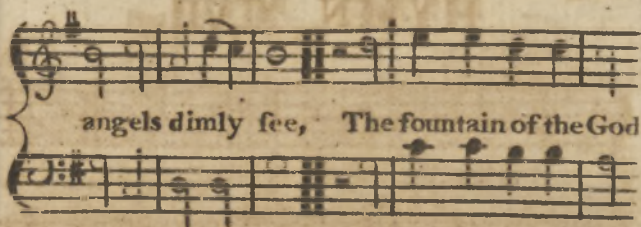
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine:
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN XLVII.

3

Brooks



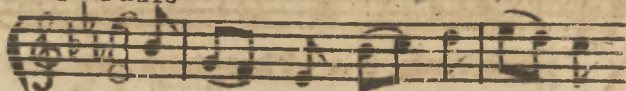


2 From thee, through an eternal now,
 The Son thine offspring flow'd:
 And everlasting Father thou,
 As everlasting God.
 Nor quite display'd to worlds above,
 Nor quite on earth conceal'd:
 By wondrous unexhausted love,
 To mortal man reveal'd.

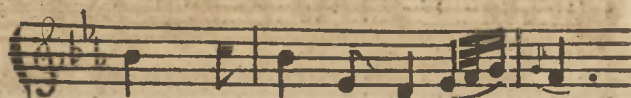
3 Supreme and all-sufficient God,
 When nature shall expire,
 And worlds created by thy nod,
 Shall perish by thy fire:
 Thy name, Jehovah, be ador'd
 By creatures without end,
 Whom none but thy Essential Word
 And Spirit comprehend.

HYMN XVIII.

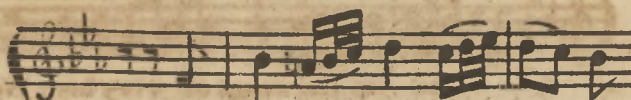
St Paul's

Place their first

FATHER, how wide thy glories



shine! How high thy wonders rise!

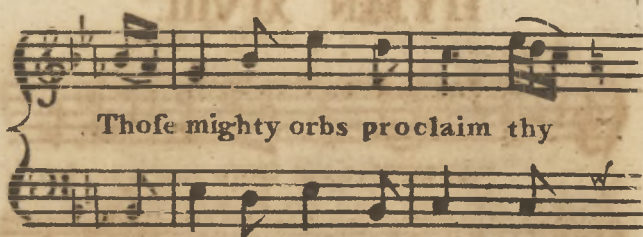


Known thro' the earth by thousand

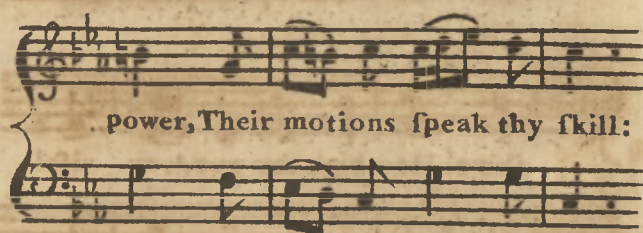


signs, By thousands thro' the skies.

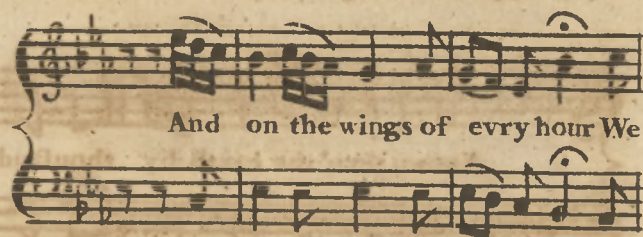




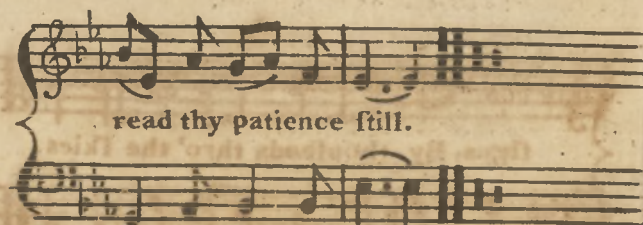
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy



power, Their motions speak thy skill:



And on the wings of evry hour We



read thy patience still.

2 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet:
But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains,
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

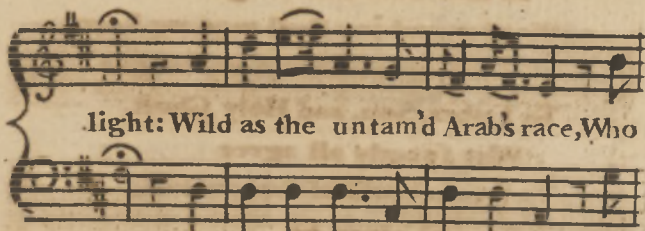
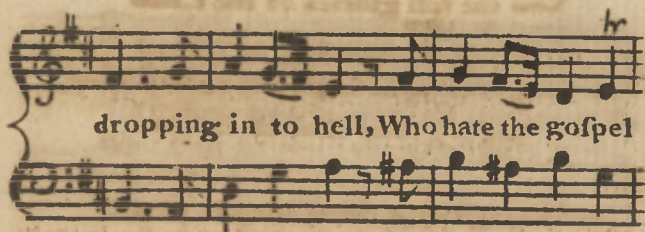
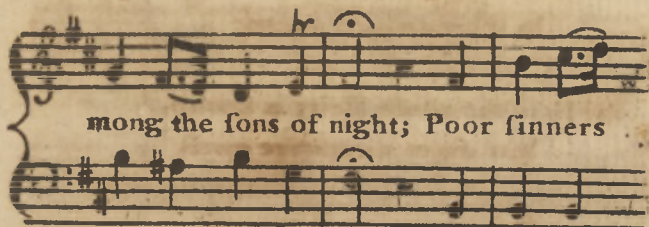
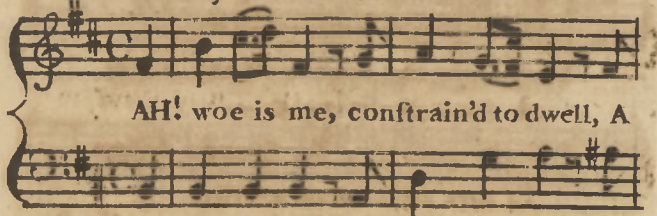
4 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

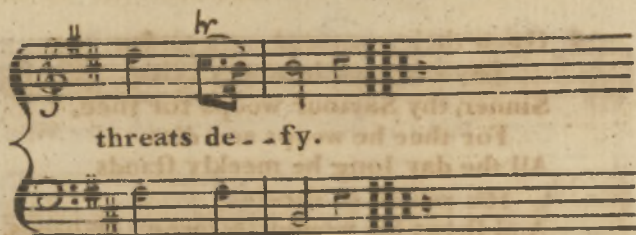
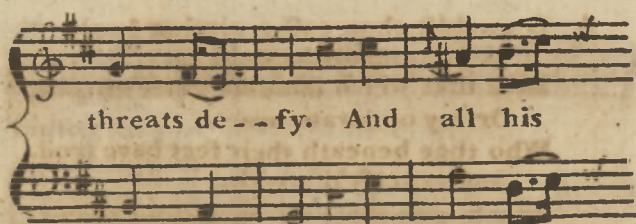
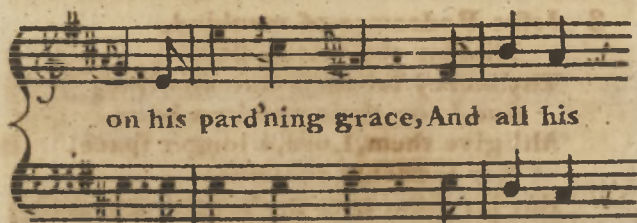
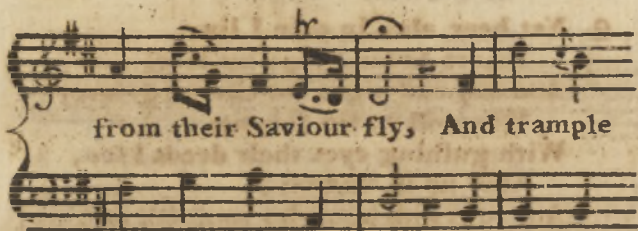
HYMN XLIX.

105

Wednesbury

4



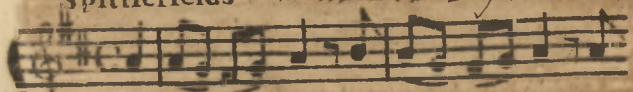


- 2 Yet hear alas! in pain I live,
 Where Satan keeps his feat;
 And day and night for those I grieve,
 Who will to sin submit:
 With gushing eyes their deeds I see,
 Shut up in Sodom I,
 And ask, with him who ransom'd me,
 Why will ye sin and die?
- 3 Jesus Redeemer of mankind,
 Display thy saving power,
 Thy mercy let these outcasts find,
 And know their gracious hour.
 Ah! give them, Lord, a longer space,
 Nor suddenly consume,
 But let them take the proffer'd grace,
 And flee the wrath to come.
- 4 O wouldst thou cast a pitying look,
 (All goodness as thou art)
 Like that which faithless Peter's broke,
 Or my obdurate heart.
 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
 And crucify'd afresh,
 Touch with thine all-victorious blood,
 And turn the stone to flesh.
- 5 Open their eyes and ears to see
 Thy cross, to hear thy cries,
 Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
 For thee he weeps and dies.
 All the day long he meekly stands
 His rebels to receive;
 And shews his wounds, & spreads his hands,
 And bids you turn and live.

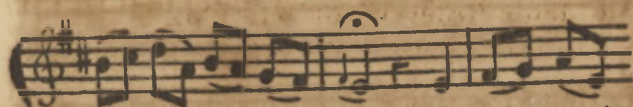
HYMN L.

2

Spittlefields immediately St Pauls



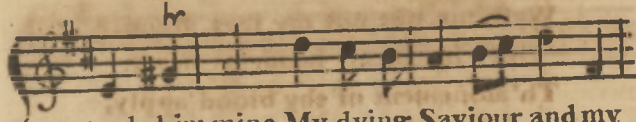
JESU, thou art my righteousness, For



all my sins were thine: Thy death hath

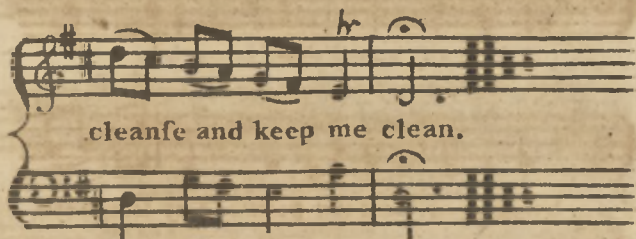
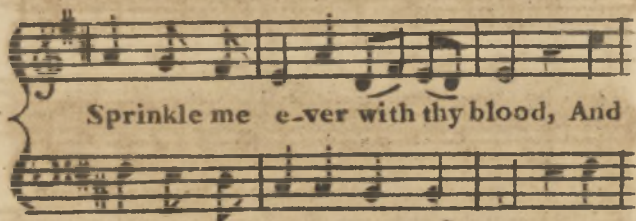
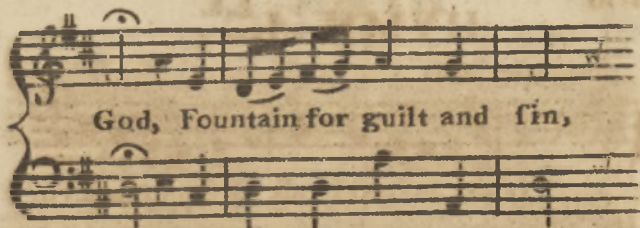


bought of God my peace, Thy life hath



made him mine. My dying Saviour and my





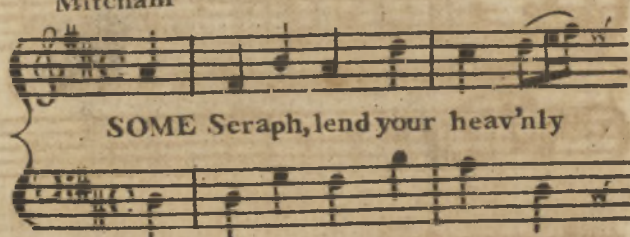
- 2 Wash me, and make me thus thine own,
 Wash me, and mine thou art:
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.
 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to fight improve:
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul is love.

2²

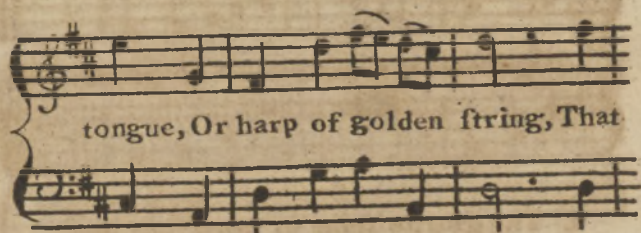
110

HYMN LI.

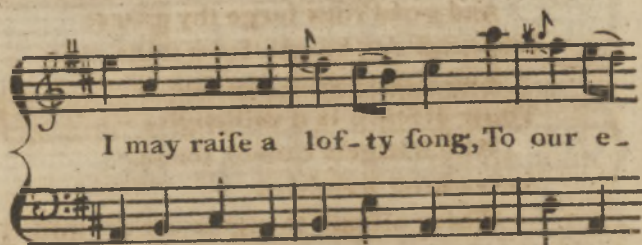
Mitcham



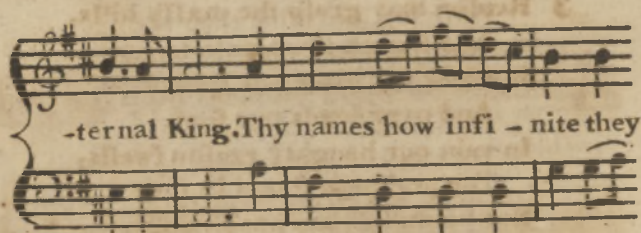
SOME Seraph, lend your heav'nly



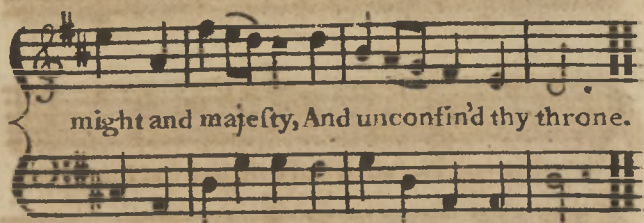
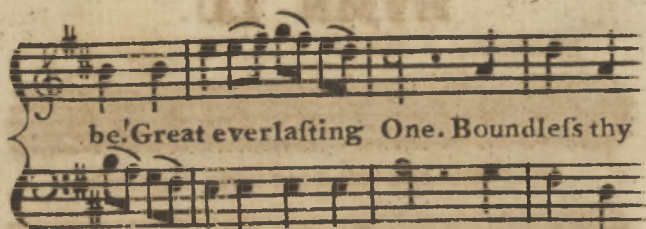
tongue, Or harp of golden string, That



I may raise a lof-ty song, To our e-



-ternal King. Thy names how infi - nite they

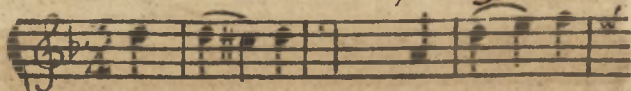


- 2 Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
 And wond'rous large thy grace:
 Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
 And Gabril veils his face.
 Thine essence is a vast abyfs,
 Which angels cannot sound,
 An ocean of infinities
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

- 3 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
 And stretch from pole to pole,
 But half thy name our spirit fills,
 And over loads our soul.
 In vain our haughty reason swells,
 For nothing's found in thee
 But boundless unconceivables,
 And vast eternity.

HYMN LII. *Palmie's*

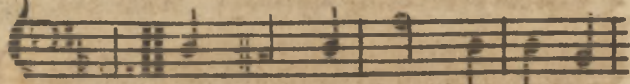
Smith's

Insert this p. 162 after

STAND and a-dore! How glorious



He That dwells in bright e-ter-ni-

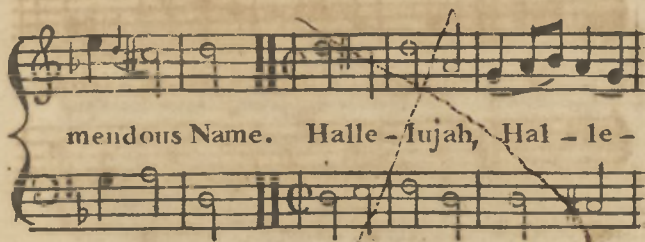
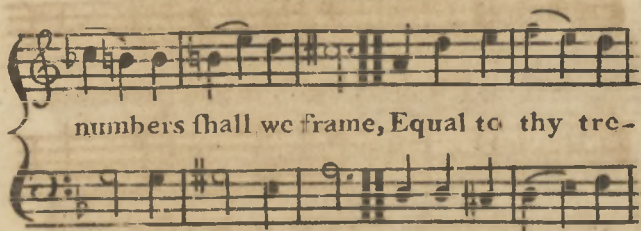
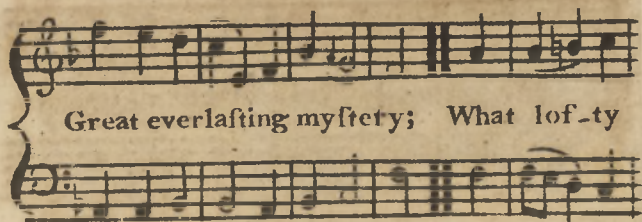
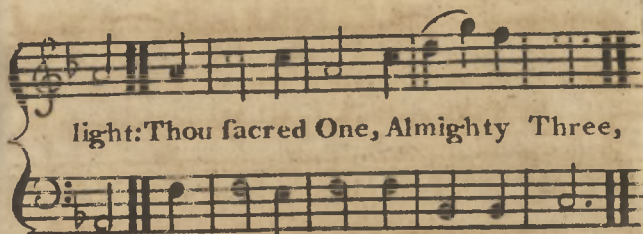


-ty! We gaze, and we confound our



sight, Plung'd in th'a-byss of dar'ling



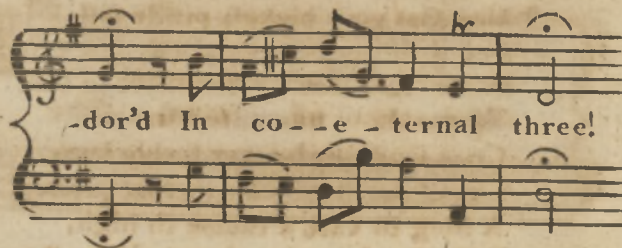
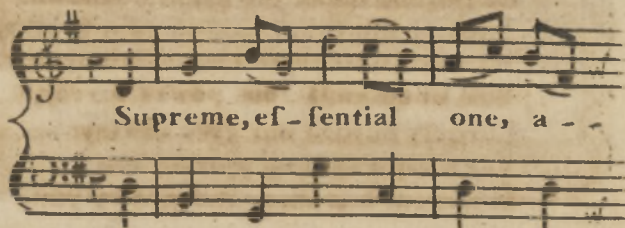
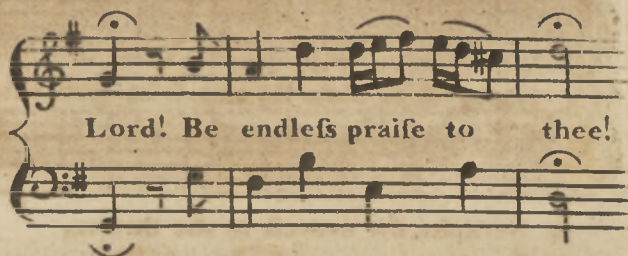
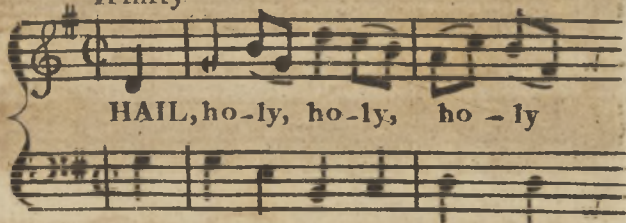




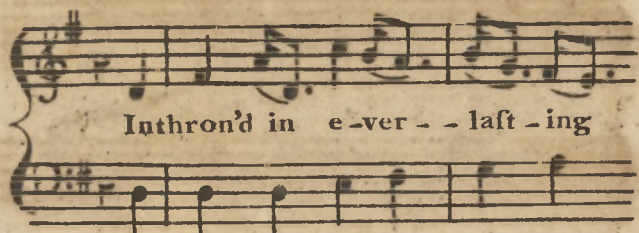
- 2 Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
 Begin, and speak the great unknown:
 Attempt the song, wind up your strings,
 To notes untry'd and boundless things.
 You, whose capacious pow'rs survey,
 Largely beyond our eyes of clay:
 Yet what a narrow portion too
 Is seen, or known, or thought by you.
- 3 How flat your highest praise fall
 Below th'immenſe original.
 Weak creatures we that ſtrive in vain
 To reach an uncreated ſtrain.
 Great God forgive our feeble lays,
 Sound out thine own eternal praise;
 A ſong ſo vaſt, a theme ſo high,
 Calls for the voice that tun'd the ſky.

HYMN LIII.

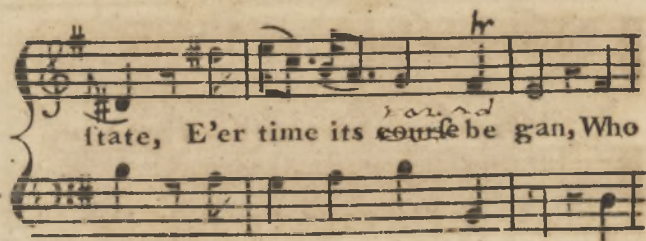
Trinity



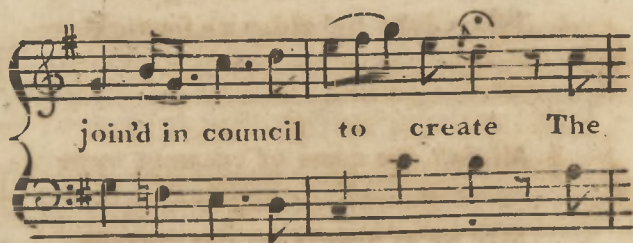
Call for the voice that sings the hymn.



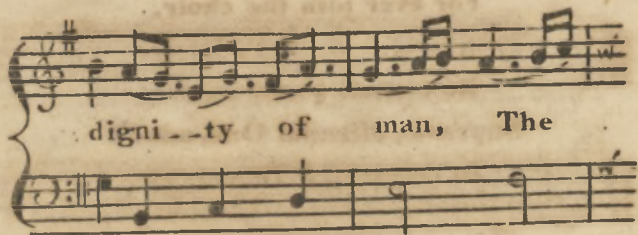
Inthron'd in e-ver - - last - ing



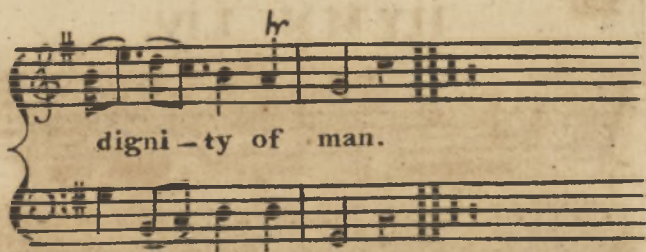
state, E'er time its ^{round} ~~course~~ be gan, Who



join'd in council to create The



digni - ty of man, The

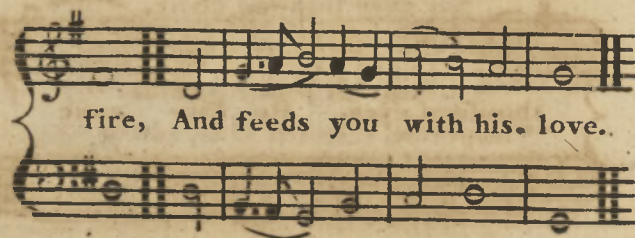
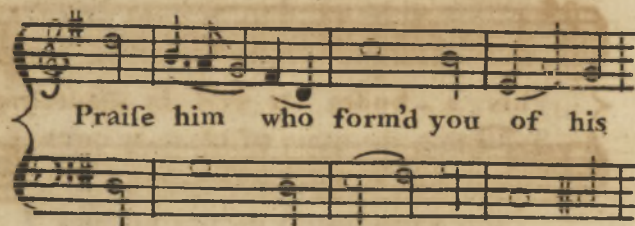
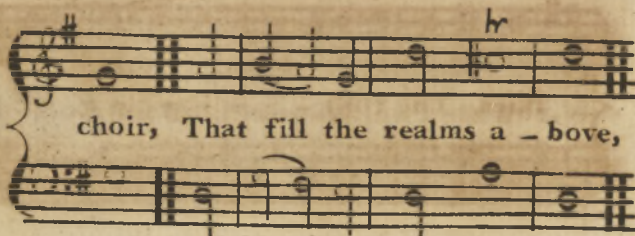
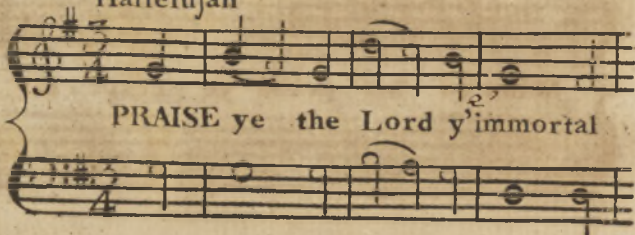


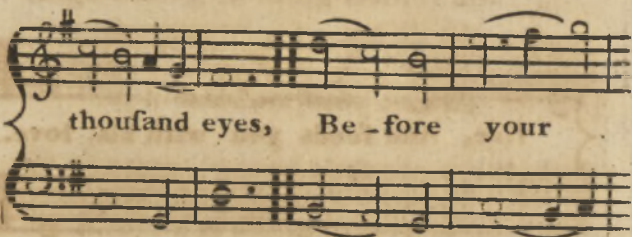
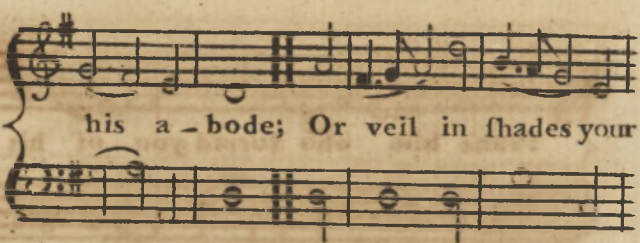
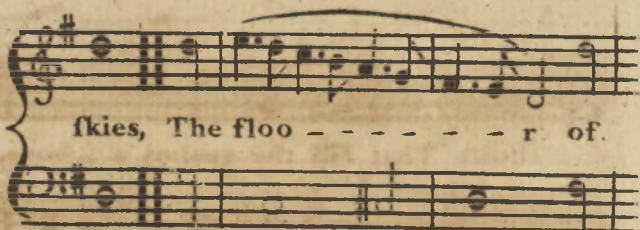
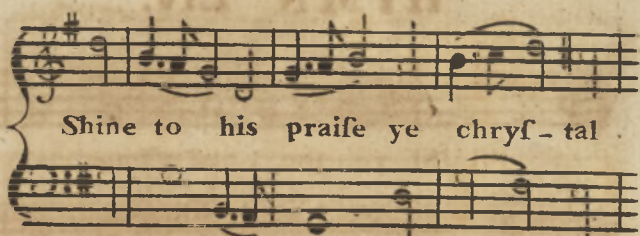
2 To whom Ifaiah's vision shew'd
 The seraphs veil their wings,
 While thee, Jehovah, Lord and God,
 Th' angelic army sings.
 To thee by mystic pow'rs on high,
 Were humble praises giv'n,
 When John beheld, with favour'd eye,
 Th' inhabitants of heav'n.

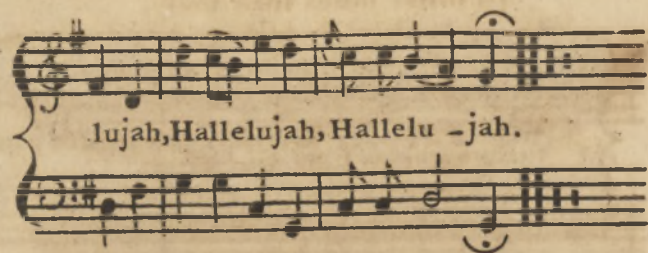
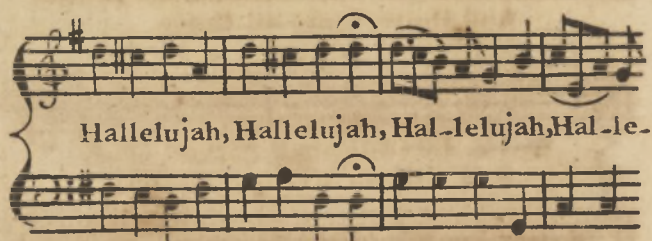
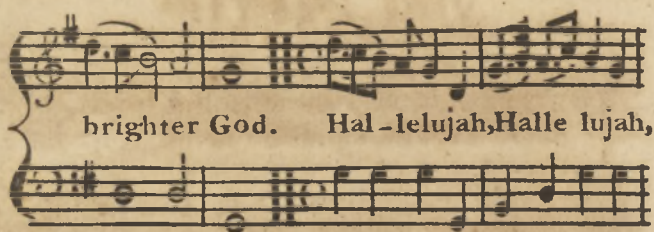
3 All that the name of creature owns
 To thee in hymns aspire:
 May we as angels on our thrones
 For ever join the choir.
 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord.
 Be endless praise to thee.
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd
 In co-eternal Three.

HYMN LIV.

Hallelujah







3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
 Whose beams create our days,
 Join with the silver queen of night,
 To own your borrow'd rays.

4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
 Through the ethereal blue;
 For when his chariot is a cloud,
 He makes his wheels of you.

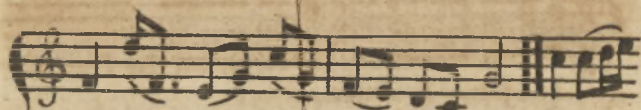
- 5 Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.
- 6 Shout to the Lord, ye furling seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.
- 7 While monsters, sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker, God,
And lash the foaming brine.
- 8 But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring through the trees.
- 9 Wave your tall heads ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow;
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.
- 10 Let the shrill birds his honours raise,
And climb the morning sky;
While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.
- 11 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

HYMN LV

Epworth



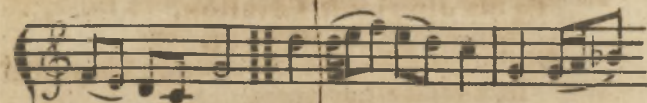
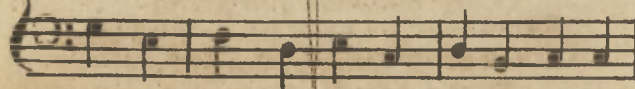
HAPPY soul, thy days are ended;



All thy mourning days be low; Go by

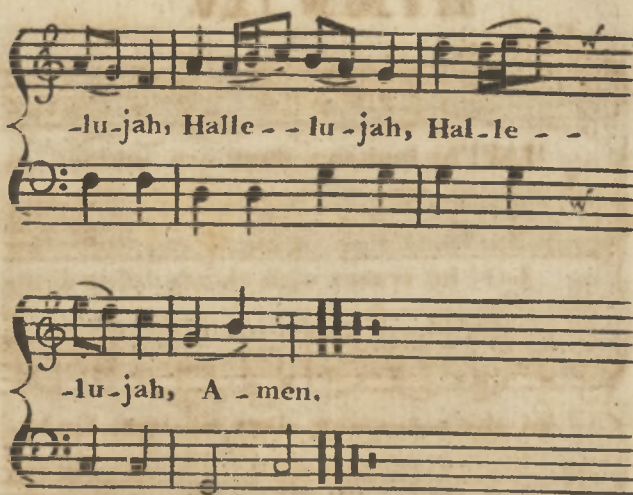


angels guards attended To the sight of



Jesus go. Halle - - lu jah, Hal le -





- 2 Waiting to receive thy Spirit,
 Lo! the Saviour stands above,
 Shews the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.
- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain,
 Die, to live a life of glory,
 Suffer with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN LVI.

Olivers

LO! he comes with clouds descending,

LO! he comes with clouds descending,

Once for favour'd sinners slain.

Once for favour'd sinners slain.

Thousand thousand saints at-tending,

Thousand thousand saints at-tending,

Swell the triumph of his train;

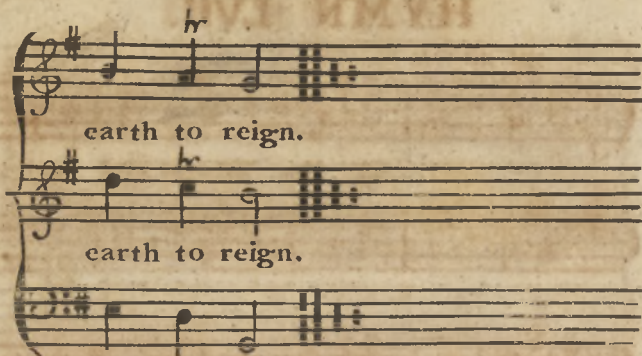
Swell the triumph of his train; w

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - le - jah, Hal - le - le - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, God ap - - pears on

Hal - le - lu - jah, God ap - - pears on



earth to reign.

earth to reign.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing
 Shall the true Messiah see.

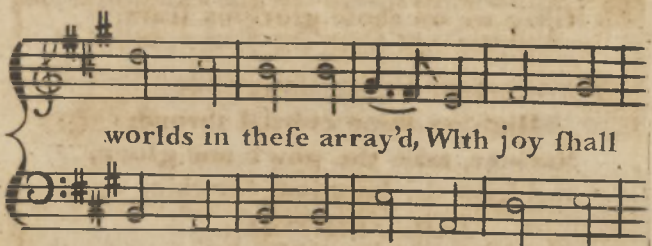
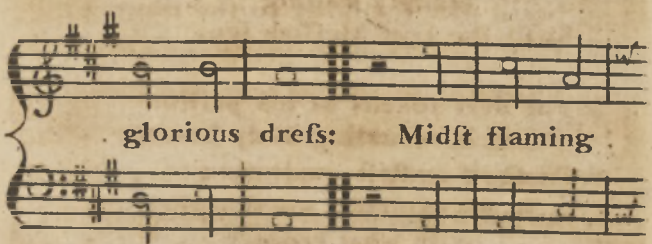
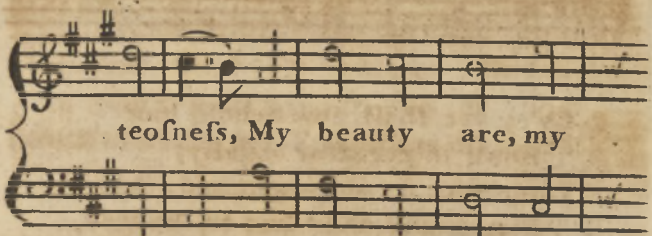
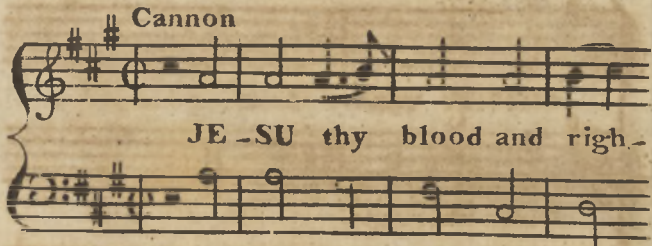
3 The dear tokens of his passion
 Still his dazzling body bears,
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransom'd worshippers:
 With what reapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars.

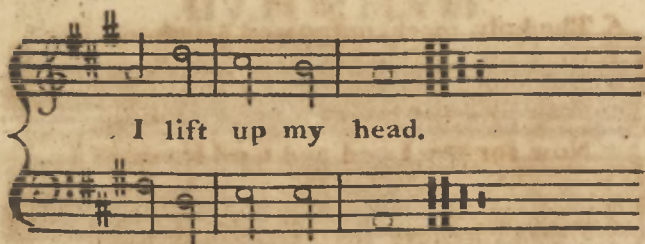
4 Yea, amen; let all adore thee
 High on thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own:
 JAH, JEHOVAH,
 Everlasting God, come down.

HYMN LVII.

127

Cannon



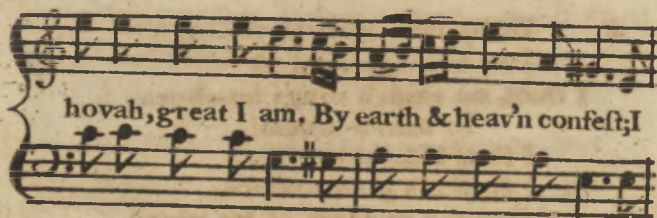
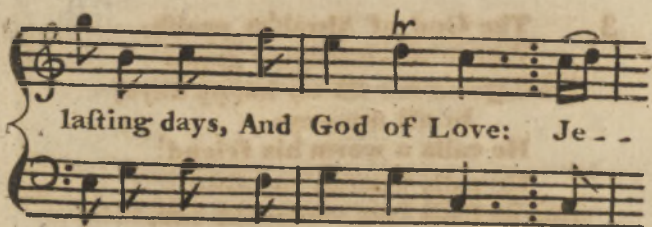
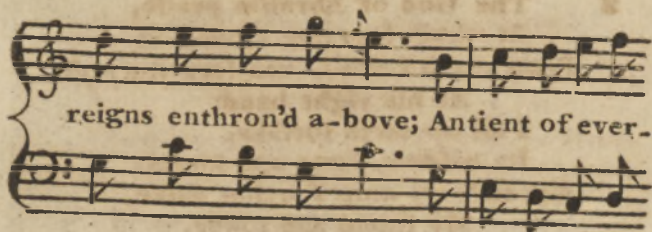
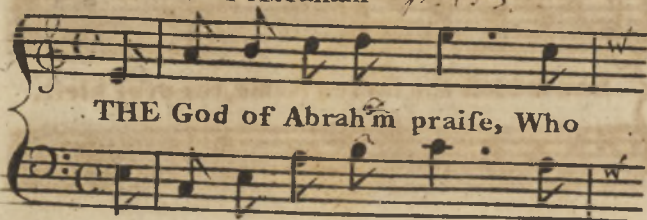


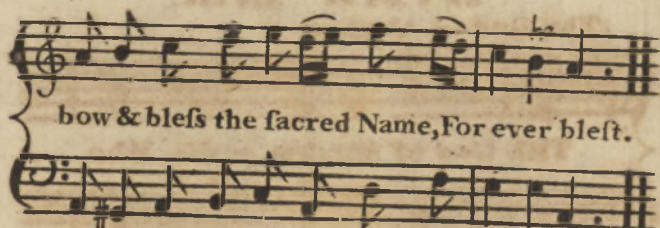
- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolv'd through these I am;
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The deadly writing now I see
Nail'd with thy body to the tree;
Torn with the nails that pierc'd thy hands,
Th' old Covenant no longer stands.
- 4 Though sign'd and written with my blood,
As hell's foundation sure it stood;
Thine hath wash'd out the crimson stains,
And white as snow my soul remains.
- 5 Satan thy due reward survey,
The Lord of life why didst thou slay?
To tear the prey out of thy teeth,
To spoil the realms of hell and death.

- 6 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
 Who from the Father's bosom came,
 Who dy'd for me ev'n me, t' atone,
 Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 7 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
 Which at the mercy-feat of God
 For ever doth for sinners plead,
 For me, ev'n for my soul, was shed.
- 8 Yet nought, whereof to boast I have,
 All; all thy mercy freely gave;
 No works, no righteousness are mine;
 All is thy work, and only thine.
- 9 Thou God of might, thou God of love,
 Let the whole world thy mercy prove;
 Now let thy word o'er all prevail,
 Now take the spoils of death and hell.
- 10 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
 Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 Jesu, thy blood and righteousness.

Rockford

HYMN LVIII.

The God of Abraham *p. 175*



2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise — and seek the joys
 At his right hand:
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame and power;
 And Him my only Portion make,
 My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all my ways.
 He calls a worm his friend!
 He calls himself my God!
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Thro Jesu's blood.

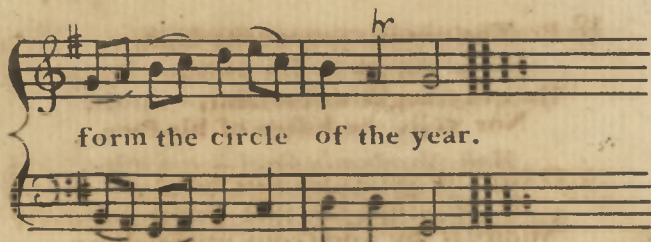
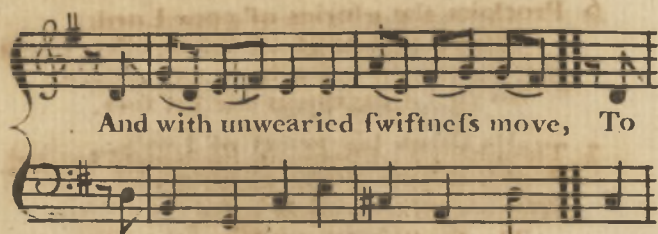
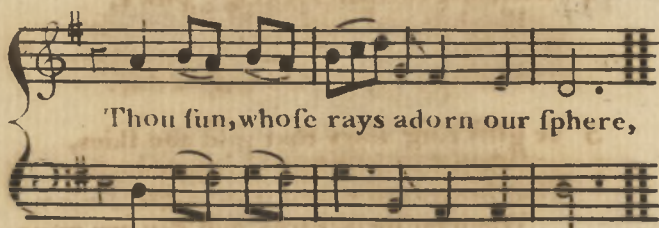
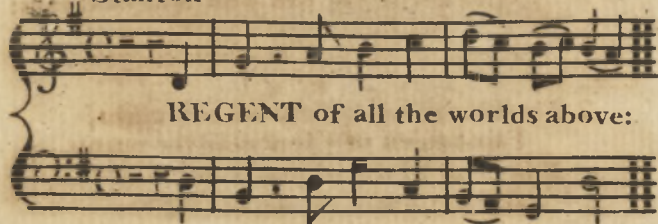
4 He by Himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend:
 I shall, on eagle's wings up-born,
 To heav'n ascend:
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

- 5 Tho' nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At his command:
 The wat'ry deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view;
 And thro' the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.
- 6 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest'd;
 A land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest:
 There milk and honey flow;
 And oil and wine abound;
 And trees of life for ever grow,
 With mercy crown'd.
- 7 There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our righteousness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of peace:
 On Sion's sacred height,
 His kingdom still maintains;
 And glorious with his saints in light,
 For ever reigns.
- 8 He keeps his own secure,
 He guards them by his side,
 Arrays in garments white and pure
 His spotless bride.
 With streams of sacred bliss,
 With groves of living joys —
 With all the fruits of Paradise,
 He still supplies.

- 9 Before the great Three-One
 They all exulting stand,
 And tell the wonders he hath done,
 Thro' all their land:
 The list'ning spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame;
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wond'rous Name.
- 10 The God who reigns on high,
 The great arch-angels sing,
 And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
 "Almighty King!
 "Who Was, and Is, the same;
 "And evermore shall be;
 "Jehovah — Father — Great I am!
 "We worship thee."
- 11 Before the Saviour's face
 The ransom'd nations bow;
 O'erwhelm'd at his Almighty grace,
 For ever new:
 He shews his prints of Love —
 They kindle — to a flame!
 And sound thro' all the worlds above,
 The slaughter'd Lamb.
- 12 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high;
 "Hail, Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,"
 They ever cry:
 Hail, Abraham's God — and mine.
 (I join the heav'nly lays.)
 All Might and Majesty are Thine,
 And endless Praise.

HYMN LIX.

Stanton



- 2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
Who decks thy orb with borrow'd rays:
Or may the sun forget to rise,
When he forgets his Maker's praise.
- 3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose paler fires and female light
Are softer rivals of the noon.
- 4 Arise, and to that sov'reign pow'r,
Waxing and waning honours pay;
Who bade thee rule the dusky hours,
And half supply the absent day.
- 5 Ye glitt'ring stars that gild the skies,
When darkness has her curtain drawn,
That keeps the watch with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day are gone.
- 6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispers'd through all the heav'nly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.
- 7 Thou heav'n of heavens, supremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where with inimitable light,
The Godhead condescends to shine;
- 8 Praise thou the great inhabitant,
Who scatters lovely beams of grace
On ev'ry angel ev'ry saint,
Nor veils the lustre of his face.
- 9 O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art the sun that mak'st our days;
'Midst all thy wond'rous works above
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

HYMN LX.

Invitation

SINNERS, o-bey the gospel word, Haste

to the supper of my Lord, Be wise to

know your gracious day: All things are

ready come a-way.

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kifs his late returning fon:
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And fpreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the fpirit of his love
Juft now the ftony to remove,
T'apply and witnefs with the blood,
And wafh and feal the fons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your bleft eftate:
Tuning their harps, they long to praife
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoft:
Are ready with their fhining hoft;
All heav'n is ready to refound,
"The dead's alive the loft is found."

6 Come then, ye finners, to your Lord,
In Chrift to paradise reftor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gopfel grace.

- 7 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God,
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence;
- 8 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart,
The tears that tell your sins forgiv'n,
The sighs that waft you up to heaven;
- 9 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness,
The genuine, meek humility,
The wonder, "why such love to me!"
- 10 Th' o'erwhelming pow'r of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face,
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heav'n of love!

HYMN LXI.

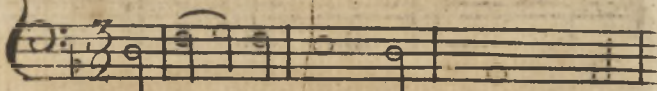
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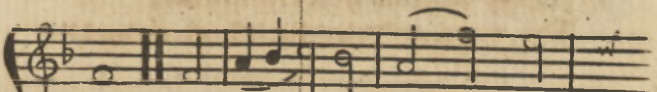
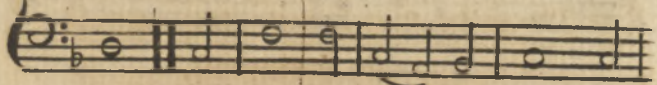
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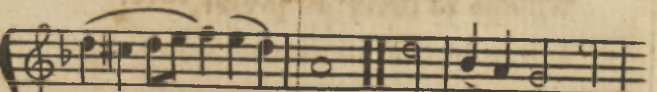
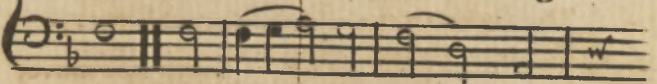
HAPPY the man who finds the



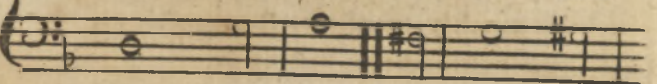
grace, The blessing of God's cho - sen

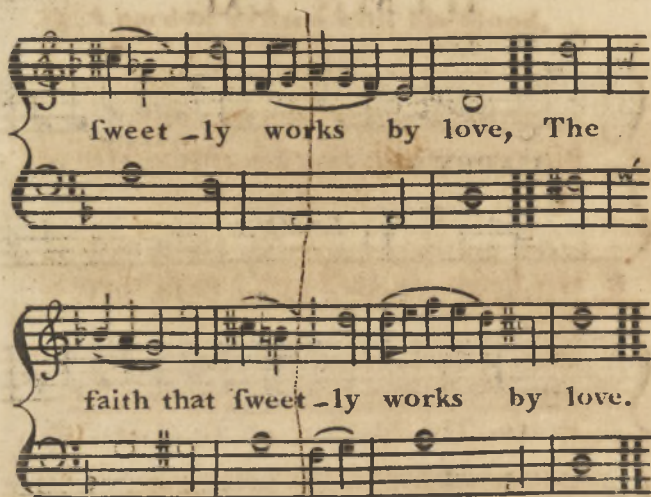


race, The wis - dom com - ing



from a - - bove, The faith that.



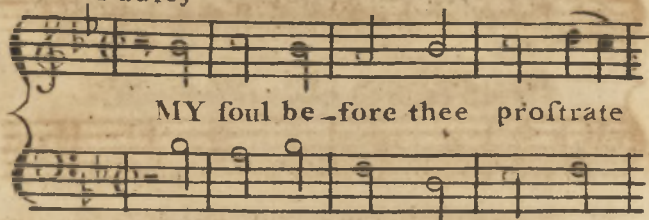


- 2 Happy beyond description he,
 Who knows, "The Saviour died for me,"
 The gift unspeakable obtains,
 And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
 Of wisdom's costly merchandize!
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compar'd to her.
- 4 Better she is than richest mines,
 All earthly treasures she outshines,
 Her value above rubies is,
 And precious pearls are vile to this.

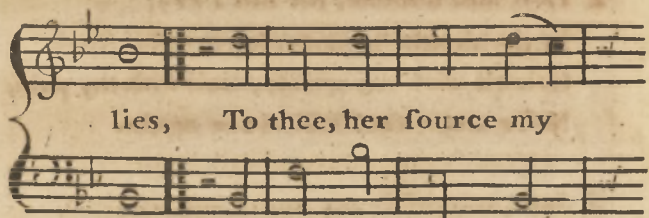
- 5 Whate'er thy heart can wish is poor,
To wisdom's all-sufficient store:
Pleasure, and fame, and health, and friends;
She all created good transcends.
- 6 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise,
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.
- 7 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowry paths are peace.
- 8 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends;
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of paradise.
- 9 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
Thrice happy — who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n are one.

HYMN LXII.

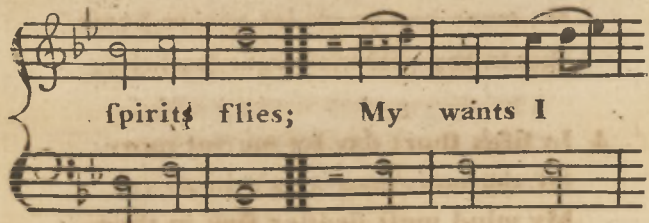
Pudsey



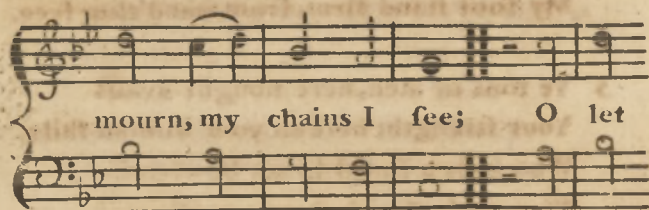
MY soul be fore thee prostrate



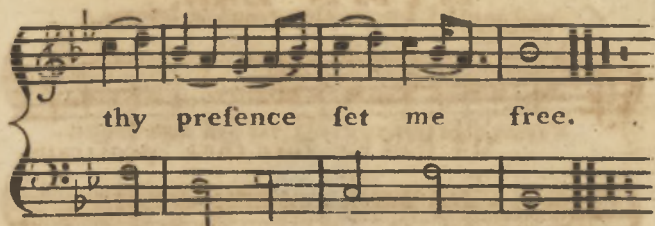
lies, To thee, her source my



spirit flies; My wants I



mourn, my chains I fee; O let



- 2 Loft and undone, for aid I cry;
In thy death, Saviour, let me die!
Griev'd with thy grief, pain'd with thy pain,
Ne'er may I feel self-love again.
- 3 Jesu, vouchsafe my heart and will
With thy meek lowliness to fill;
No more her pow'r let nature boast,
But in thy will may mine be lost.
- 4 In life's short day let me yet more
Of thy enliv'ning pow'r implore;
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm, from wand'ring free.
- 5 Ye sons of men, here nought avails
Your strength; here all your wisdom fails;
Who bids a sinful heart be clean?
Thou only, Lord, supreme of men!

- 6 And well I know thy tender love,
Thou never didst unfaithful prove;
And well I know thou stand'st by me,
Pleas'd from myself to set me free.
- 7 Still will I watch and labour still
To banish ev'ry thought of ill;
Till thou in thy good time appear,
And sav'st me from the fowler's snare.
- 8 Already springing hope I feel;
God will destroy the pow'r of hell;
God, from the land of wars and pain,
Leads me where peace and safety reign.
- 9 One only care my soul shall know,
Father, all thy commands to do:
Ah! deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in thee ev'n now am blest.
- 10 When my warm thoughts I fix on thee,
And plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
Then ev'n on me thy face shall shine,
And quicken this dead heart of mine.
- 11 So ev'n in storms my zeal shall grow,
So shall I thy hid sweetness know:
And feel (what endless age shall prove)
That thou, my Lord, my God, are love.

HYMN LXIII.

145

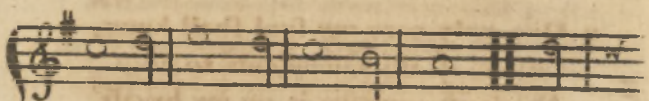
Angels Song



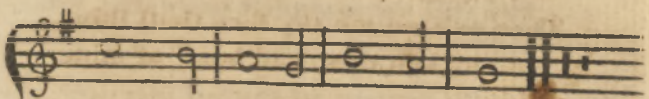
FATHER, if justly still we claim



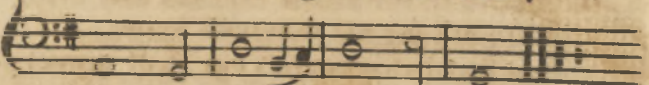
To us and ours the promise made, To.



us be graciously the same, And



crown with living fire our head.



- 2 Our claim admit, and from above
Of holiness the spirit show'r,
Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and pow'r.
- 3 The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of pow'r demonstrative impart,
Such as may ev'ry conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart.
- 4 The spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind.
- 5 The spirit of faith in this thy day,
To break the pow'r of cancel'd sin,
Tread down its strength, o'eturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win.
- 6 The spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy laws may write;
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife,
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

7 On all the earth thy spirit show'r,
 The earth in righteousness renew;
 Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpow'r,
 And to thy scepter all subdue.

8 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
 Let it opposers all o'er-run,
 And ev'ry law of sin reverse,
 That faith and love may make all one.

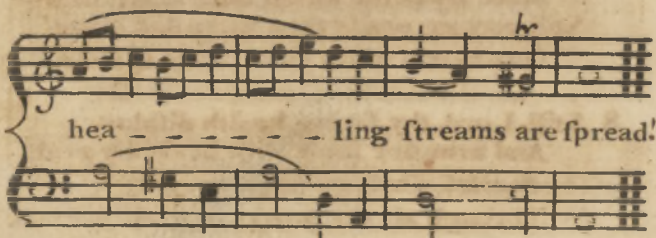
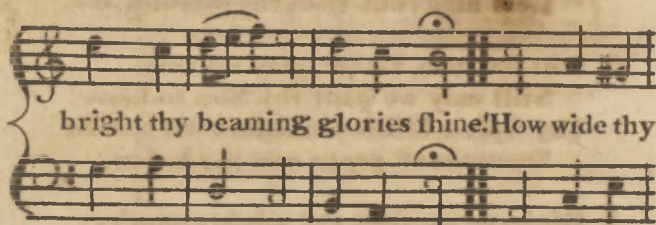
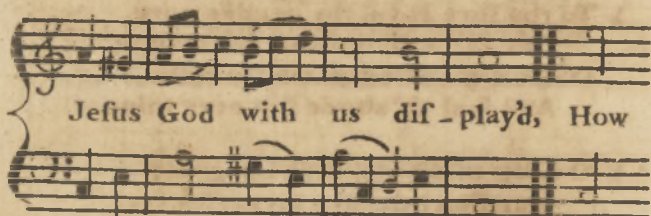
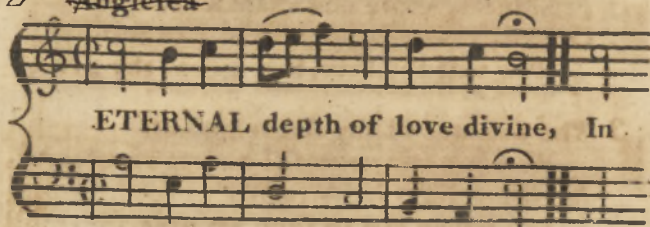
9 Yea, let the Spirit in ev'ry place
 Its richer energy declare,
 While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
 The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

10 Grant this, O holy God, and true!
 The ancient seers thou didst inspire:
 To us perform the promise due,
 Descend and crown us now with fire.

HYMN LXIV.

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Anglesca



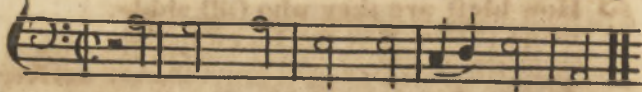
- 2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile and thankless race:
O God! what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace!
- 3 The dictates of thy sov'reign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive;
All thy delight in us fulfil,
Lo! all we are to thee we give.
- 4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit we resign;
O! fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal th'abode for ever thine.
- 5 O King of Glory, thy rich grace
Our short desires surpasses far!
Yea, ev'n our crimes, tho' numberless,
Less num'rous than thy mercies are.
- 6 Still on thee, Father, may we rest!
Still may we pant thy Son to know!
Thy Spirit still breathe into our breast,
Fountain of peace and joy below.
- 7 Oft have we seen thy mighty pow'r,
Since from the world thou mad'st us free
Still may we praise thee more and more,
Our hearts more firmly knit to thee.
- 8 Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal:
So fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the pow'rs of earth and hell.

HYMN LXV.

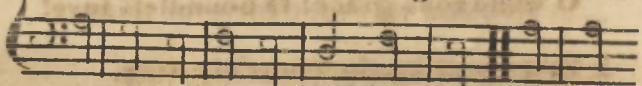
Stockton



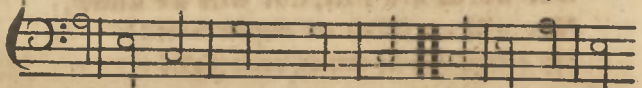
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,



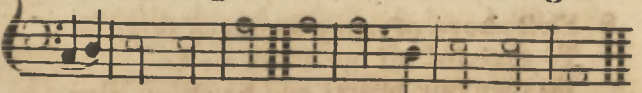
To wash me in thy cleansing blood, To dwell



within thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, & life



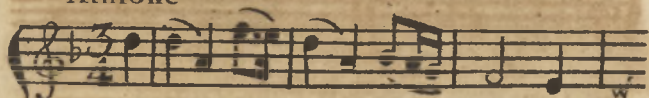
or death is gain, And life or death is gain.



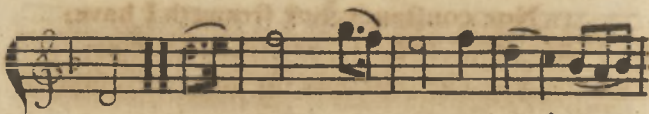
- 2 Take this poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide,
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive;
And by thee move and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the pow'r thy grace to move;
O wond'rous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown.
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of ought beside,
My Lord my Love is crucify'd!
- 7 Ah! Lord enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought!
Unloose our stamm'ring tongue to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 8 First-born of many brethren thou!
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow,
To thee our hearts and hands we give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

HYMN LXVI.

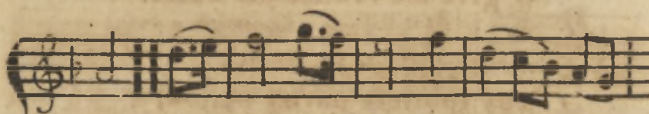
Athlone



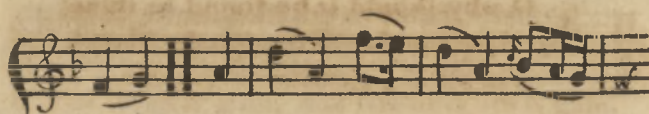
JESUS, in whom the Godhead's



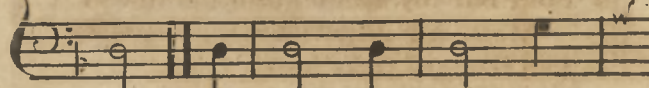
rays Beam forth with milder majes -

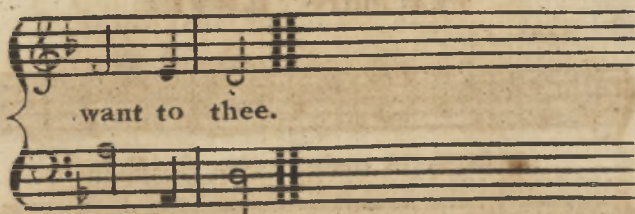


-ty, I see thee full of truth and.



grace, And come for all I





2 Wrathful, impure, and proud I am,
 Nor constancy, nor strength I have;
 But thou, O Lord, art still the same,
 And hast not lost thy power to save.

3 Save me from pride, the plague expel;
 Jesu, thine humble self impart,
 O let thy mind within me dwell;
 O give me lowliness of heart.

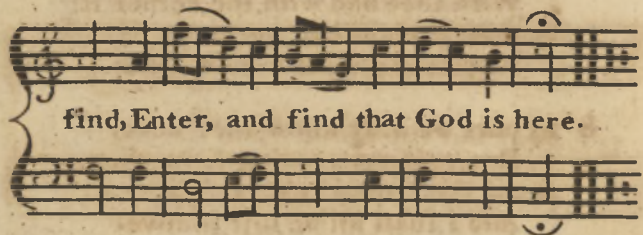
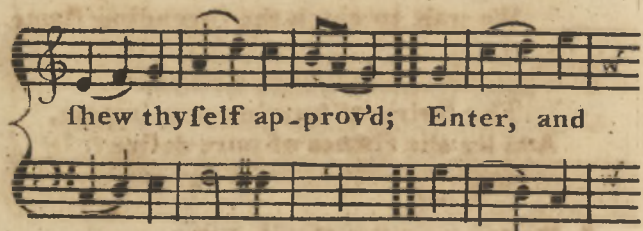
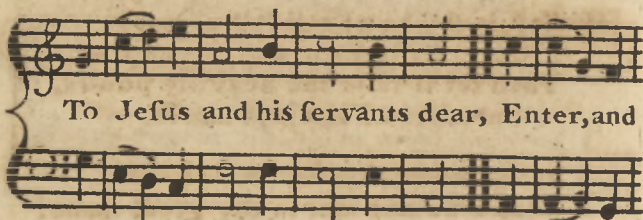
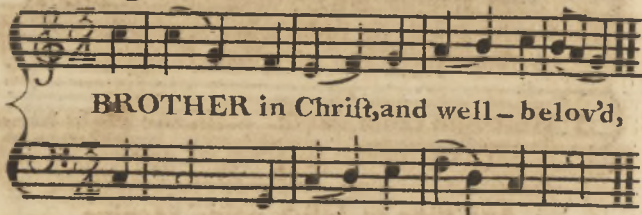
4 Enter thyself, and cast out sin;
 Thy spotless purity bestow;
 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
 Wash me, and I am white as snow.

5 Fury is not in thee my God,
 O why should it be found in thine!
 Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,
 And all thy gentleness is mine.

6 Pour but thy blood upon the flame,
 Meek, and dispassionate, and mild,
 The leopard sinks into a lamb,
 And I become a little child.

HYMN LXVII.

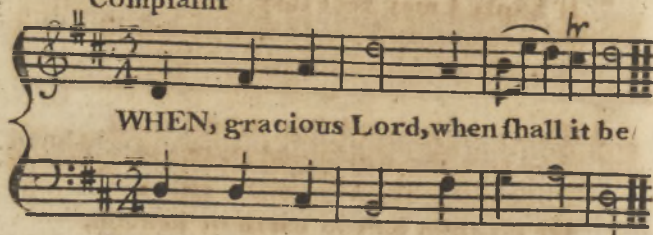
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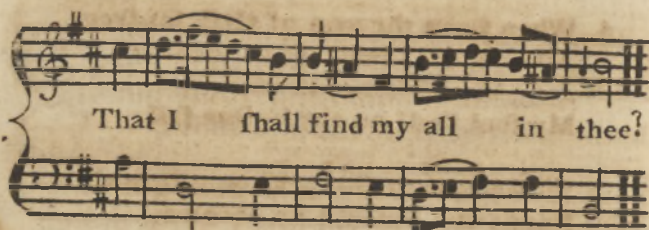
- 2 Scap'd from the world, redeem'd from sin,
By fiends pursued, by men abhorr'd,
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,
And share the portion of thy Lord.
- 3 Welcome from earth! — lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to thee we give!
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And thee in Jesu's name receive.
- 4 Say, is thy heart resolv'd as our's;
Then let it burn with sacred love;
Then let it taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
Partaker of the joys above.
- 5 Jesu, attend! thyself reveal!
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.
- 6 Thou God, that answerest by fire!
The Spirit of burning now impart,
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.
- 7 Truly our fellowship below
With thee and with the Father is:
In thee eternal life we know,
And heav'n's unutterable bliss.
- 8 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above —
And I shall then behold thee near!
And I shall all be lost in love.

HYMN LXVIII.

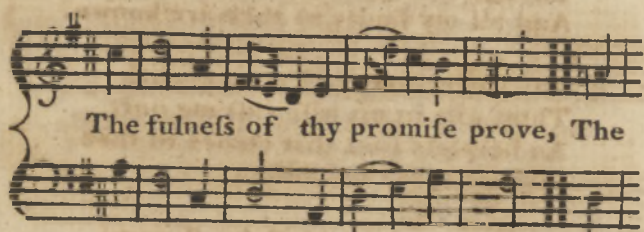
Complaint



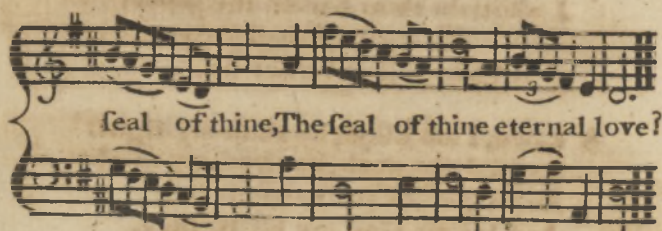
WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be



That I shall find my all in thee?



The fulness of thy promise prove, The

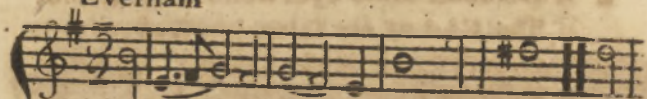


seal of thine, The seal of thine eternal love?

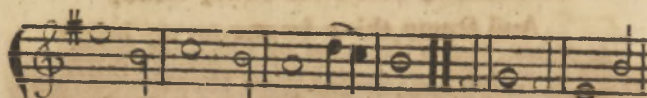
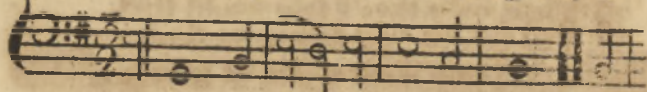
- 2 A poor, blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near;
O dark, dark, dark, (I still must say)
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.
- 3 Thee, only thee I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only Thou to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.
- 4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesu, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesu, when I have lost my all,
My soul shall on thy bosom fall.
- 5 Whom man forsakes, Thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive,
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.
- 6 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
An helpless soul that comes to thee
With only sin and misery.
- 7 Lord, I am sick: my sickness cure:
I want; do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I stoop;
O lift the abject sinner up.
- 8 Lord, I am blind; be thou my sight:
Lord I am weak; be thou my might:
An helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

HYMN LXIX.

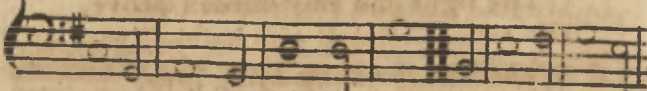
Evesham



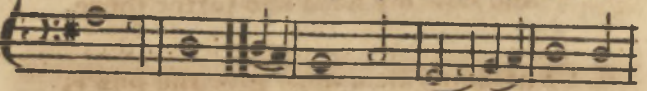
O that my load of sin were gone, O



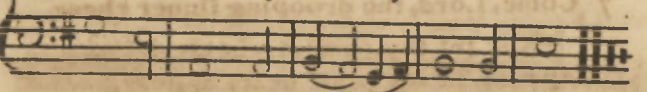
that I could at last submit At Jesu's feet to



lay it down, To lay my soul at Jesu's



feet, To lay my soul my Jesu's feet!



- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my salvation see!
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.
- 3 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 This moment would I take it up,
And after my dear Master bear,
With thee ascend to Calv'ry's top,
And bow my head and suffer there.
- 6 I would, but thou must give the pow'r,
My heart from ev'ry sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 7 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,
Appear, in my poor heart appear,
My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN LXX.

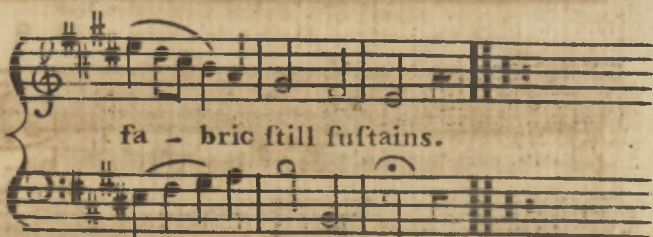
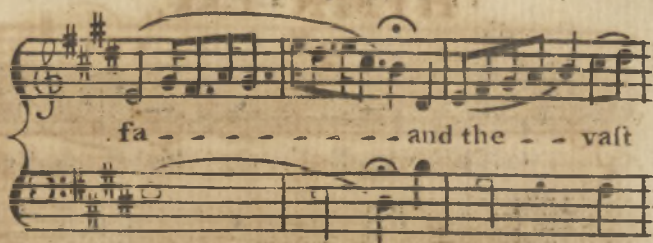
Soar

WITH glory clad, with strength ar-

-ray'd, The Lord that o'er all na-

-ture reigns, The world's foundation

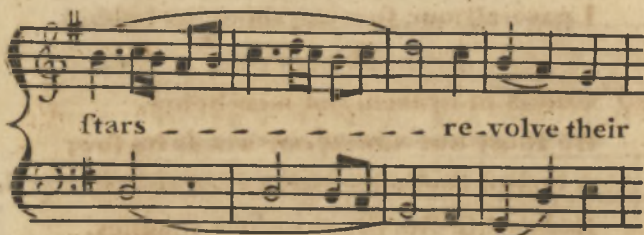
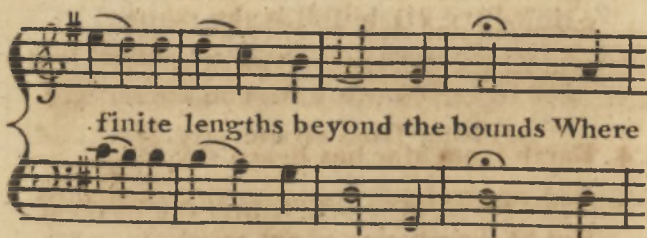
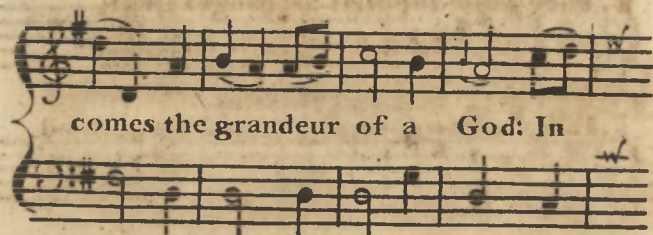
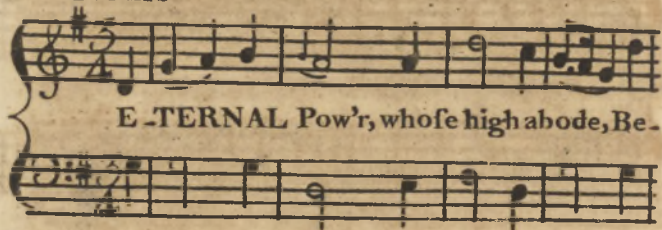
strong - - ly laid, And the vast

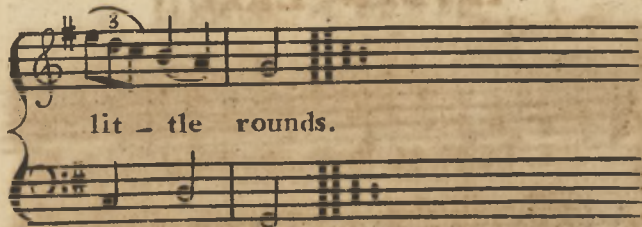


- 2 How sure establish'd is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see:
For thou O Lord and thou alone,
Art King from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

HYMN LXXI.

Palmi's

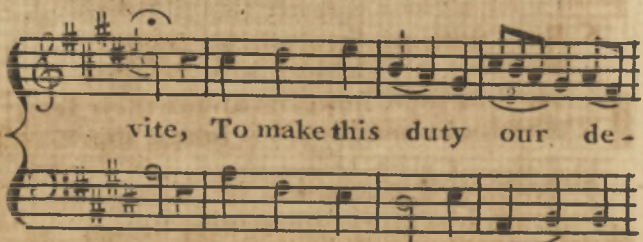
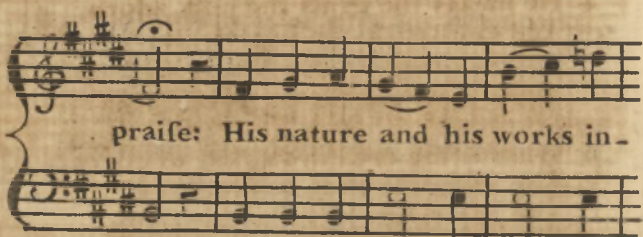
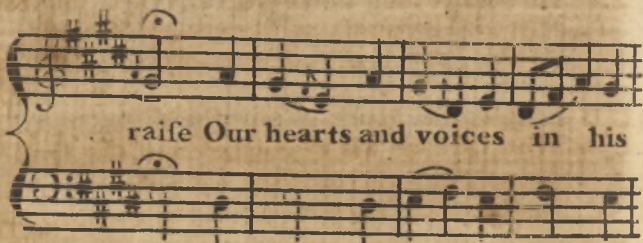
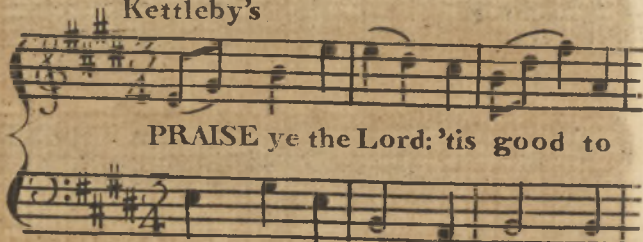


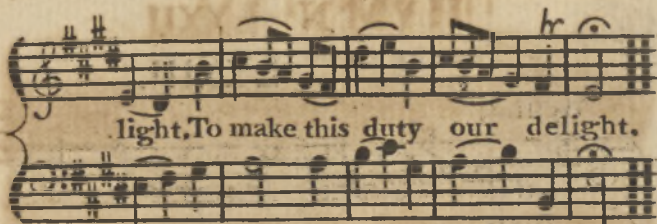


- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall, worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too:
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy and the High!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name:
But O the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below,
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN LXXII

Kettleby's

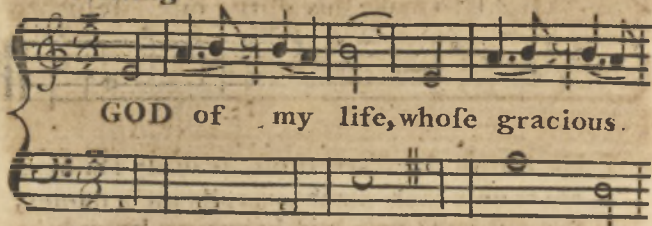




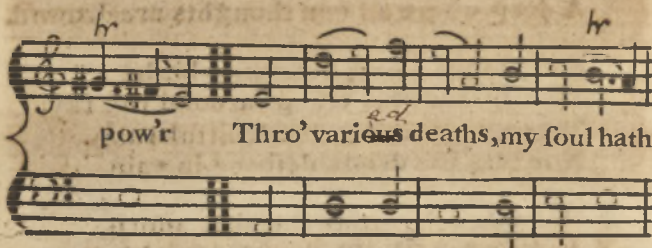
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names,
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb,
All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But fairs are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN LXXIII.

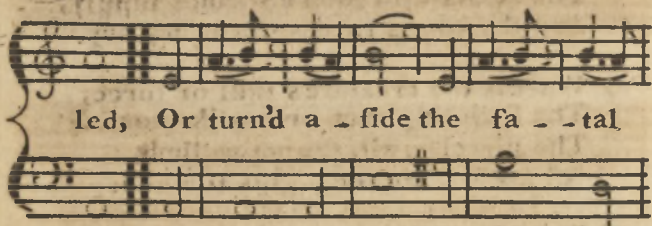
Welling



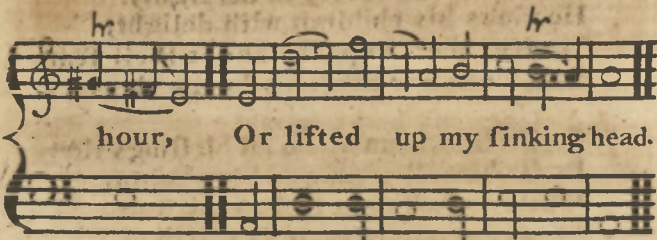
GOD of my life, whose gracious



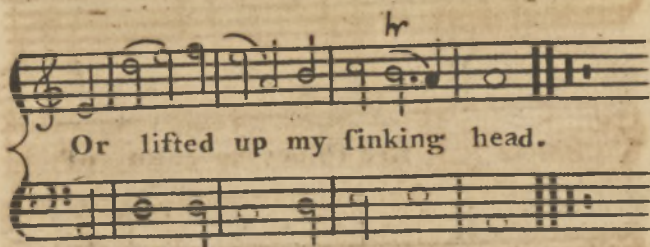
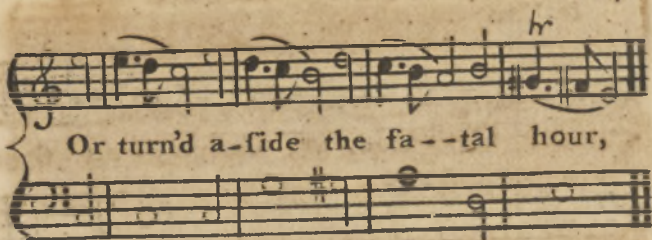
pow'r Thro' various deaths, my soul hath



led, Or turn'd a - side the fa - - tal



hour, Or lifted up my sinking head.



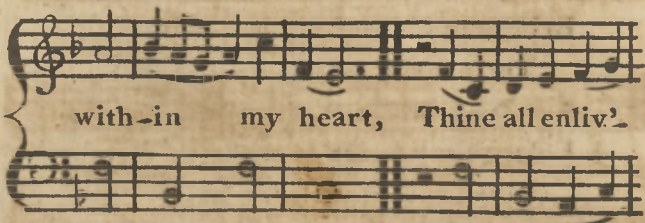
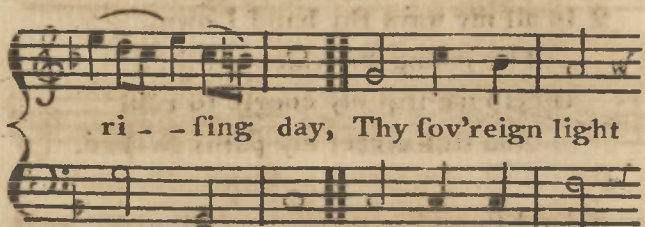
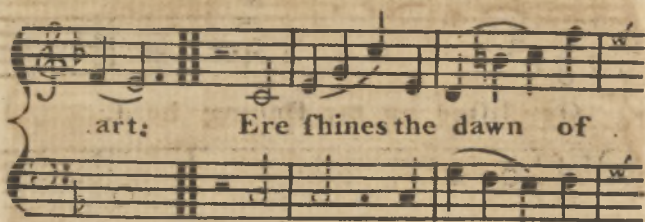
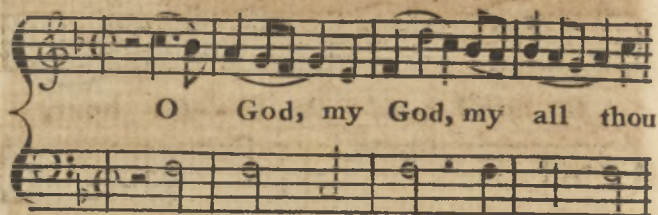
2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling Providence I see:
 O help me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to thee.

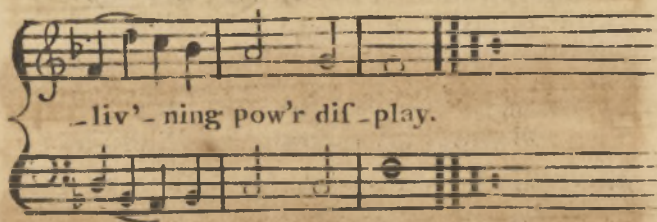
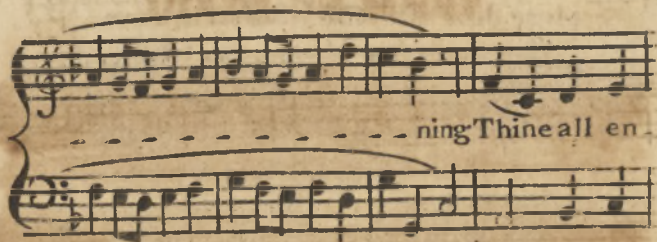
3 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known;
 Bring me where I my heaven may find,
 The heaven of loving thee alone.

4 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
 Enter, and in me ever stay;
 The crooked then shall strait become,
 The darkness shall be lost in day.

HYMN LXXIV

Italian





2 For thee my thirsty soul does pant,
While in this desert land I live:
And hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 In a dry land behold I place
My whole desire on thee, O Lord,
And more I joy to gain thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.

4 In holiness within thy gates
Of old oft I have sought for thee;
Again my longing spirit waits,
That fulness of delight to see.

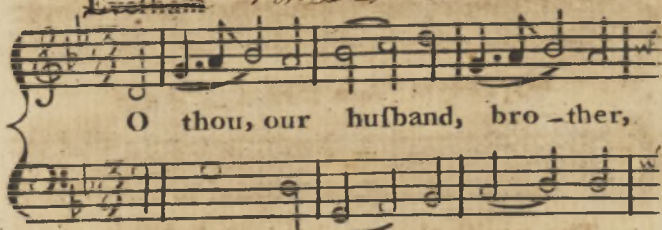
- 5 More dear than life itself, Thy love
 My heart and tongue shall still employ;
 And to declare thy praise will prove
 My peace, my glory, and my joy.
- 6 In blessing thee with grateful songs,
 My happy life shall glide away;
 The praise that to thy name belongs
 Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.
- 7 Abundant sweetness while I sing,
 Thy love my ravish'd soul o'erflows,
 Secure in thee, my God and King,
 Of glory that no period knows.
- 8 Thy name, O Lord, upon my bed
 Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought,
 With trembling awe in midnight shade,
 I muse on all thine hands have wrought.
- 9 In all I do I feel thine aid,
 Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
 O God, who bidst my heart be glad
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing.
- 10 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee;
 Then let or earth or hell assail,
 Thy mighty hand shall set me free,
 For whom thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail.

HYMN LXXV.

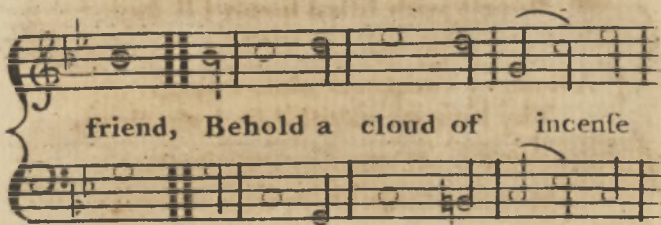
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Ex. 111

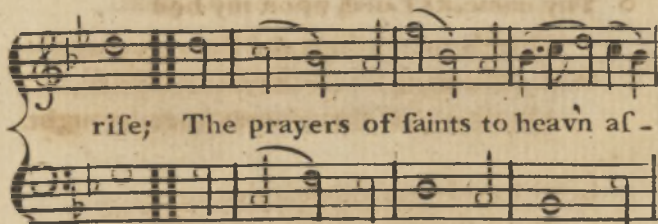
P. 111



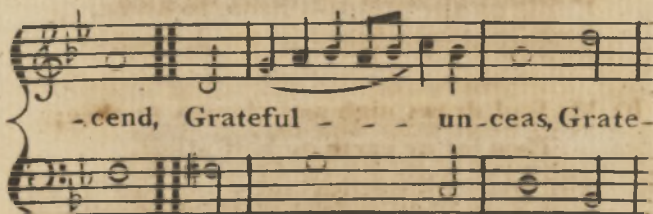
O thou, our husband, bro - ther,



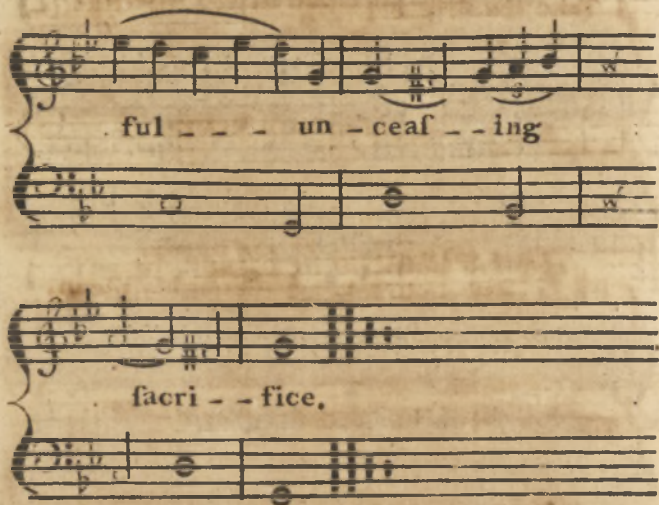
friend, Behold a cloud of incense



rise; The prayers of saints to heav'n af -



- cend, Grateful - - - un - ceas, Grate -

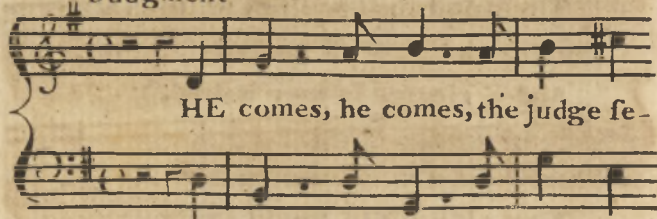


- 2 Regard our pray'rs for Sion's peace,
 Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
 Thy gifts abundantly increase,
 Enlarge and fill us all with God.
- 3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
 And guide into thy perfect will;
 Cause us thy hallow'd name to know,
 The work of faith with pow'r fulfil.
- 4 Help us to make our calling sure,
 O! let us all be saints indeed,
 And pure as God himself is pure,
 Conform'd in all things to our head.

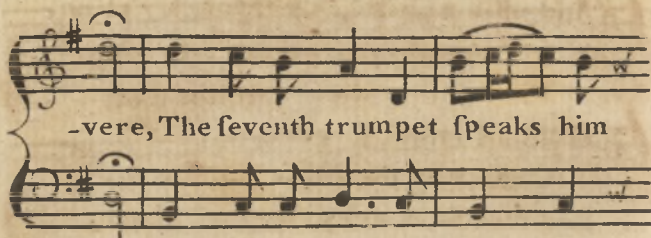
- 5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood;
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow;
Present us sanctify'd to God,
And perfected in love below.
- 6 That blood which cleanses from all sin.
That efficacious blood apply,
And wash and make us thoroughly clean,
And change and wholly sanctify.
- 7 From all iniquity redeem,
Cleanse by the water and the word,
And free from ev'ry touch of blame,
And make the servants as their Lord.
- 8 Wash out the deep orig'nal stain,
And make us glorious all within:
No wrinkle on our souls remain,
No smallest spot of inbred sin.
- 9 Then when the perfect life of love,
The bride and all her children live,
Come down, and take us up above,
And to thy heaven of heavens receive.

HYMN LXXVI.

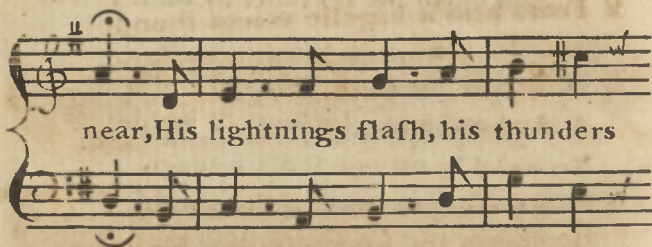
Judgment



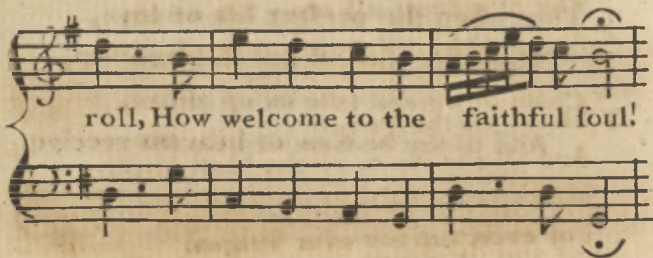
HE comes, he comes, the judge se-



-vere, The seventh trumpet speaks him



near, His lightnings flash, his thunders



roll, How welcome to the faithful soul!

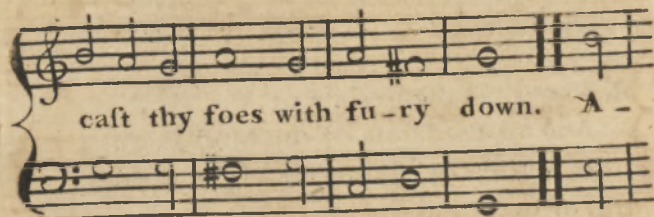
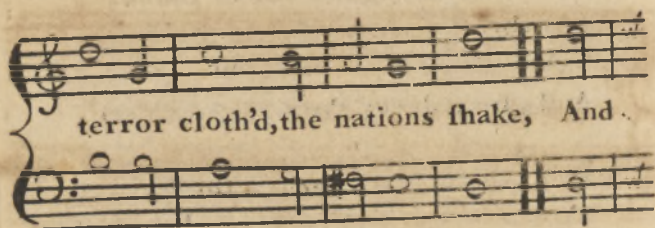
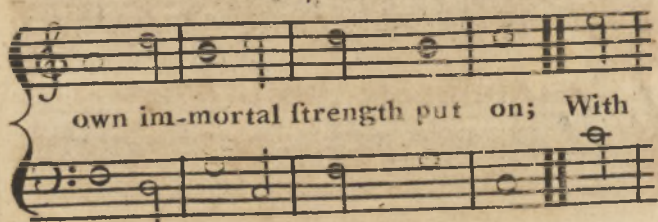
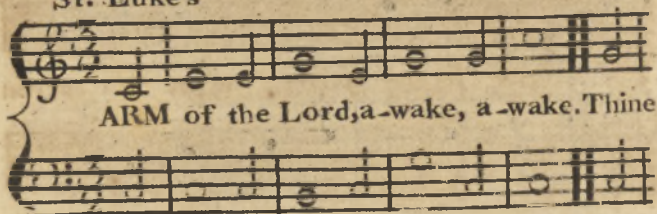


- 2 From heav'n angelic voices found,
 See the almighty Jesus crown'd,
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own;
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the Most High;
 Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
 For ever, and for ever reigns.

The God of Abraham

HYMN LXXVII.

St. Luke's



life as in the antient days, The sacred

an-nals speak thy fame; Be now om -

--ni-potent-ly near, To endless

ages still the fame.

2 Thy tenfold vengeance knew to quell,
 And humble haughty Rahab's pride,
 Groan'd her pale sons thy stroke to feel,
 The first-born victims groan'd and dy'd.
 The wounded dragon rag'd in vain,
 While bold thine utmost plague to brave,
 Madly he dar'd the parted main,
 And sunk beneath th'o'rwhelming wave.

3 He sunk; while Israel's chosen race
 Triumphant urge their wond'rous way;
 Divinely led, the fav'rites pass;
 Th'unwatry deep and emptied sea,
 At distance heap'd on either hand,
 Yielded a strange unbeaten road,
 In chrystal walls the waters stand,
 And own the arm of Israel's God.

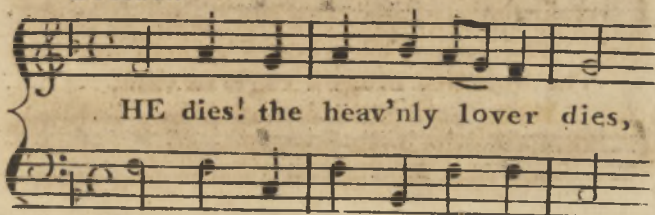
4 That arm which is not shorten'd now,
 Which wants not now the pow'r to save;
 Still present with thy people, thou
 Bear'st them through life's disparted wave:
 By earth and hell pursu'd in vain,
 To thee the ransom'd seed shall come,
 Shouting their heav'nly Sion gain,
 And pass through death triumphant home.

5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
 The anguish and distracting care,
 There sighs and griefs shall be no more,
 And sin shall never enter there.
 Where pure essential joy is found,
 The Lord's redeem'd their head shall raise,
 With everlasting gladness crown'd,
 And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

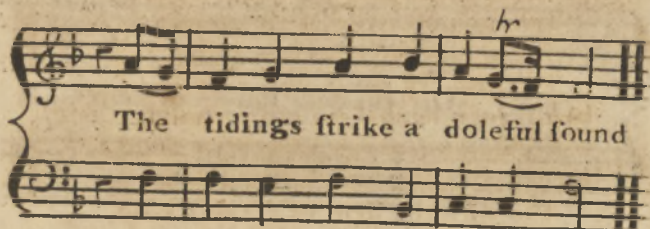
HYMN LXXVIII

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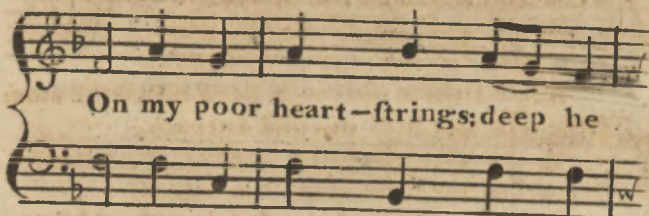
Dresden



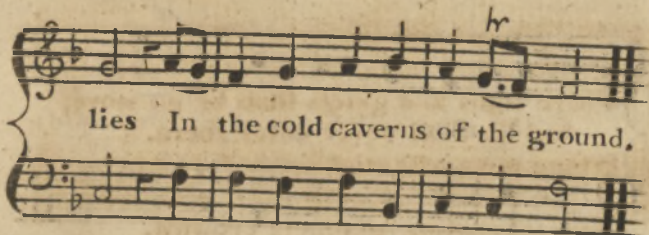
HE dies! the heav'nly lover dies,



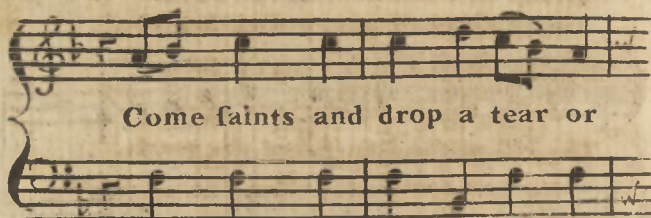
The tidings strike a doleful sound



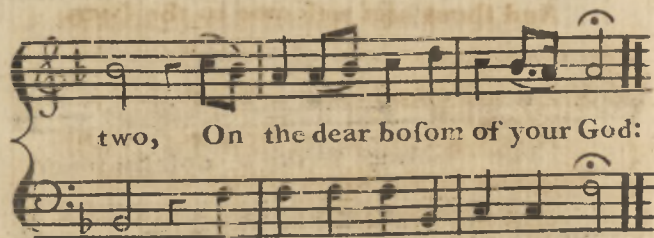
On my poor heart—strings; deep he



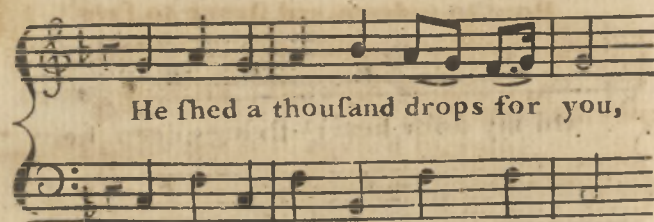
lies In the cold caverns of the ground.



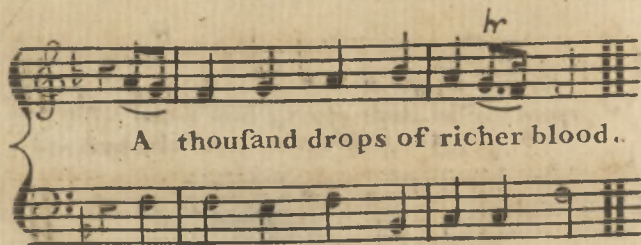
Come faints and drop a tear or



two, On the dear bosom of your God:



He shed a thousand drops for you,



A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,

The Lord of glory dies for men!

But lo, what sudden joys I see!

Jesus the dead revives again.

The rising God forsakes the tomb,

Up to his Father's court he flies;

Cherubic legions guard him home,

And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye faints, and tell

How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;

Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,

And led the monster Death in chains.

Say, Live for ever, wond'rous King!

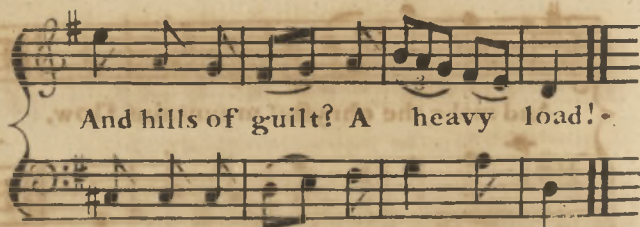
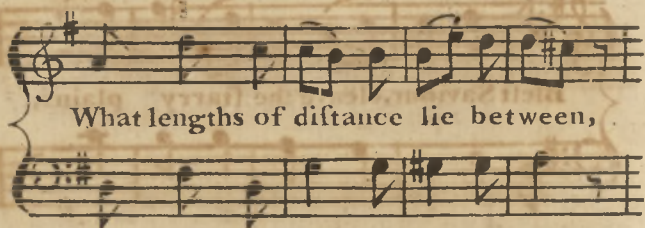
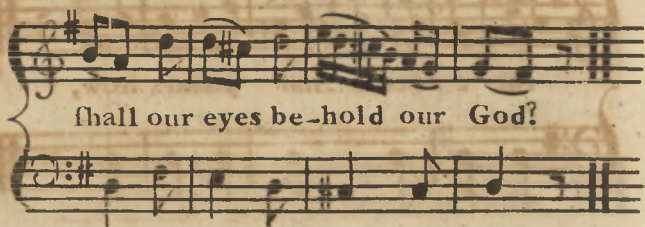
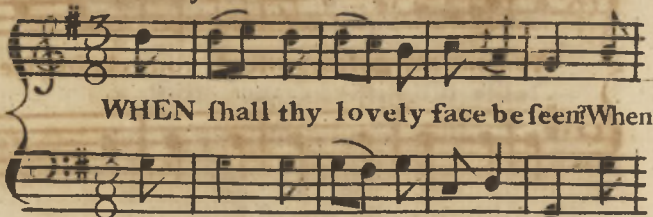
Born to redeem, and strong to save!

Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?

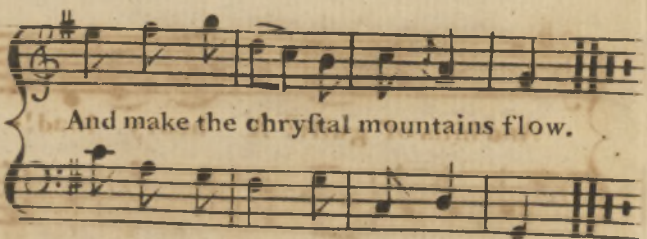
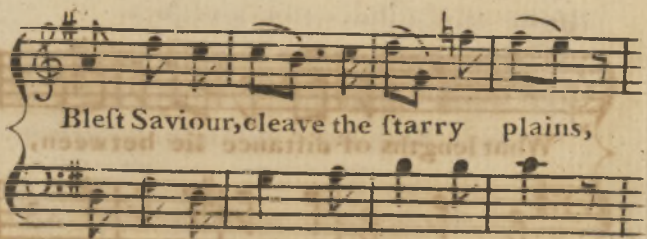
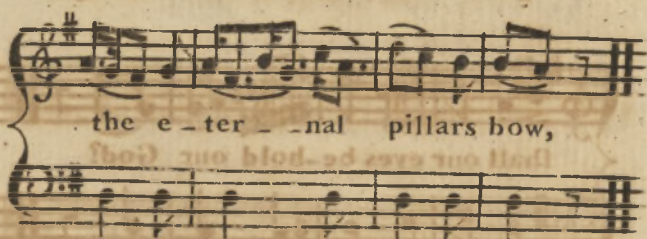
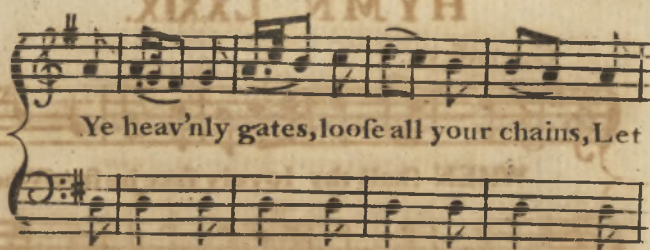
And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave?

HYMN LXXIX.

Guernsey



HYMN



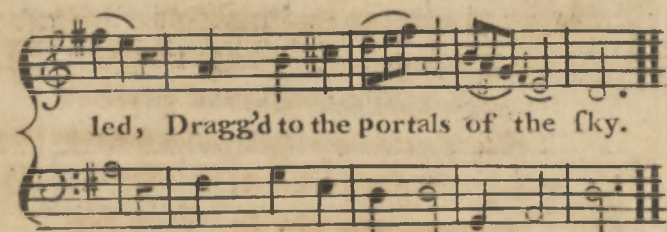
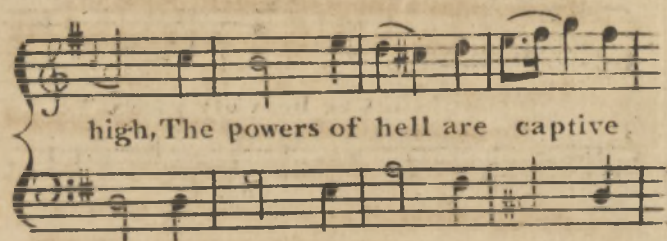
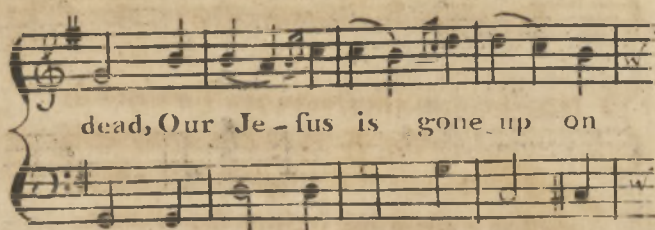
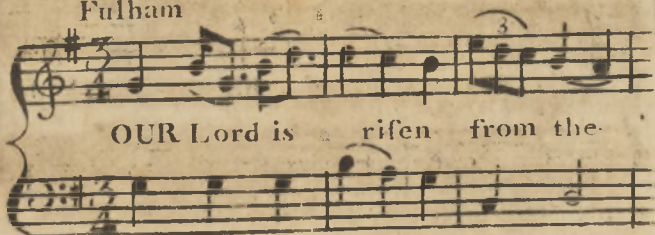
2 Hark! how thy faints unite their cries,
 And pray and wait the gen'ral doom;
 Come, thou! the soul of all our joys;
 Thou, the desire of nations, come!
 Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
 Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee;
 And ev'ry limb and ev'ry joint,
 Stretches for immortality.

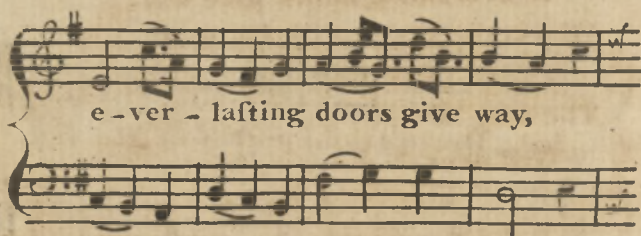
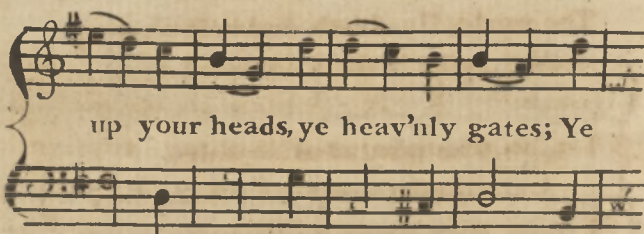
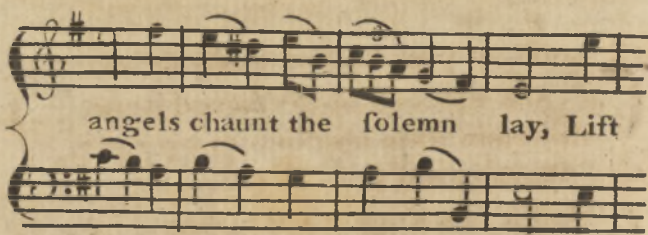
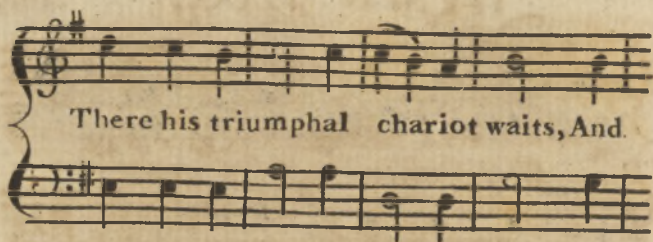
3 Now let our chearful eyes survey
 The blazing earth and melting hills,
 And smile to see the lightnings play,
 And flash along before thy wheels.
 Hark! what a shout of v'lent joys,
 Joins with the mighty trumpet's sound!
 The angel herald shakes the skies,
 Awake the graves, and tears the ground.

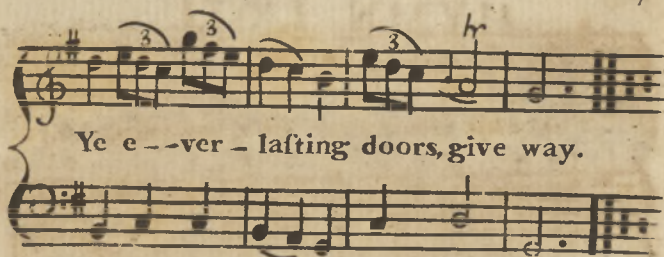
4 Ye slumb'ring faints! a heav'nly host
 Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
 Let ev'ry sacred, sleeping dust
 Leap into life; for Jesus comes.
 Jesus, the God of might and love,
 New moulds our limbs of cumbrous clay,
 Quick as seraphic flames we move,
 To reign with him in endless day.

HYMN LXXX.

Fulham







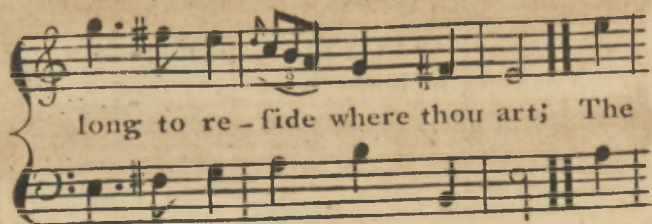
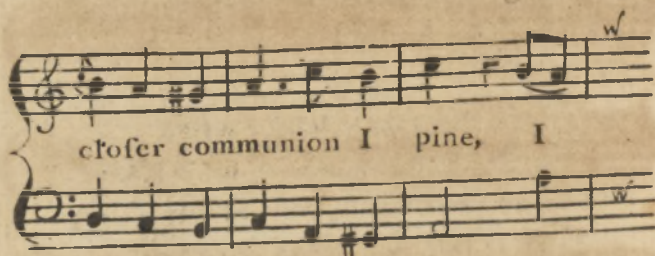
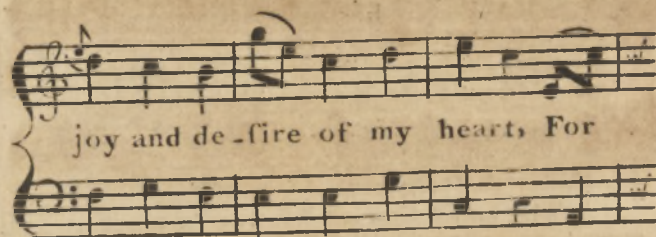
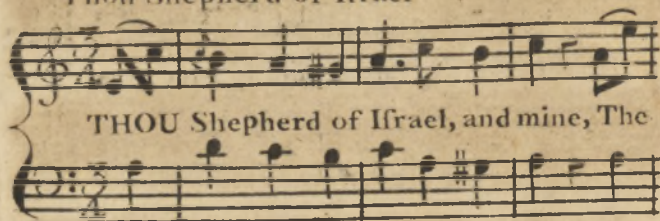
2 Loofe all your bars of maffy light,
 And wide unfold th'ethereal fcene;
 He claims thefe manfions as his right,
 Receive the King of Glory in.
 Who is this King of Glory, who?
 The Lord that all his foes overcame,
 The world, fin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
 And Jefus is the Conq'ror's name.

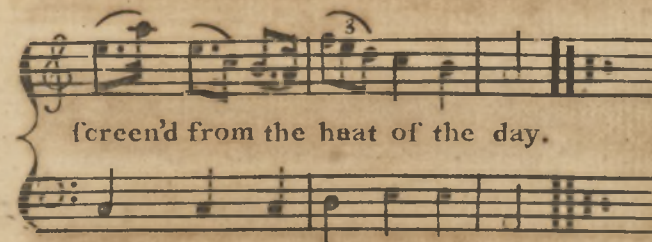
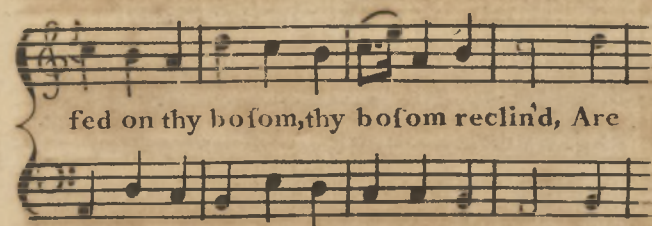
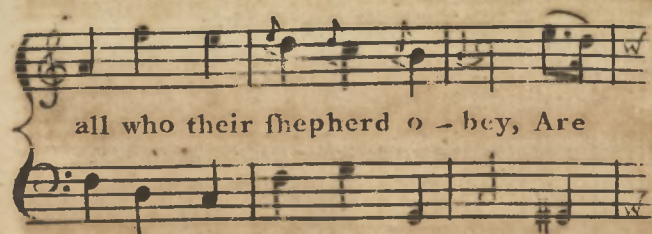
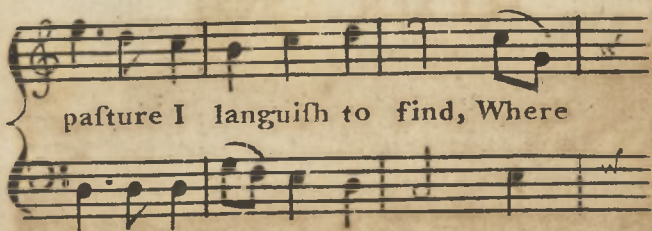
3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the folemn lay,
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
 Ye everlasting doors give way!
 Who is the King of Glory, who?
 The Lord of glorious pow'r poffefft,
 The King of faints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever bleff.

London

HYMN LXXXI.

Thou Shepherd of Israel





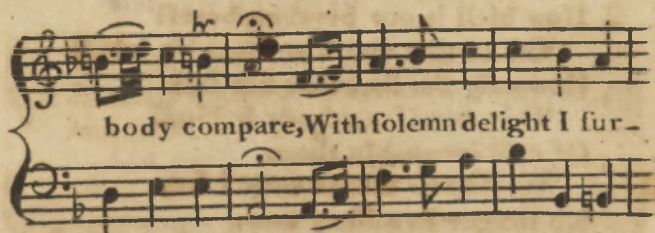
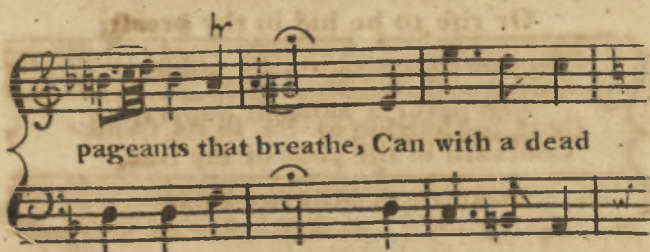
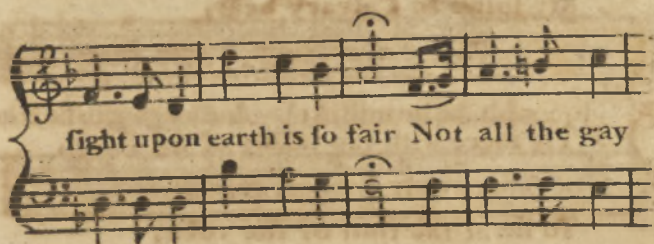
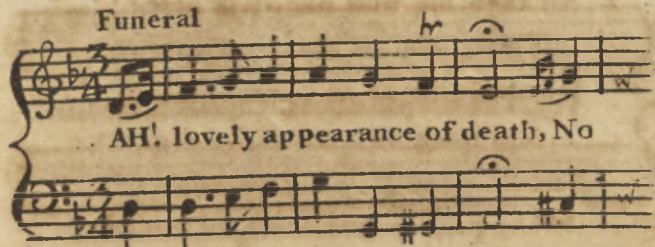
2 Ah shew me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where faints in an extacy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree,
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Conceal'd in the clift of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN LXXXII.

191

Funeral



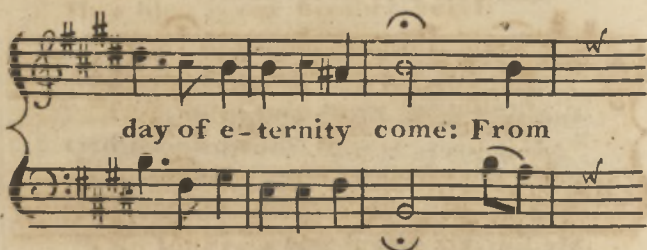
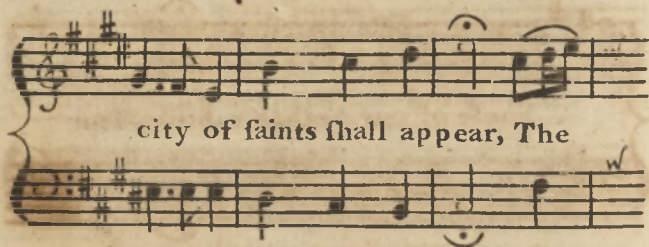
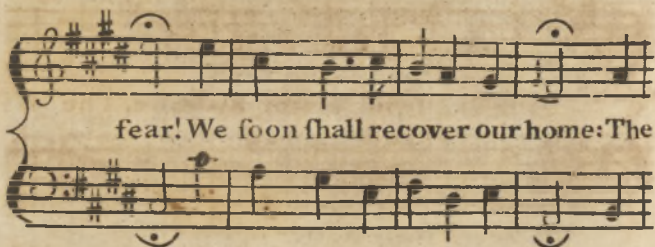
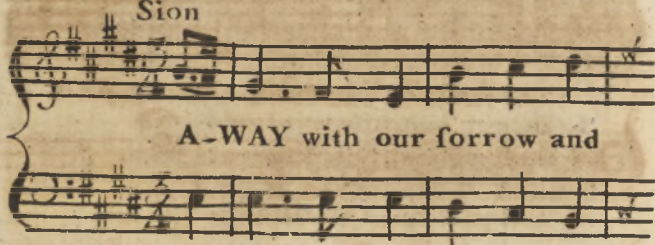
vey, The corpe when the spirit is fled, In
 love with the beautiful clay, And longing to lie in its
 stead, And longing to lie in its stead.

- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft
 Of all that could burthen his mind!
 How easy the soul that has left
 This wearisome body behind!
 Of evil incapable thou,
 Whose relics with envy I see,
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.

- 3 This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain,
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again;
 No anger henceforward or shame
 Shall redden this innocent clay,
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 The languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er,
 The quiet, immovable breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more:
 The heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble, and torturing pain,
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep:
 The fountains can yield no supplies,
 These hollows from water are free,
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.
- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death:
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become!
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

HYMN LXXXIII.

Sion



earth we shall quickly remove, And

mount to our native a-bode, The

house of our Father a-bove, The

palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
 When rais'd by the life-giving Word,
 We see the new city descend,
 Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:
 The city so holy and clean,
 No sorrow can breathe in the air,
 No gloom of affliction or sin,
 No shadow of evil is there.

3 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here!
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,
 As chrystal her buildings are clear:
 Inmoveably founded in grace,
 She stands as she ever hath stood,
 And brightly her builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,
 Which never is follow'd by night,
 Where Jesus's beauties display
 A pure and a permanent light:
 The Lamb is their light and their sun,
 And lo! by reflexion they shine,
 With Jesus ineffably one,
 And bright in effulgence divine.

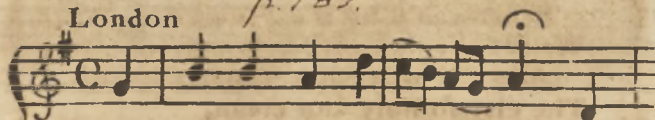
5 The saints in his presence receive
 Their great and eternal reward,
 In Jesus, in heav'n they live,
 They reign in the smile of their Lord:
 The flame of angelical love,
 Is kindled at Jesus's face,
 And all the enjoyment above,
 Consists in the rapturous gaze.

HYMN LXXXIV

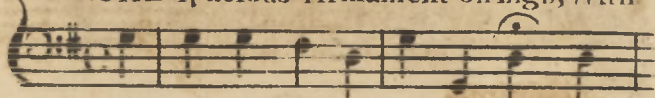
197

London

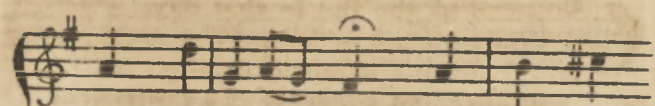
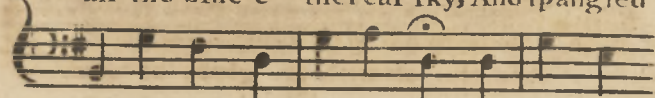
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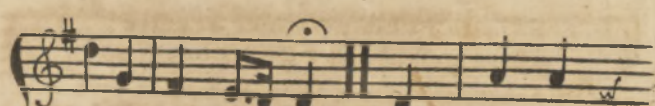
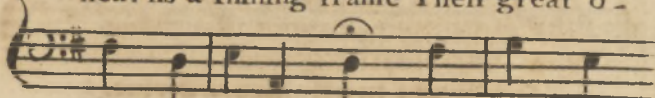
THE spacious firmament on high, With



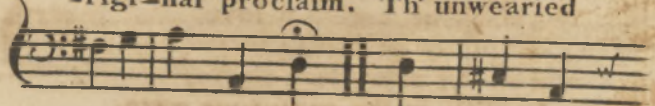
all the blue e thereal sky, And spangled



heav'ns a shining frame Their great o -



-rigi-nal proclaim. Th' unwearied

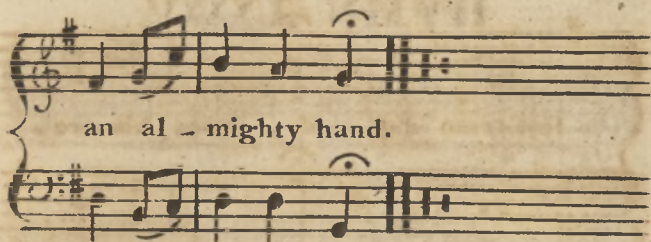


fun from day to day, Does his cre-

a-tor's pow'r display And publish-

-es thro' ev'ry land, The work of

an al-mighty hand, The work of

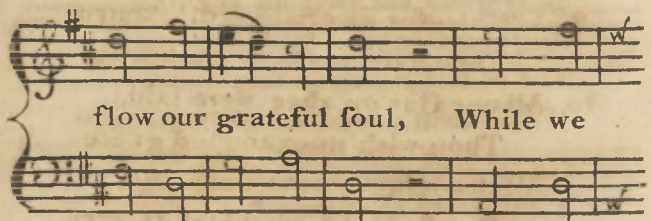
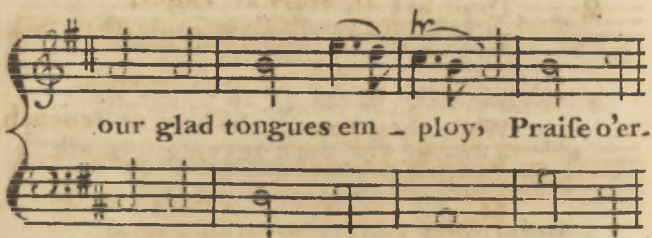
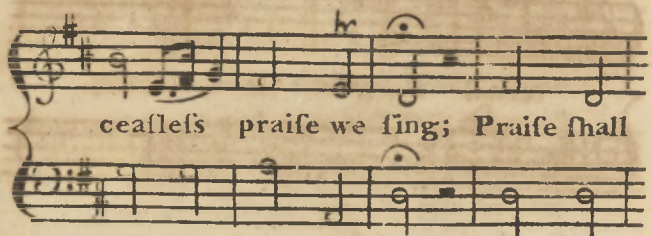
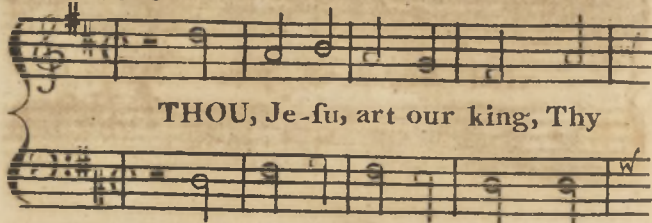


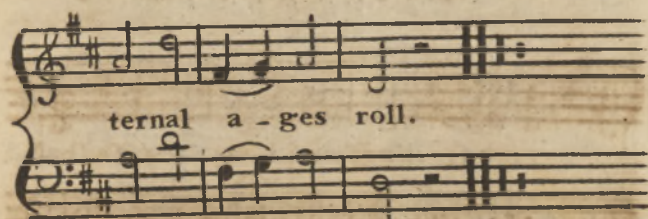
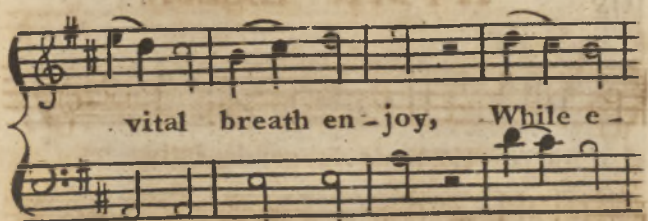
2. Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth:
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3. What though in solemn silence all?
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball,
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN LXXXV.

Irene





- 2 Thou art th'eternal Light,
 Thou shin'st in deepest night:
 Wond'ring gaz'd th'angelic train,
 While thou bow'dst the heav'ns beneath,
 God with God, wert man with man,
 Man to save from endless death.

- 3 Thou for our pain didst mourn,
 Thou hast our sickness borne:
 All our sins on thee were laid,
 Thou with unexampled grace
 All the mighty debt hast paid,
 Due from Adam's helpless race.

Madair

4 Enthron'd above yon sky,
 Thou reign'st with God most high,
 Prostrate at thy feet we fall:
 Pow'r supreme to thee is given;
 Thee, the righteous judge of all,
 Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

5 Cherubs with Seraphs join,
 And in thy praise combine,
 All their choirs thy glories sing,
 Who shall dare with thee to vie?
 Mighty Lord, eternal King,
 Sov'reign both of earth and sky!

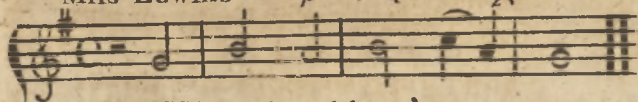
6 Wide earth's remotest bound,
 Full of thy praise is found:
 And all heav'n's eternal day
 With thy streaming glory flames:
 All thy foes shall melt away
 From th'insufferable beams.

7 O Lord, O God of love!
 Let us thy mercy prove!
 King of all, with pitying eye
 Mark the toil, the pain we feel,
 'Midst the snares of death we lie,
 'Midst the banded powers of hell.

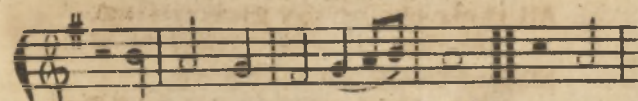
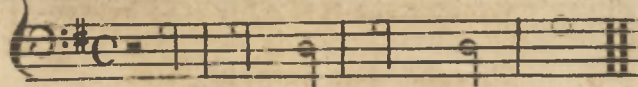
8 Arise, stir up thy power,
 Thou deathless Conqueror!
 Help us to obtain the prize,
 Help us well to close our race,
 That with thee above the skies
 Endless joy we may possess.

HYMN LXXXVI

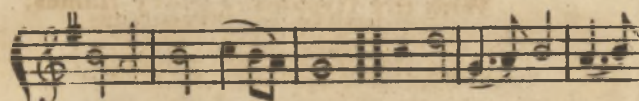
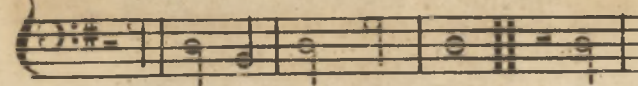
Miss Edwin's

After Cardiff 113

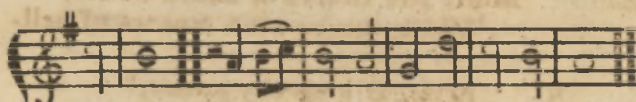
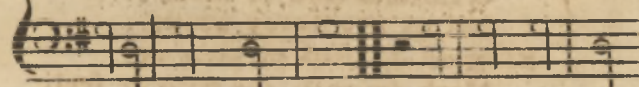
LET earth and heav'n a - - gree,



Angels and men be join'd, To

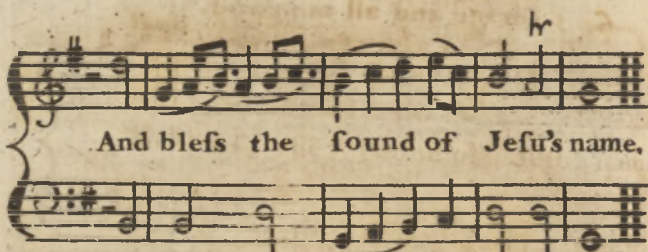


celebrate with me, The Saviour of



mankind: T'adore the all-toning Lamb,





And blest the sound of Jesu's name,

2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heav'n!
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can salvation have!
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus, harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above!
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love!
'Tis all their happiness to gaze;
'Tis heav'n to see our Jesu's face.

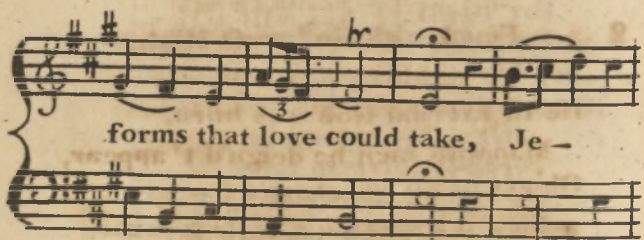
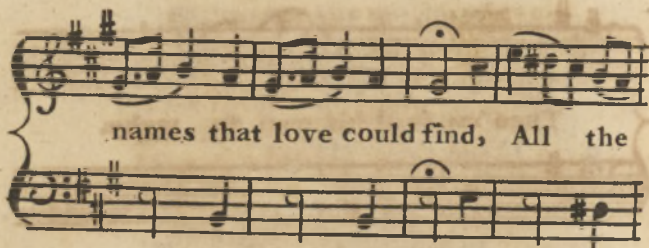
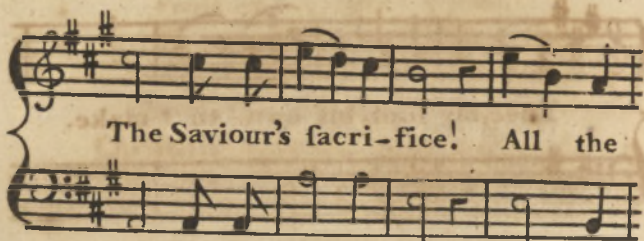
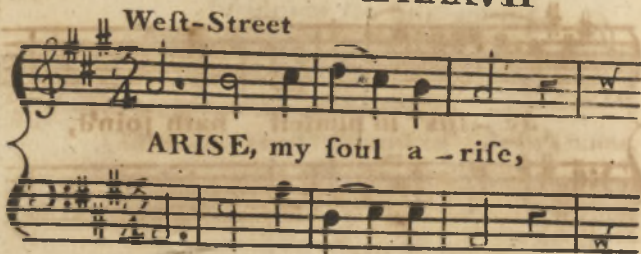
4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

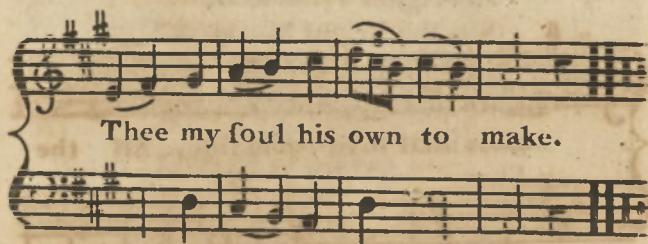
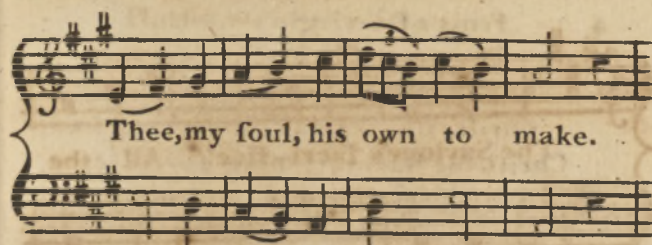
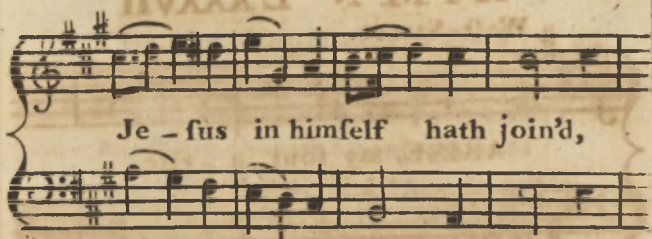
5 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole;
See there! my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel he died for me.

- 6 For me and all mankind,
The Lamb of God was slain;
My Lamb his life resign'd
For every soul of man:
Loving to all, he none pass'd by,
He would not have one sinner die.
- 7 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?
- 8 For this alone I breathe,
To spread the gospel-sound,
Glad tidings of thy death
To all the nations round.
Who all may feel thy blood apply'd,
Since all are freely justify'd
- 9 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who dy'd for all.
For all my Lord was crucify'd;
For all, for all my Saviour dy'd!
- 10 To serve thy blest will,
Thy dying love to praise,
Thy counsel to fulfil,
And minister thy grace;
Freely what I receive to give,
The life of heav'n on earth to live.

HYMN LXXXVII

West-Street





- 2 Equal with God most High,
 He laid his glory by:
 He th' Eternal God was born,
 Man with men he deign'd t' appear,
 Object of his creature's scorn,
 Pleas'd a servant's form to wear.

- 3 Hail, everlasting Lord,
 Divine, incarnate Word!
 Thee let all my pow'rs confess,
 Thee my latest breath proclaim;
 Help, ye angels choirs, to bless,
 Shout the lov'd Immanuel's name.
- 4 Fruit of a virgin's womb,
 The promis'd blessing's come;
 Christ, the fathers hope of old;
 Christ, the Woman's conqu'ring seed;
 Christ, the Saviour, long foretold,
 Born to bruise the serpent's head.
- 5 Refulgent from afar,
 See the bright Morning star!
 See the Day-spring from on high,
 Late in deepest darkness rise!
 Night recedes, the shadows fly,
 Flame with day the op'ning skies!
- 6 Our eyes on earth survey,
 The dazzling Shechinah!
 Bright, in endless glory bright,
 Now in flesh he stoops to dwell,
 God of God, and Light of Light,
 Image of th' Invisible.
- 7 He shines on earth ador'd,
 The Presence of the Lord:
 God, the mighty God and true,

God by higheſt heav'ns confeſt,
 Stands diſplay'd to mortal view,
 God, ſupreme, for ever bleſt.

8 Jeſu, to thee I bow,
 Th' Almighty's Fellow Thou!
 Thou, the Father's only Son;
 Pleaſ'd he ever is in thee,
 Juſt and holy thou alone,
 Full of grace and truth for me.

9 High above ev'ry name,
 Jeſus, the great I AM!
 Bow tō Jeſus ev'ry knee,
 Things in earth, in heav'n and hell;
 Saints adore him, dæmons flee,
 Fiends, and men, and angels feel.

10 He left his throne above,
 Empty'd of all but love:
 Whom the heav'ns cannot contain,
 God vouchsaf'd a worm t'appear,
 Lord of glory, Son of man,
 Poor, and vile, and abject here.

11 His own on earth he ſought,
 His own receiv'd him not:
 Him, a ſign by all blaſphem'd,
 Outcaſt and deſpiſ'd of men,
 Him they all a madman deem'd,
 Bold to ſcoff the Nazarene!

12 Hail, Galilean King!
 Thy humble state I sing!
 Never shall my triumphs end,
 Hail derided majesty!
 Jesus, hail! the sinners friend,
 Friend of Publicans — and me!

13 Thine eye observ'd my pain,
 Thou good Samaritan!
 Spoil'd I lay, and bruis'd by sin,
 Gasp'd my faint expiring soul,
 Wine and oil thy love pour'd in,
 Clos'd my wounds, and made me whole.

14 Hail, the life-giving Lord,
 Divine, engrafted Word,
 Thee the Life my soul has found,
 Thee the Resurrection prov'd;
 Dead I heard the quick'ning sound,
 Own'd the voice, believ'd and lov'd.

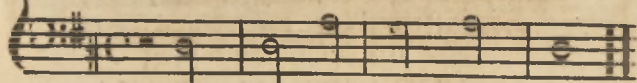
15 With thee gone up on high,
 I live, no more to die:
 First and Last, I feel thee now,
 Witness of thy empty tomb,
 Alpha and Omega thou,
 Wast, and art, and art to come!

HYMN LXXXVIII

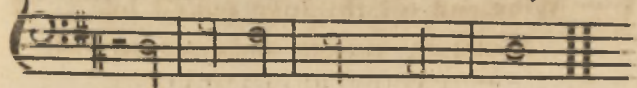
Cardiff



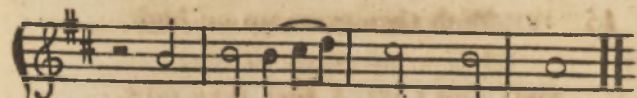
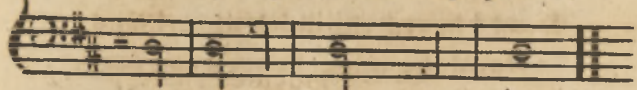
THOU God of truth and love,



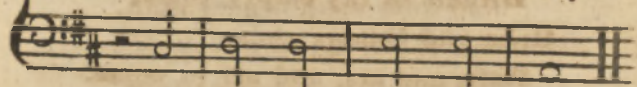
We seek thy perfect way,

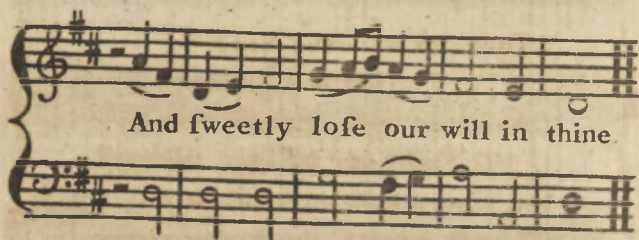
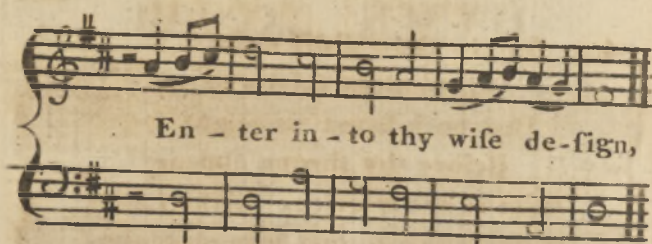


Ready thy choice t'ap-prove,



Thy pro-vi - - dence t'o - bey





- 2 Why hast thou cast our lot
 In the same age and place,
 Or why together brought
 To see each other's face,
 To join with softest sympathy,
 And mix our friendly souls in thee?

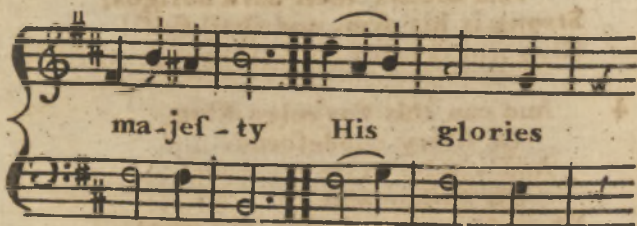
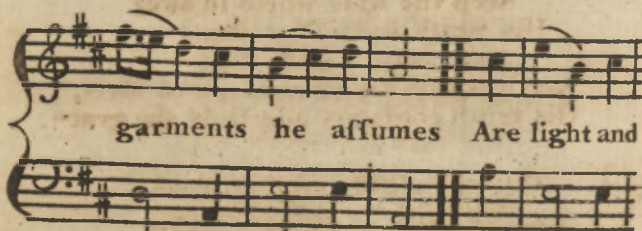
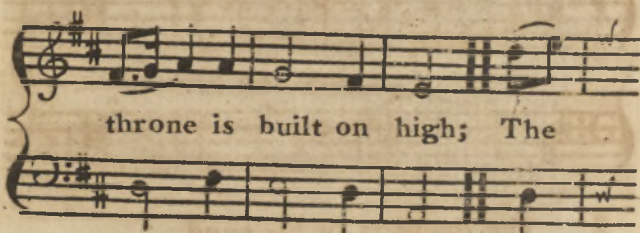
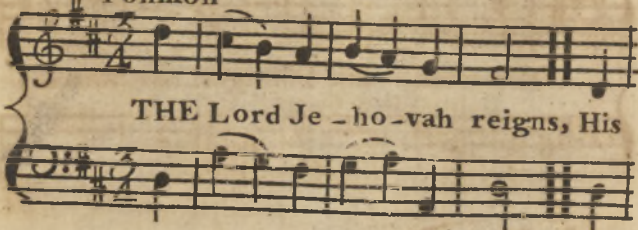
- 3 Didst thou not make us one,
 That both might one remain,
 Together travel on,
 And bear each other's pain,
 Till both thine utmost goodness prove,
 And rise renew'd in perfect love.

- 4 Surely thou didst unite
 Our kindred spirits here,
 That both hereafter might
 Before thy throne appear,
 Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
 And all thy glorious love proclaim.
- 5 Then let us ever bear
 The blessed end in view,
 And join with mutual care
 To fight our passage through,
 And kindly help each other on,
 Till both receive the starry crown.
- 6 O might the Spirit seal
 Our souls unto that day;
 With all thy fulness fill,
 And then transport away,
 Away to our eternal rest,
 Away to our Redeemer's breast.
- 7 There, only there we shall
 Fulfil thy great design,
 And in thy praise with all
 Our elder brethren join,
 And hymn in songs which never end,
 Our heavenly, everlasting friend.

Here insert Miss Edwards

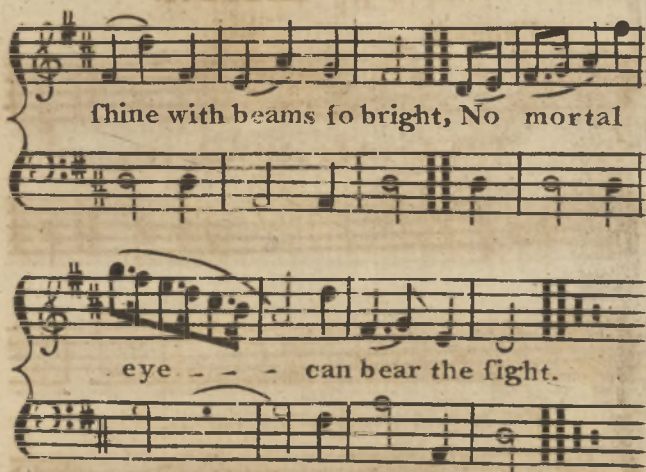
HYMN LXXXIX.

Fonmon



Join all my pow'rs to praise the Lord

XVXXI WMYM



- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines,
Confounds the pow'r's of hell
And breaks their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sov'reign will.
- 4 And can this sov'reign King,
Of Glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend!
I love his name I love his word,
Join all my pow'rs to praise the Lord.

HYMN XC

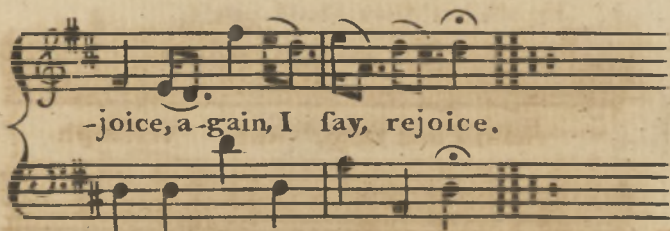
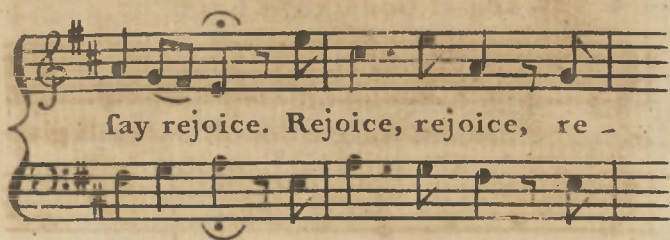
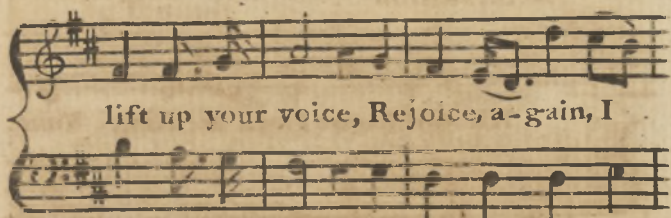
Resurrection

REJOICE, the Lord is King! Your

Lord and King a-dore; Mortals give

thanks and sing, And triumph

e-ver more: Lift up your heart;

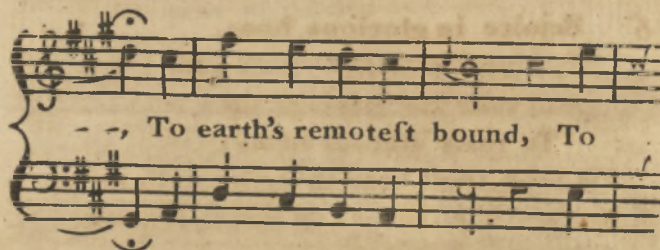
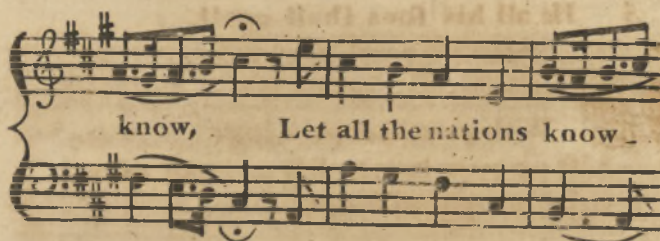
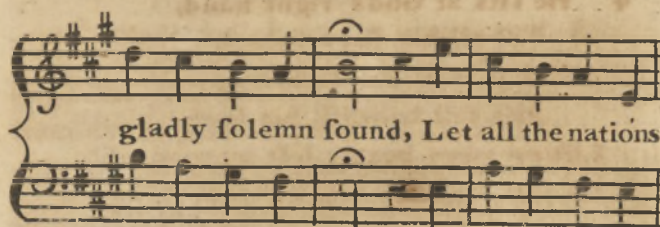
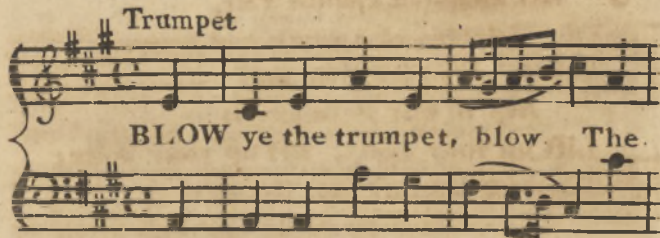


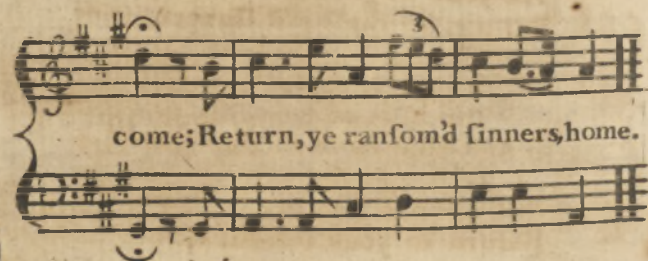
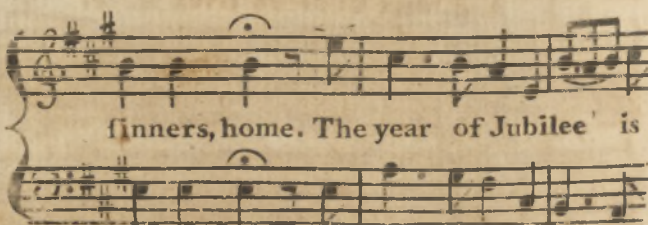
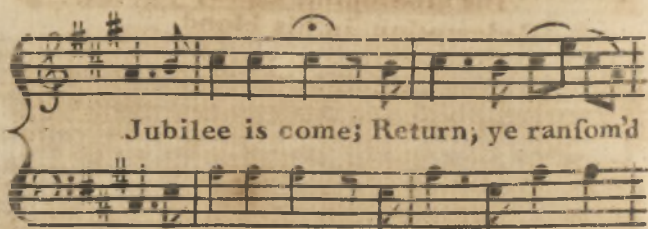
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love,
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above:
 Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again, I say, Rejoice.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesu giv'n:
 Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again, I say, Rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow at his command,
 And fall beneath his feet:
 Lift up your heart; lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again, I say, Rejoice.
- 5 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy;
 And ev'ry bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy:
 Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again, I say, Rejoice.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come;
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home:
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

HYMN XCI.

Trumpet

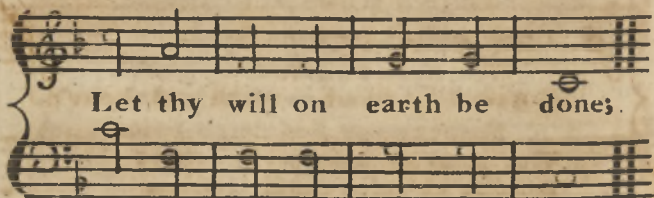
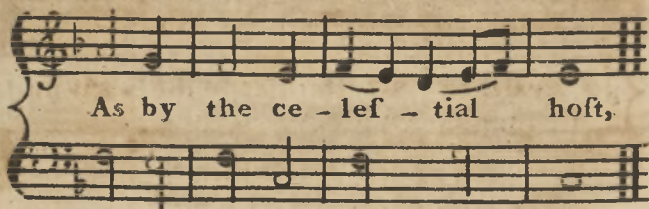
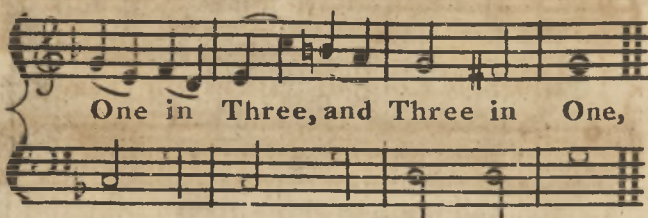
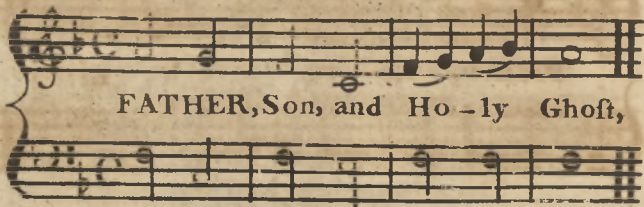


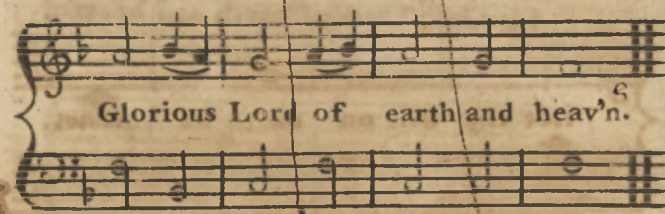
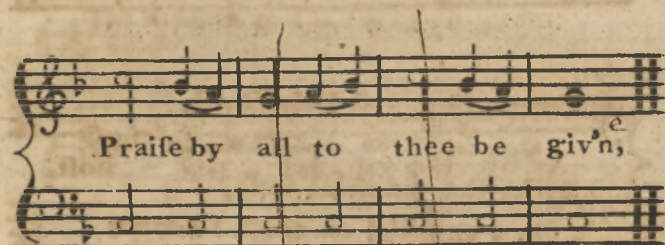
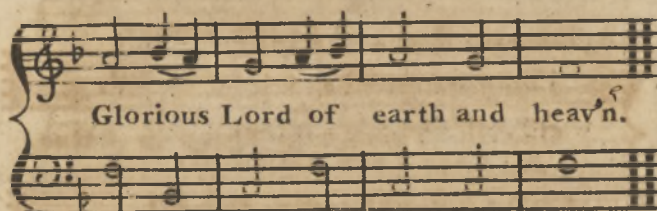
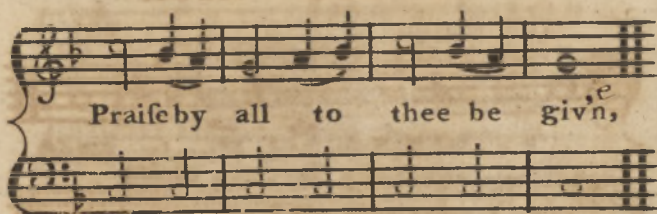


- 2 Jesus, our great High priest,
 Hath full atonement made:
 Ye weary spirits rest,
 Ye mornful souls be glad,
 The year of jubilee is come:
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim,
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin, and hell
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live:
 The year of jubilee is come:
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesu's love:
 The year of jubilee is come:
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 6 The gospel-trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace,
 And sav'd from earth appear
 Before your Saviour's face:
 The year of jubilee is come:
 Return to your eternal home.

HYMN XCII.

Dedication





2 If so poor worm as I

May to thy great glory live,
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive;
 Claim me for thy service, claim
 All I have and all I am.

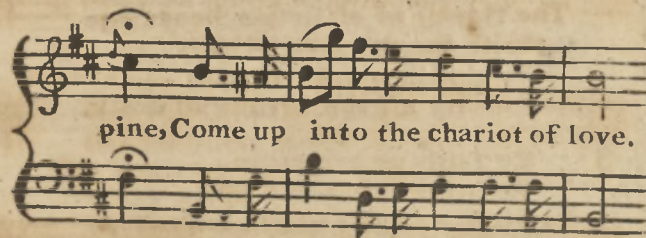
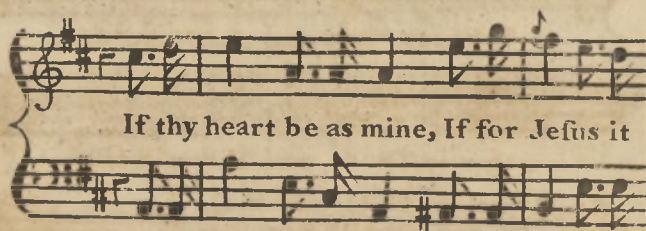
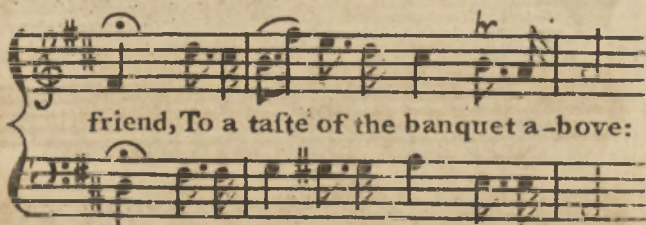
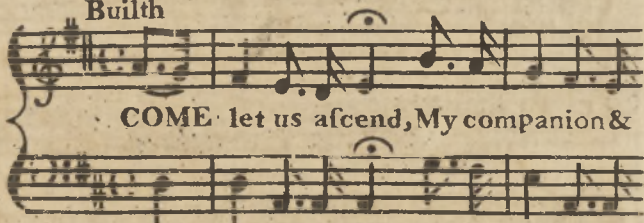
3 Take my soul and body's powers,
 Take my mem'ry mind and will,
 All my goods and all my hours,
 All I know and all I feel,
 All I think and speak and do;
 Take my heart — but make it new.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done;
 Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

HYMN XCIII

225

Builth



If thy heart be as mine, If for Jesus it

pine, Come up into the chariot of love.

Come up into the chariot of love.

- 2 Who in Jesus confide,
 We are bold to outride
 The storms of affliction beneath;
 With the prophet we soar
 To that heavenly shore,
 And outfly all the arrows of death.

- 3 By faith we are come
 To our permanent home,
 By hope we the rapture improve;
 By love we still rise,

And look down on the skies;
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live
In the city of God, the great King.
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing.

5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorify'd throng
In the spirit of harmony join!
Join all the glad quires,
Hearts, voices and lyres,
And the burthen is mercy divine!

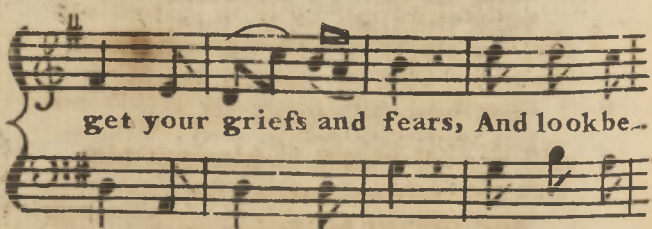
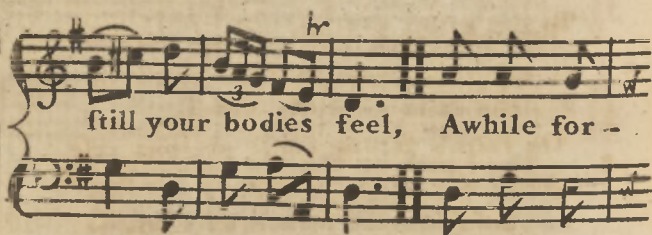
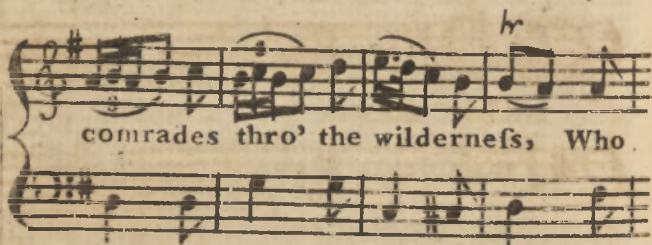
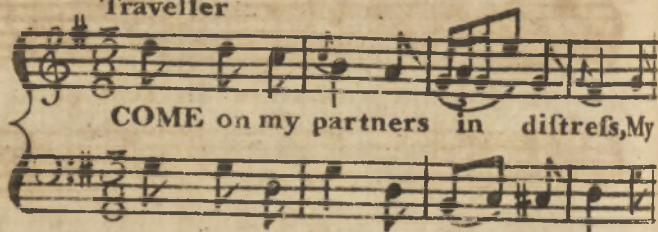
6 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the Sky,
To the great everlasting I AM:
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

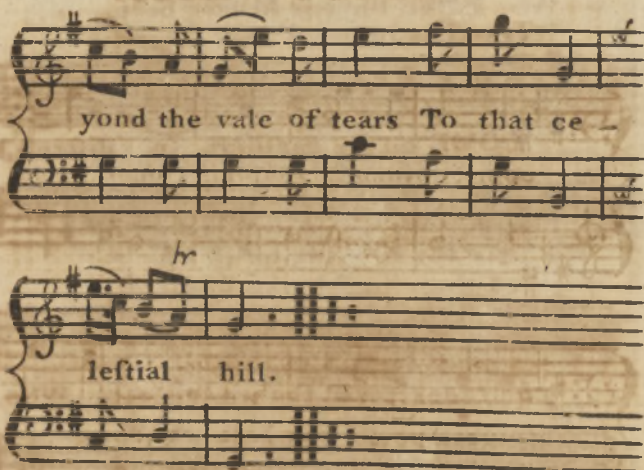
7 The Lamb on the throne,
Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads:
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the sight of his face,
Our beatify'd spirits he feeds!

8 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable Name,
Our bodies his glory display,
A day without night,
We feast in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day.

HYMN XCIV.

Traveller





- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
 Look forward to that happy place,
 The saint's secure abode,
 On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
 And force your passage to the skies,
 And scale the mount of God.

- 3 See where the Lamb in glory stands,
 Incircled with his radiant bands,
 And join th' angelic pow'rs;
 For all that height of glorious blifs,
 Our everlasting portion is,
 And all that heaven is ours.

- 4 Who suffer for our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 5 Thrice blessed bliss inspiring hope;
It lifts the fainting spirit up!
It brings to life the dead!
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our head.
- 6 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see—
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light!
- 7 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to compleat,
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.
- 8 In hope of that extatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain thy cross,
And at thy footstool fall,
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is all in all.

Here insert Snowsides from p. 238

HYMN XCV.

231

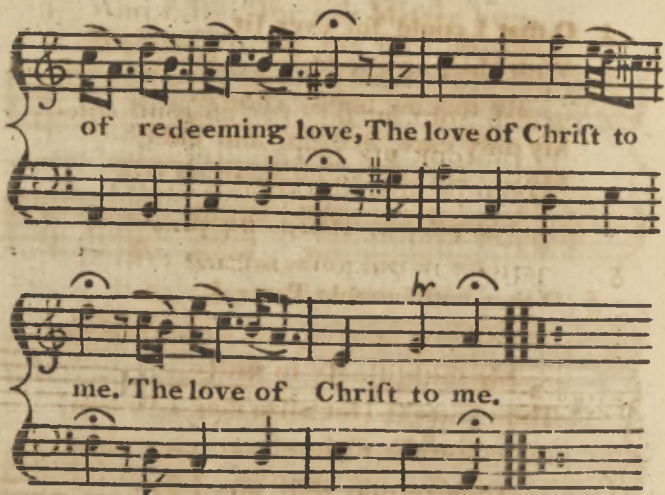
Chapel

O Love divine how sweet thou art! When

shall I find my longing heart All

taken up with thee! I thirst, I

faint, and die to prove The greatness



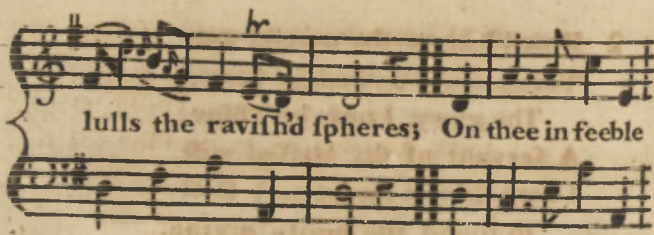
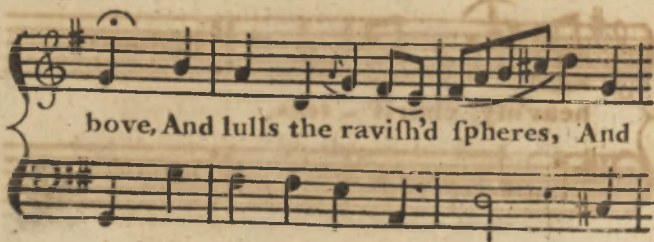
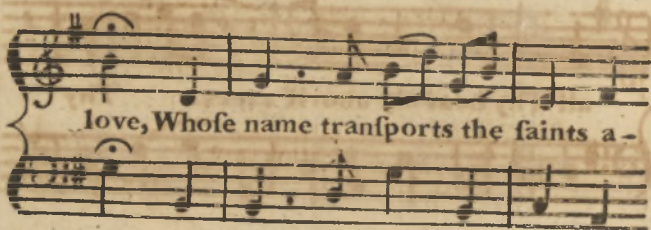
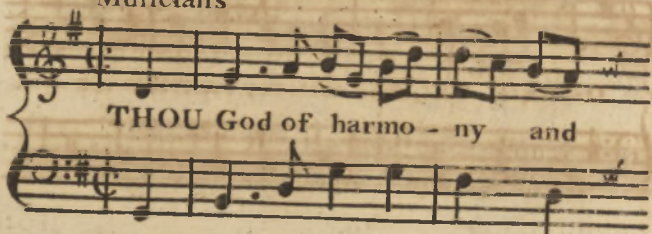
2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
 Its riches are unsearchable,
 The first born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depth to see;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.

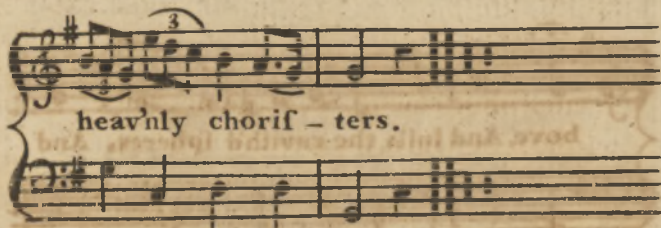
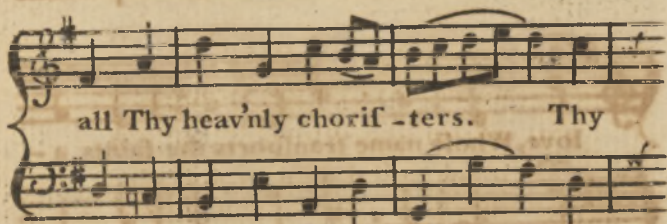
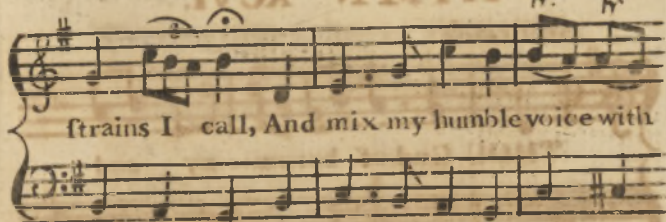
3 God only knows the love of God:
 O that it now was shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart!
 For love I sigh, for love I pine:
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.

- 4 O that I could for ever sit,
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice:
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
 To hear the bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that, with humble Peter, I
 Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
 My faithfulness to prove,
 Thou know'st (for all to thee is known)
 Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Thou know'st that thee I love.
- 6 O that I could with favour'd John,
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast!
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord to find in thee
 My everlasting rest.
- 7 Thy only love do I require,
 Nothing in earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in heaven above;
 Let earth, and heaven and all things go,
 Give me thy only love to know,
 Give me thy only love.

HYMN XCVI.

Musician's





- 2 If well I know the tuneful art
 To captivate an human heart,
 The glory, Lord, be Thine:
 A servant of thy blessed will,
 I here devote my utmost skill
 To found the praise divine.

3 With Tubal's wretched sons no more
 I prostitute my sacred power,
 To please the fiends beneath,
 Or modulate the wanton lay,
 Or smooth with music's hand the way
 To everlasting death.

4 Suffice for this the season past:
 I come, great God, to learn at last
 The lesson of thy grace.
 Teach me the new, the gospel song,
 And let my hand, my heart, my tongue
 Move only to thy praise.

5 Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
 And let my consecrated lyre
 Repeat the Psalmist's part:
 His son and thine reveal in me,
 And fill with sacred melody
 The fibres of my heart.

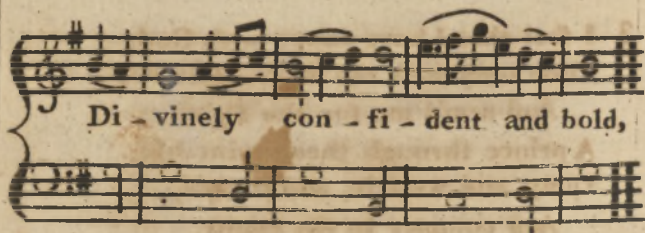
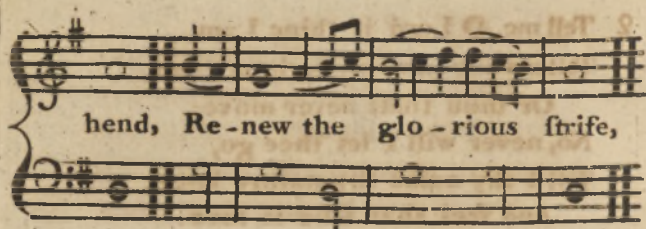
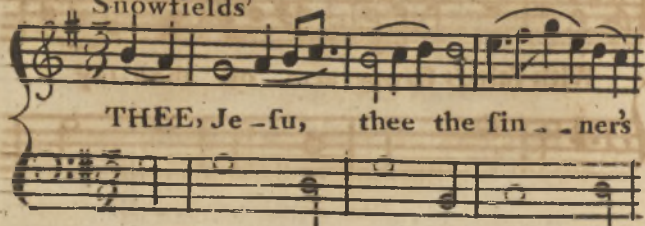
6 So shall I charm the list'ning throng,
 And draw the living stones along,
 By Jesu's tuneful name:
 The living stones shall dance, shall rise,
 And form a city in the skies
 The New Jerusalem!

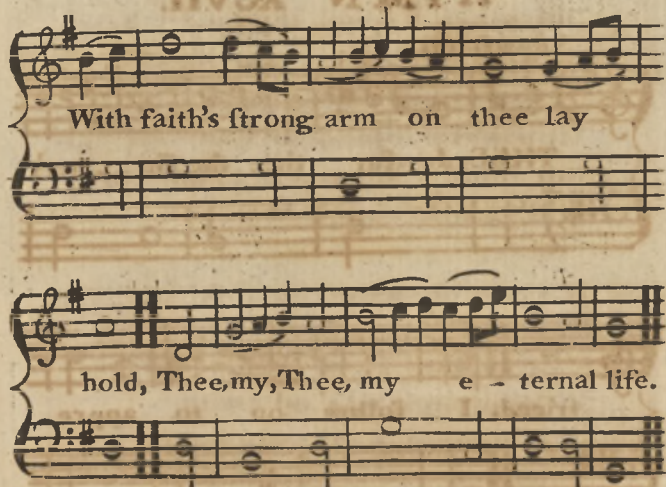
- 7 O might I with thy saints aspire,
 The meanest of that dazzling choir,
 Who chaunt thy praise above,
 Mixt with the bright musician band,
 May I an heavenly harper stand,
 And sing the song of love.
- 8 What extacy of bliss is there,
 While all th'angelic concert share
 And drink the floating joys!
 What more than extacy, when all
 Struck to the golden pavement fall
 At Jesu's glorious voice.
- 9 Jesus! the heaven of heavens he is,
 The soul of harmony and bliss;
 And while on him we gaze,
 And while his glorious voice we hear,
 Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
 And silence speaks his praise.
- 10 O might I die that awe to prove,
 That prostrate awe which dares not move
 Before the great Three One!
 To shout by turns the bursting joy,
 And all eternity employ
 In songs around the throne.

HYMN XC VII.

after Traversetti 230

Snowfields





2 Tell me, O Lord if thine I am,
 Tell me thy new, mysterious name,
 Or thou shalt never move:
 No, never will I let thee go,
 Till I thy name thy nature know,
 And feel that God is love.

3 I feel that I have power with God,
 Thou only hast the pow'r bestow'd,
 And arm'd me for the fight:
 A prince through thee invincible,
 I pray, and wrestle, and prevail,
 And conquer in thy might.

- 4 Thy heart, I know, thy tender heart
Doth in my sorrows feel its part,
And at my tears relent;
My pow'rful sighs thou canst not bear,
Nor stand the violence of my pray'r,
My prayer omnipotent.
- 5 Give me the grace, the love I claim,
Thy Spirit now demands thy name;
Thou know'st the Spirit's will;
He helps my soul's infirmity,
And strongly intercedes for me
With groans unspeakable.
- 6 Answer, dear Lord, thy Spirit's groan,
O make to me thy nature known,
Thy hidden name impart;
(Thy title is with thee the same)
Tell me thy nature and thy name,
And write it on my heart.
- 7 Pris'ner of hope to thee I turn,
And calmy confident I mourn,
And pray and weep for thee:
Tell me thy love, thy secret tell,
Thy mystic name in me reveal,
Reveal thyself in me.

8 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
O Lord of hosts, thy glorious name,

O Lord, the gracious Lord,
Long suffering, merciful and kind,
The God who always bears in mind
His everlasting word.

9 Plenteous he is in truth and grace,
He wills that all the fallen race

Should turn, repent and live;
His pard'ning grace for all is free,
Transgression, sin, iniquity,
He freely doth forgive.

10 Mercy he doth for thousands keep,
He goes, and seeks the one lost sheep,
And brings his wand'rer home;

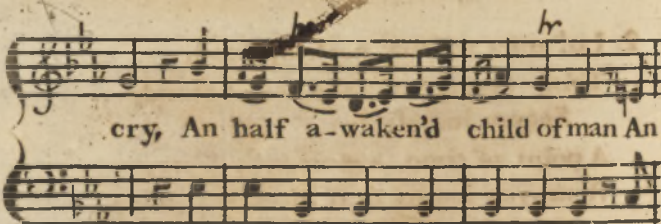
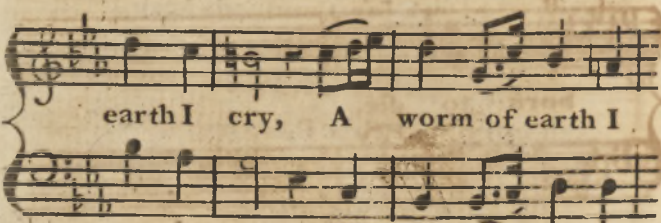
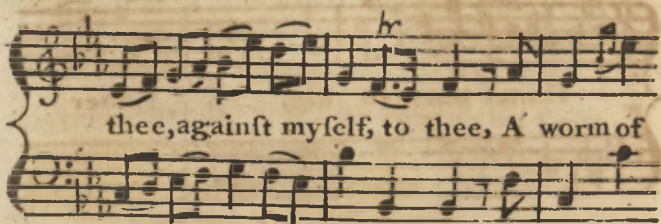
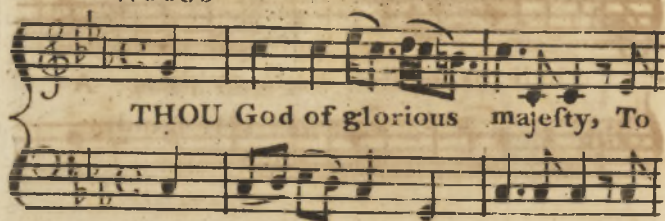
And ev'ry soul that sheep might be:
Come then, dear Lord, and gather me,
My Jesus, quickly come.

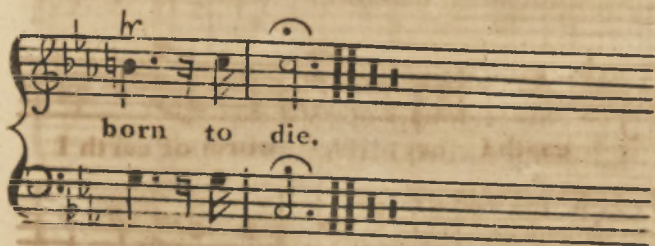
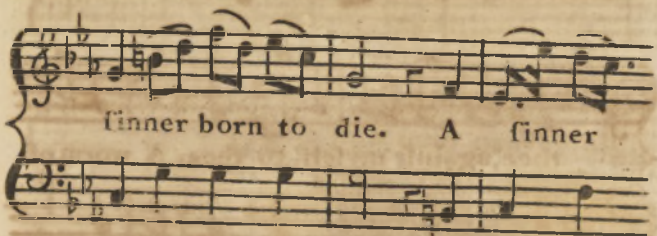
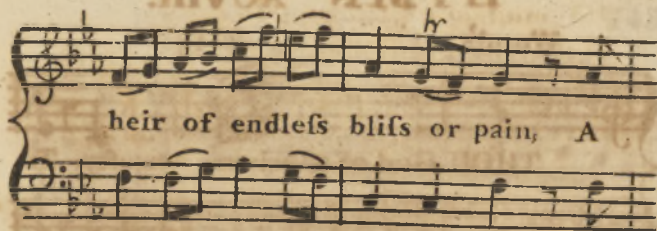
11 Take me into thy people's rest,
O come and with my sole request,
My one desire comply:

Make me partaker of my hope,
Then bid me get me quickly up,
And on thy bosom die.

HYMN XCVIII.

Wood's





2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure, infensible:
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heav'nly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress:
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar,
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom.

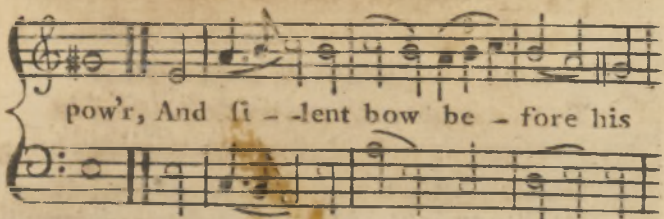
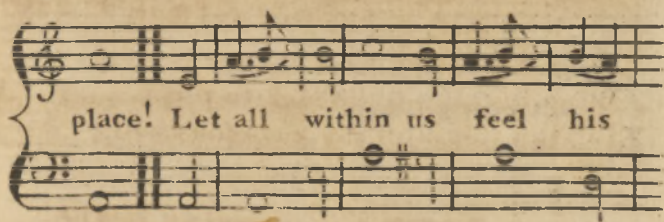
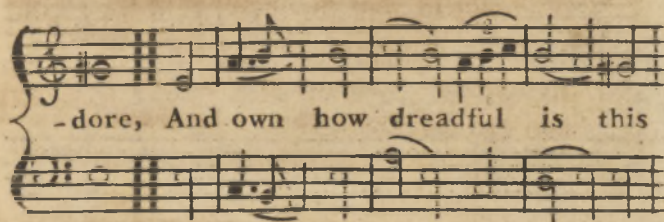
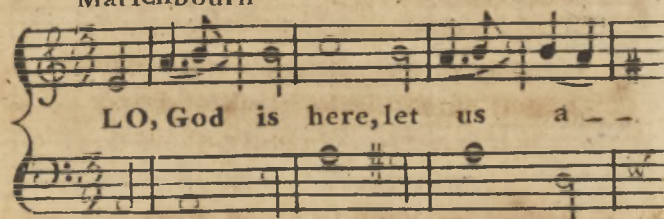
5 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear,
 My future bliss to ensure,
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

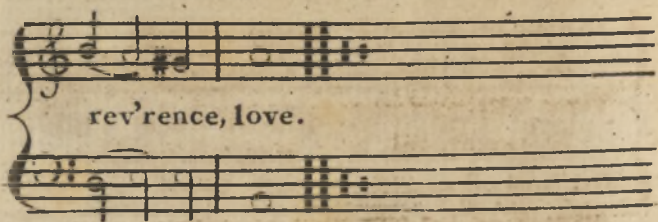
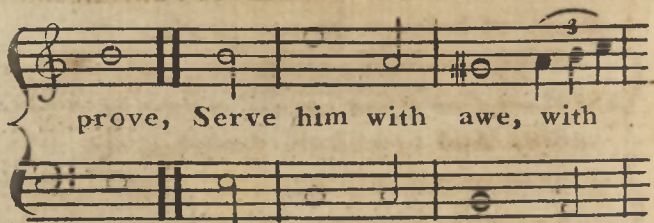
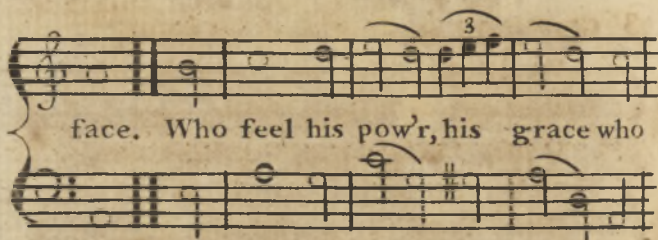
6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above,
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

HYMN XCIX.

245

Mariembourg



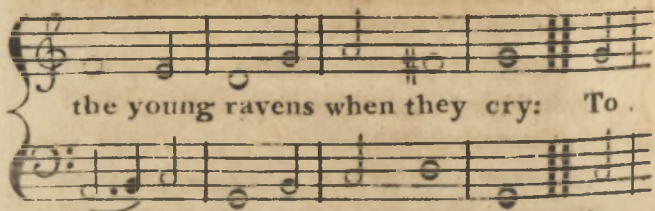
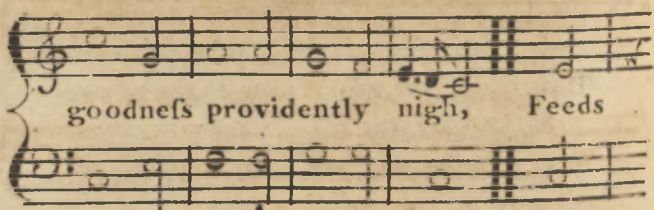
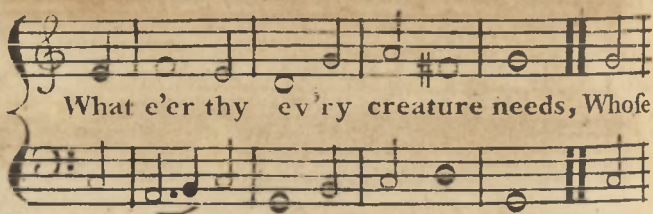
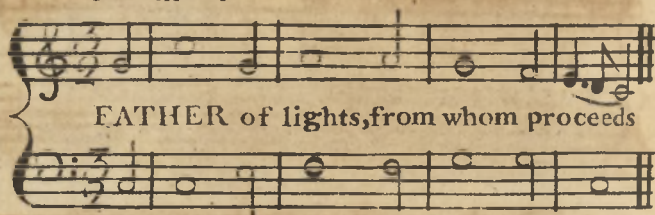


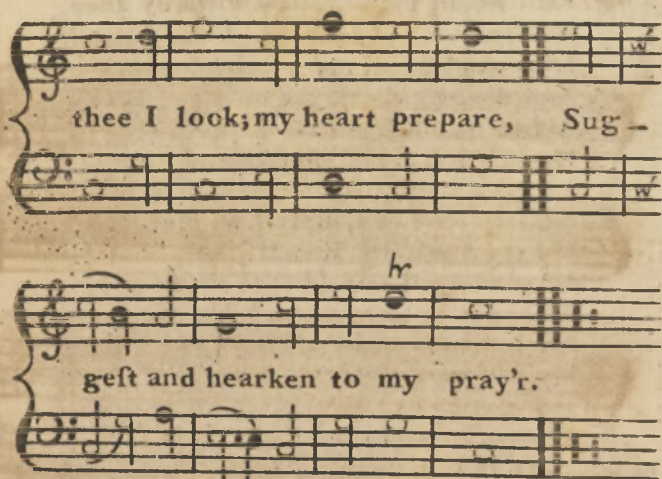
- 2 Lo, God is here! Him day and night
 Th' united choirs of angels sing:
 To him, enthron'd above all height,
 Heavens' host their noblest praises bring:
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
 Who praise thee with a stramm'ring tongue.

- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
 Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone;
 To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give:
 O take, O seal them for thine own!
 Thou art the God: thou art the Lord:
 Be Thou by all thy works ador'd!
- 4 Being of beings, may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sov'reign will:
 To thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.
- 5 In thee we move; all things of thee
 Are full, thou source and life of all!
 Thou vast, unfathomable sea!
 Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall
 Ye sons of men; for God is man!
 All may we lose, so Thee we gain.
- 6 As flow'rs their op'ning leaves display,
 And gladly drink the solar fire,
 So may we catch thy ev'ry ray,
 So may thy influence us inspire,
 Thou beam of the eternal beam!
 Thou purging fire, thou quickning flame.

HYMN C.

Frankfort





2 Since by thy light myself I see
 Naked, and poor, and void of thee;
 Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
 Preventing what my lips would say:
 Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
 And ere I speak, thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
 Wayward, and impotent and blind,
 Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will,
 Averse to good, and prone to ill:
 Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
 Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

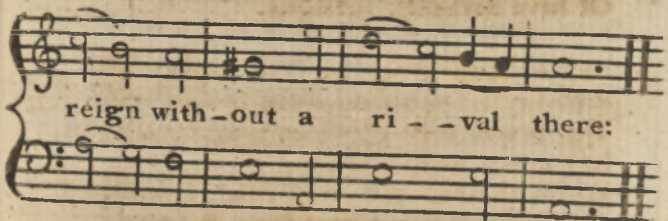
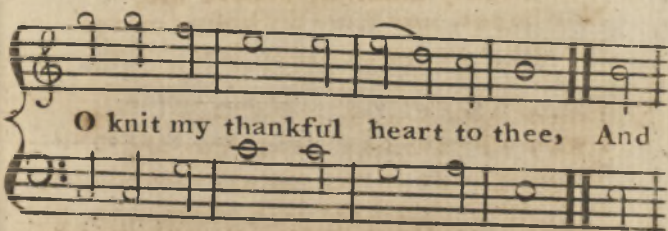
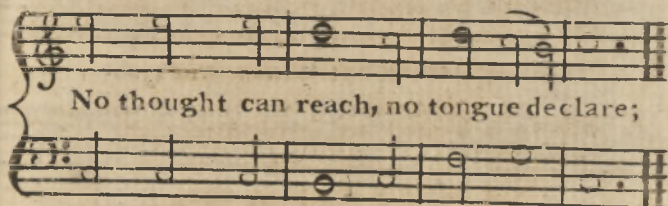
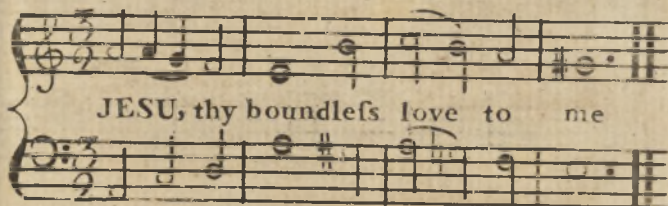
- 4 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see:
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan,
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest, and loath myself and sin.
- 5 Ah, give me Lord, myself to feel,
My total misery reveal:
Ah, give me Lord (I still would say)
An heart to mourn, an heart to pray;
My business this, my only care,
My life, my ev'ry breath be pray'r,
- 6 Scarce I begin my sad complaint,
When all my warmest wishes faint;
Hardly I lift my weeping eye,
When all my kindling ardors die;
Nor hopes, nor fears my bosom move,
For still I cannot, cannot love.
- 7 Father, I want a thankful heart,
I want to taste how good thou art,
To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend thy love to me;
The breath, and length, and depth, and height,
Of love divinely infinite.
- 8 Father, I long my soul to raise,
And dwell for ever on thy praise,
Thy praise with glorious joy to tell,
In extacy unspeakable:
While the full power of faith I know,
And reign triumphant here below.

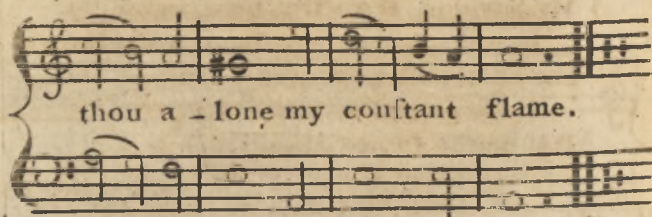
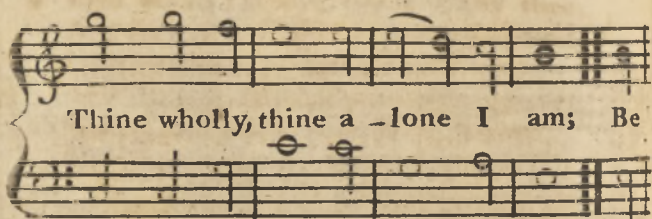
Cantabrig

HYMN CI.

251

Bradford





- 2 O Grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
 O may thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
 Strange fires far from my soul remove,
 My ev'ry act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray?
 All pain before thy presence flies!
 Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,
 Where'er thy healing streams arise:
 O Jesu, nothing may I see,
 Nothing hear, feel, or think but thee!

- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire,
 Hourly within my breast renew
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire:
 And day and night be all my care
 To guard this sacred treasure there.
- 5 My Saviour, thou thy love to me
 In want, in pain, in shame hast show'd;
 For me on the accursed tree
 Thou poured'st forth thy guiltless blood,
 Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
 Nor aught shall the lov'd stamp efface.
- 6 More hard than marble is my heart,
 And foul with sins of deepest stain;
 But thou the mighty Saviour art,
 Nor flow'd thy cleansing blood in vain:
 Ah! soften, melt this rock, and may
 Thy blood wash all these stains away.
- 7 O that my heart, which open stands,
 May catch each drop that tort'ring pain,
 Arm'd by my sins, wrung from thy hands,
 Thy feet, thy head, thy every vein:
 That still my breast may heave with sighs,
 Still tears of love o'erflow my eyes.
- 8 O that I as a little child
 May follow thee nor ever rest,

Till sweetly thou hast pour'd thy mild
 And lowly mind into my breast:
 Nor ever may we parted be,
 Till I become one spirit with thee.

9 O draw me Saviour, after thee,
 So shall I run and never tire;
 With gracious words still comfort me,
 Be thou my hope, my sole desire:
 Free me from ev'ry weight, nor fear
 Nor sin can come, if thou art here.

10 My health, my light, my life, my crown,
 My portion and my treasure thou!
 O take me, seal me for thine own;
 To thee alone my soul I bow;
 Without thee all is pain, my mind
 Repose in nought but thee can find.

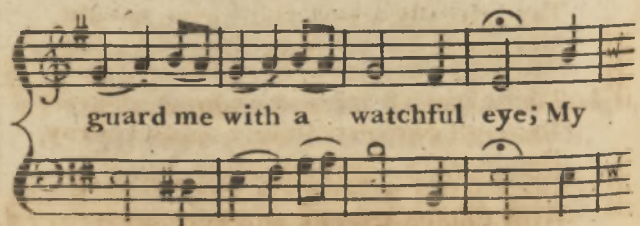
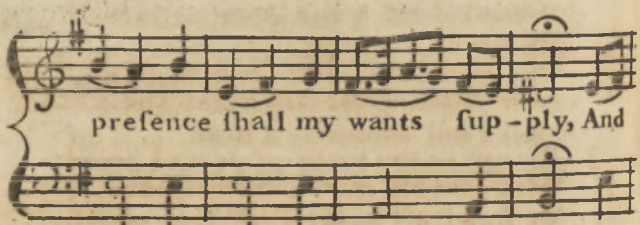
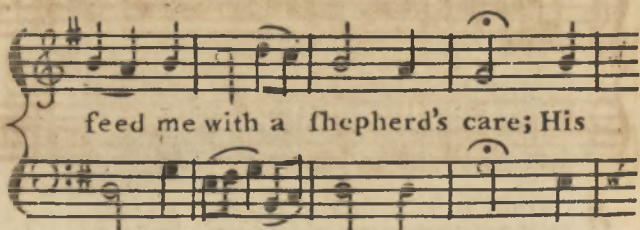
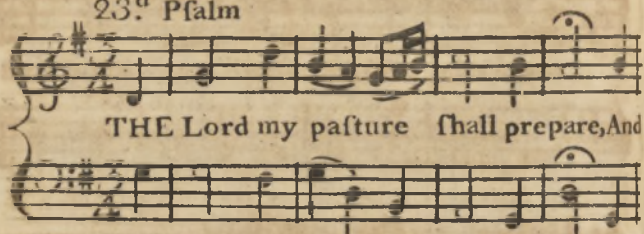
11 Howe'er I rove, where'er I turn,
 In thee alone is all my rest,
 Be thou my flame, within me burn,
 Jesu, and I in thee am blest:
 Thou art the balm of life; my soul
 Is faint, O save, O make it whole!

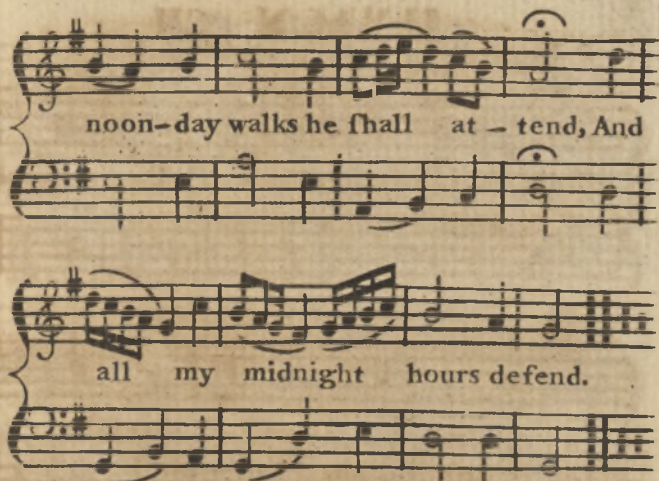
12 What in thy love possess I not?
 My star by night, my sun by day,
 My spring of life when parch'd with drought,
 My wine to chear, my bread to stay,
 My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
 My robe before the throne of God.

- 13 Ah love! thy influence withdrawn,
 What profits me that I am born?
 All my delight, my joy is gone,
 Nor know I peace till thou return:
 Thee may I seek till I attain,
 And never may we part again.
- 14 From all cternity with love
 Unchangeable thou hast me view'd;
 E're knew this beating heart to move,
 Thy tender mercies me pursu'd:
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on ev'ry side.
- 15 Still let thy love point out my way,
 (How wondrous things thy love hath wrought)
 Still lead me lest I go astray,
 Direct my work, inspire my thought:
 And if I fall soon may I hear
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 16 In sufferings be thy love my peace,
 In weakness be thy love my power.
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesu, in that important hour,
 In death as life be thou my guide,
 And save me who for me hast dy'd!

Watch

HYMN CII.

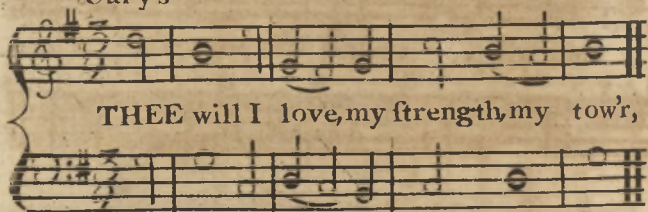
23.^d Psalm



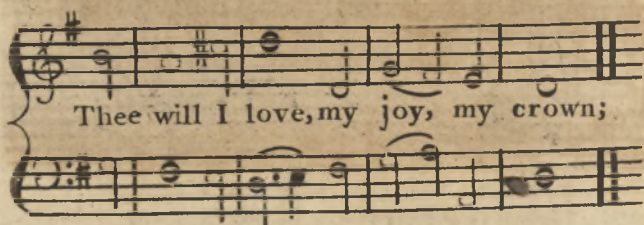
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and flow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN CHIL.

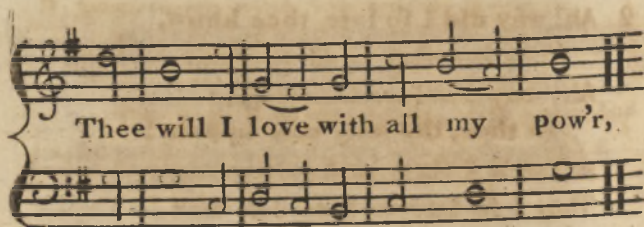
Cary's



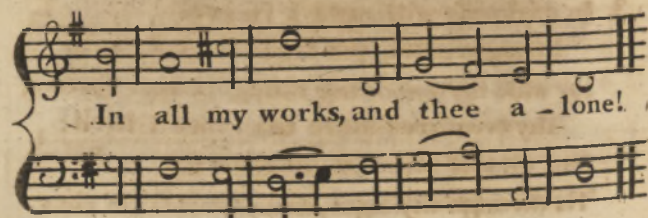
THEE will I love, my strength, my tow'r,



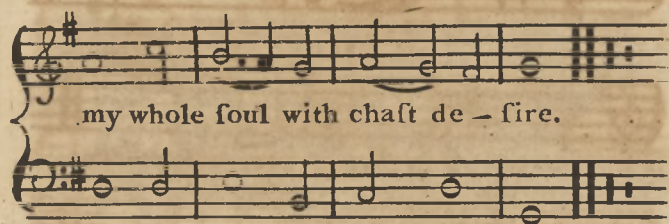
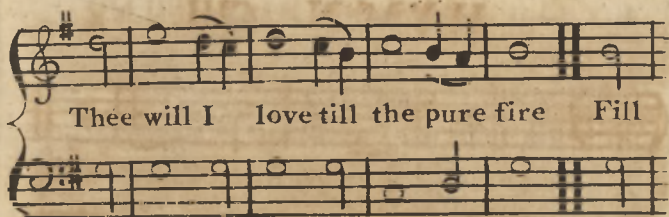
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;



Thee will I love with all my pow'r,



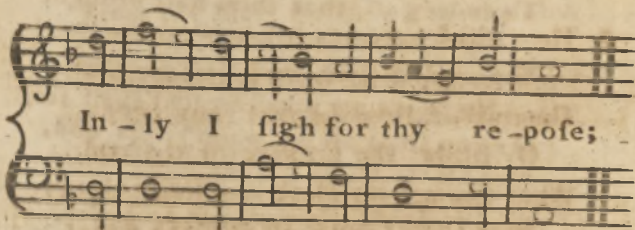
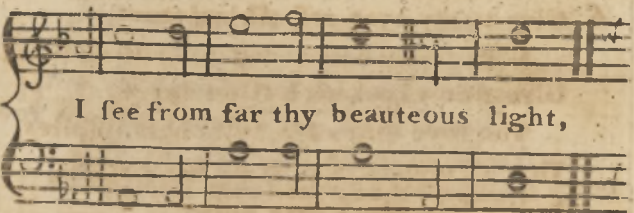
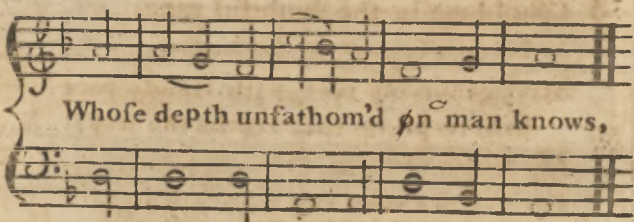
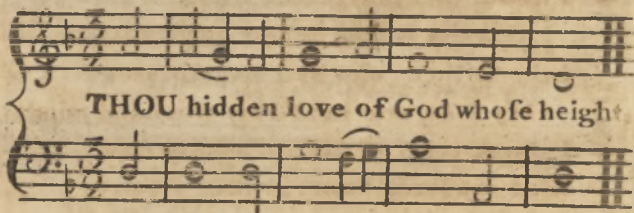
In all my works, and thee alone!

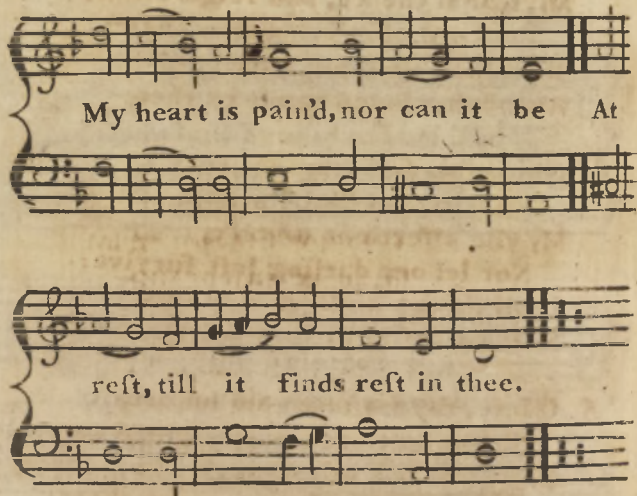


- 2 Ah! why did I so late thee know,
 Thee lovelier than the sons of men?
 Ah! why did I no sooner go
 To thee, the only ease in pain?
 Asham'd I sigh, and inly mourn,
 That I so late to thee did turn.
- 3 In darknefs willingly I stray'd;
 I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd:
 Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,
 Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd:
 And now if more at length I see,
 'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

- 4 I thank thee, uncreated sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shin'd;
I thank thee who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:
I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way:
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill satiate with thy heav'nly light.
- 6 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires,
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heav'ns host inspires,
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love beneath thy frown,
Or smile thy sceptre or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay.
Thee shall I love in endless day.

HYMN CIV.

Old 112.th Psalm Tune



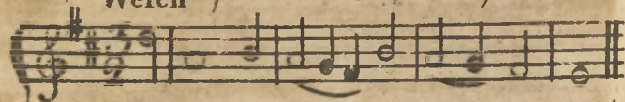
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove:
 And fain I would, but though my will
 Seems fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;
 Yet hindrances strew all the way,
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in thee!
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
 No peace my wand'ring soul shall see;
 O when shall all my wand'rings end,
 And all my steps to thee ward tend?
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with Thee my heart to share?

Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of ev'ry motion there:
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it has found repose in thee.

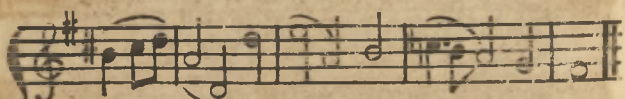
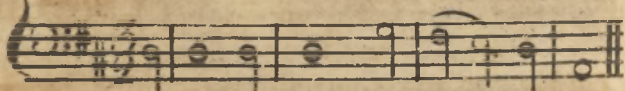
- 5 Ohide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live!
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive:
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek but thee.
- 6 O love, thy sov'reign aid impart,
 To save me from low thoughted care:
 Chase this self will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there:
 Make me thy dutious child, that I
 Ceaseless, may Abba Father cry.
- 7 Ahno! ne'er will I backward turn:
 Thine only, thine alone I am!
 Thrice happy he who views with scorn
 Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame:
 Ohelp, that I may never move
 From the blest footsteps of thy love!
- 8 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart that lowly waits thy call!
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 I am thy love, thy God thy all!
 To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love be all my choice.

HYMN CV.

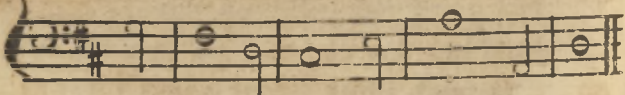
Welch

after Bradford p. 255

O love di-vine what hath thou done!



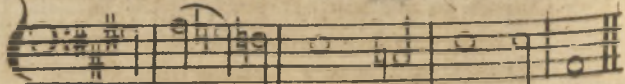
Th' immortal God hath died for me!

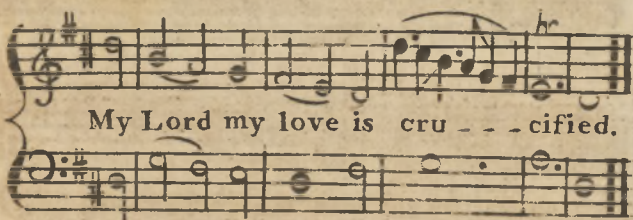
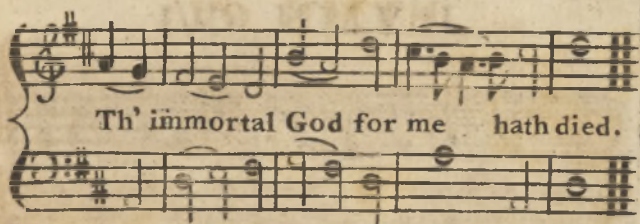


The Fa ther's co-e-ternal Son



Bore all my sins up-on the tree;

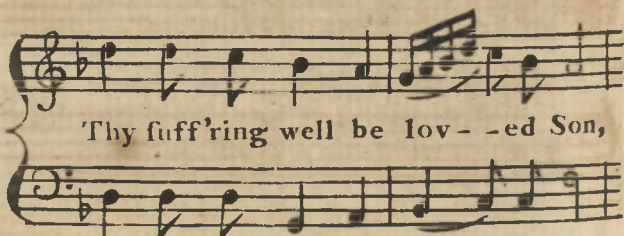
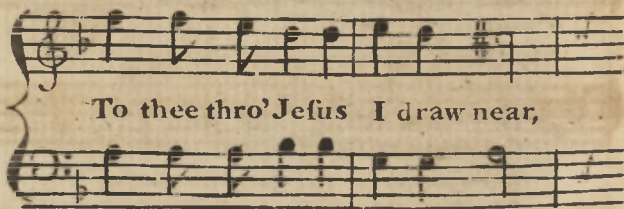
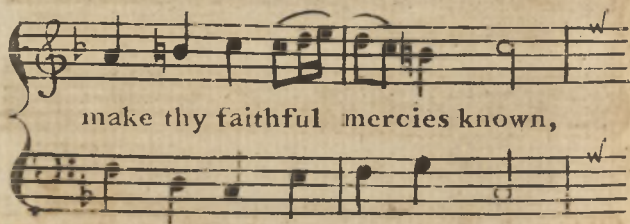
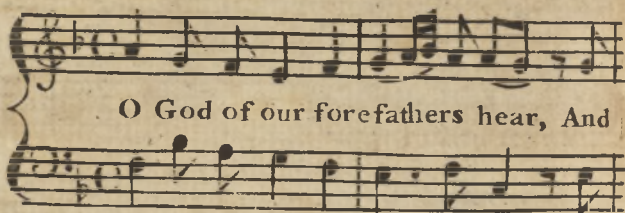


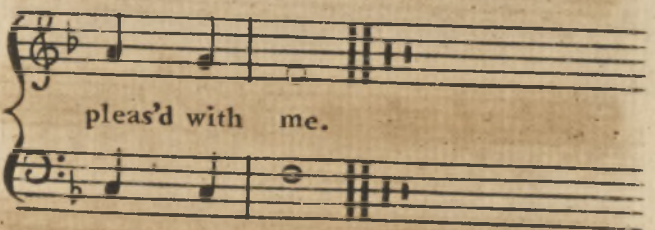
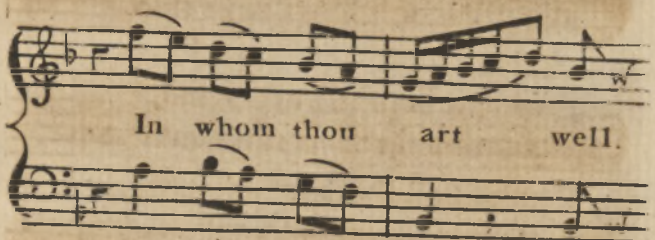
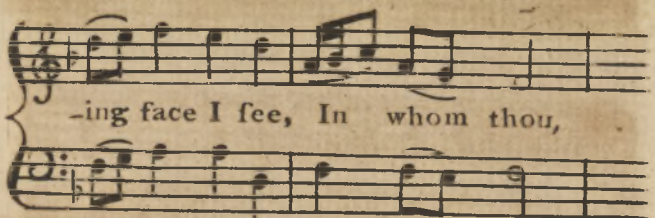
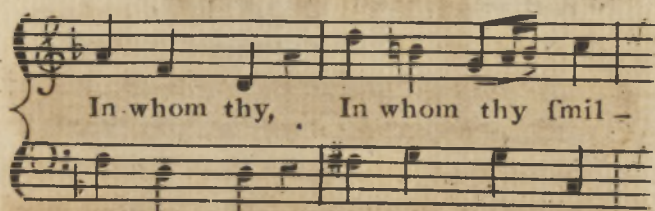


- 2 Behold him all ye that pass by,
 The bleeding prince of life and peace;
 Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,
 And say, Was ever grief like his.
 Come feel with me his blood applied:
 My Lord, my love is crucified.
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us rebels near to God:
 Believe, believe the record true;
 We all are bought with Jesu's blood:
 Pardon for all flows from his side;
 My Lord my love is crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream,
 All things for him account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to him:
 Of nothing speak or thing beside:
 My Lord my love is crucified.

HYMN CVI

Norwich





2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice,
Which brings thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.

3 Acceptance through his only name,
Forgiveness in his blood we have;
But more abundant life we claim,
Through him who dy'd our souls to save,
To sanctify us by his blood,
And fill with all the life of God.

4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
And hear his blood that speaks above,
On us let all thy grace be shown,
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love;
Thy kingdom come to ev'ry heart,
And all thou hast, and all thou art.

HYMN CVII.

269

Birmingham

THOU hidden source of calm re -

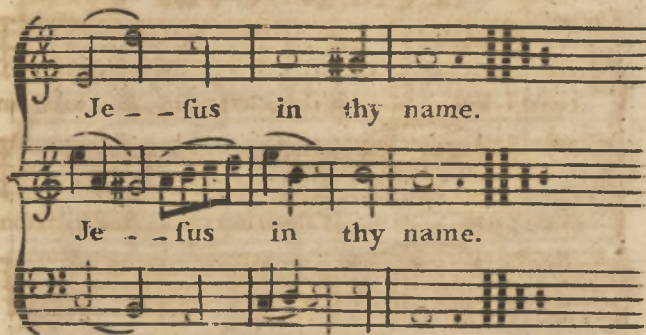
-pose, Thou all suffi - - cient love divine,

My help and refuge from my foes, Se -

cure I am - - if thou art mine, And lo! from

fin, and grief, and shame, I hideme Jesus in

thy name. I hide, I hide, I hide me



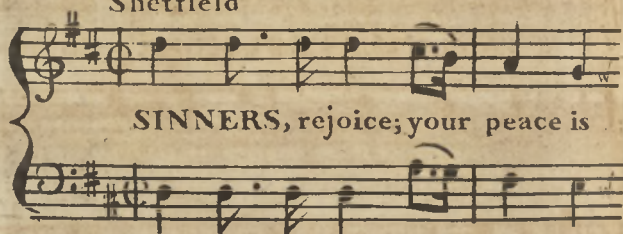
2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above,
 Comfort it brings, and pow'r, and peace,
 And joy and everlasting love:
 To me with thy dear name are given
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesu, my all in all thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
 The med'cine of my broken heart,
 In war my peace, in loss my gain,
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
 In shame my glory and my crown.

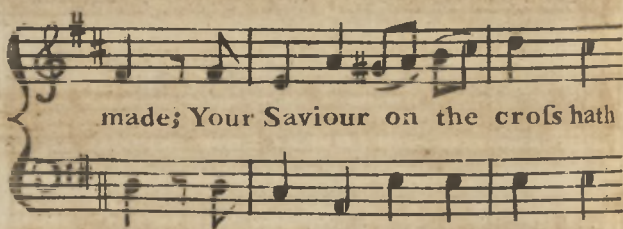
4 In want my plentiful supply,
 In weakness my almighty power,
 In bonds my perfect liberty,
 My light in Satan's darkest hour,
 In grief my joy unspeakable,
 My life in death, my heaven in hell!

HYMN CVIII

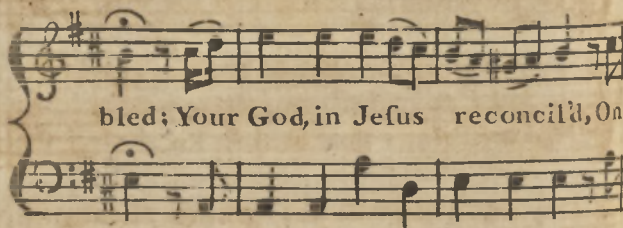
Sheffield



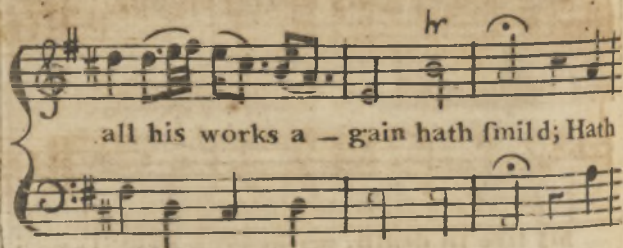
SINNERS, rejoice; your peace is



made; Your Saviour on the cross hath

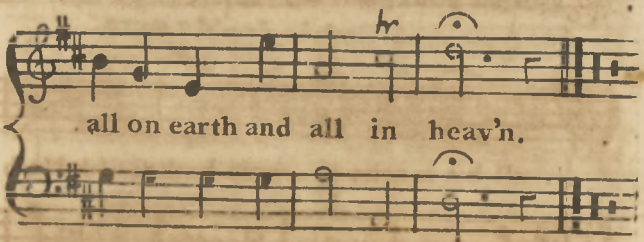
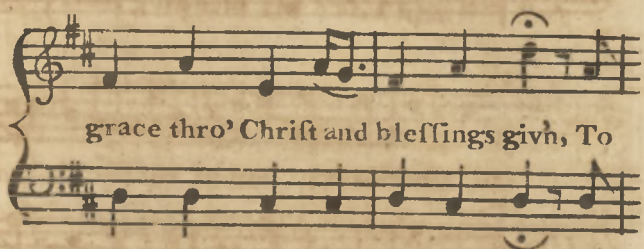
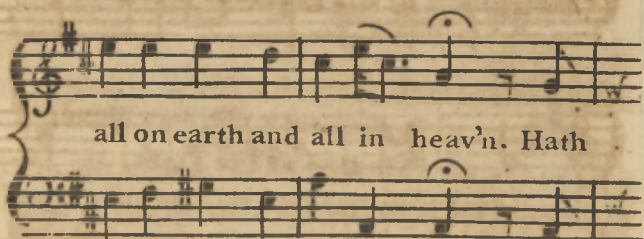
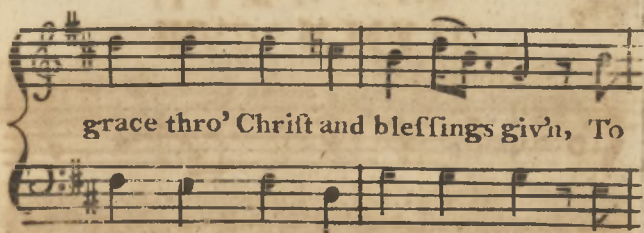


bled; Your God, in Jesus reconcil'd, On



all his works a - gain hath smil'd; Hath

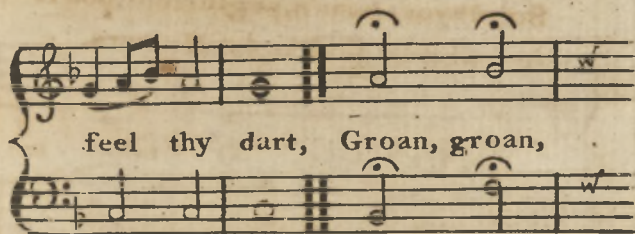
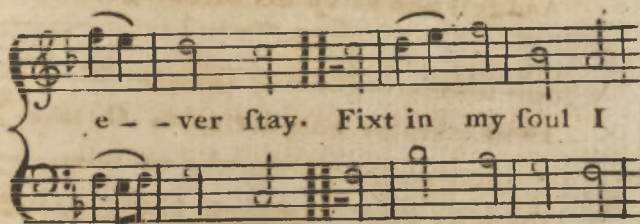
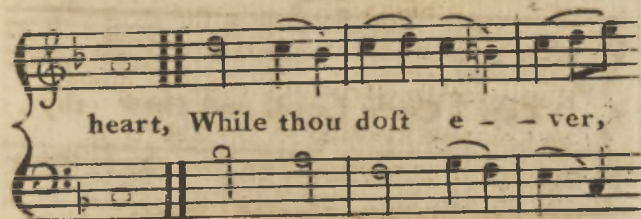
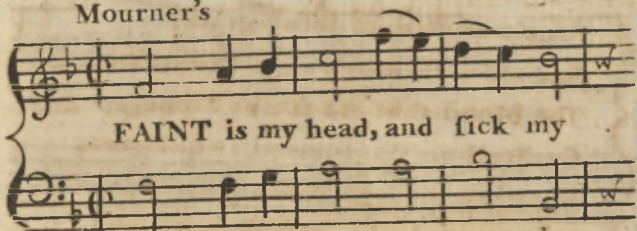
HYMN SIX

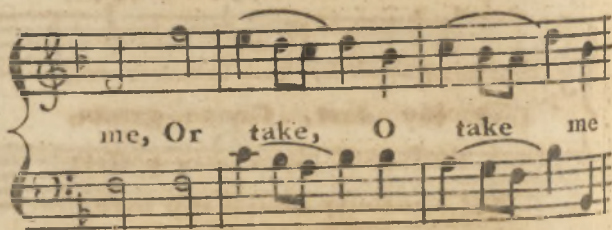
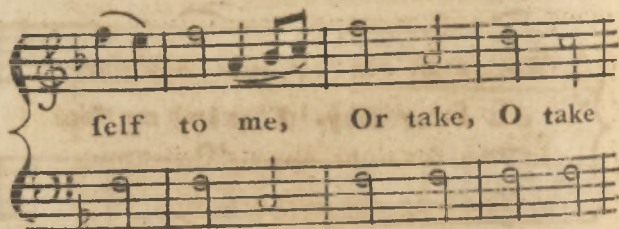
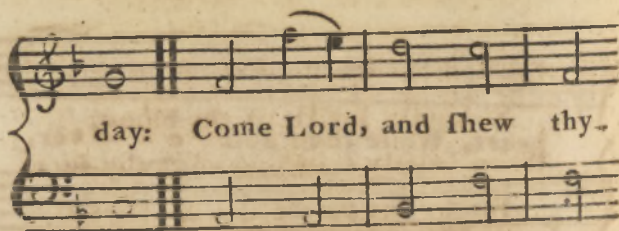
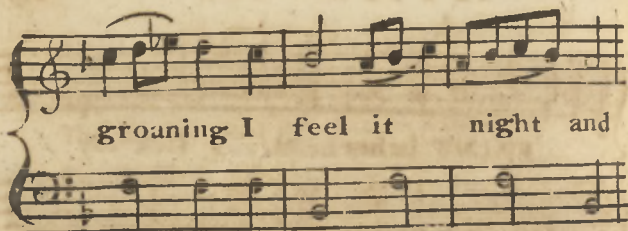


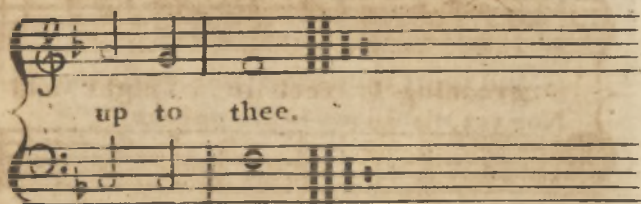
- 2 Angels rejoice in Jesu's grace,
And vie with man's more favour'd race,
The blood that did for us atone,
Confer'd on you some gifts unknown;
Your joy through Jesu's pain abounds,
Ye triumph by his glorious wounds.
- 3 Him ye beheld, our conqu'ring God,
Return with garments roll'd in blood;
Ye saw, and kindled at the sight,
And fill'd with shouts the realms of light,
With loudest hallelujahs meet,
And fell and kiss'd his bleeding feet.
- 4 Nor angel-tongue can e'er express
Th' unutterable happiness,
Nor human hearts can e'er conceive,
The bliss wherein through Christ they live;
But all your heav'n, ye glorious pow'rs
And all your God is doubly ours.

HYMN CIX

Mourner's







2 Canst thou with-hold thy healing grace?

So kindly lavish of thy blood;

When swiftly trickling down thy face,

For me the purple current flow'd!

Come, Lord, &c.

3 When man was lost, love look'd about,

To see what help in earth or sky;

In vain: for none appear'd without;

The help did in thy bosom lie!

Come, Lord, &c.

4 There lay thy Son: but left his rest,

Thralldom and mis'ry to remove

From those who glory once possesst,

But wantonly abus'd thy love:

Come, Lord, &c.

5 He came – O my Redeemer dear!

And canst thou after this be strange,
Nor yet within my heart appear?

Can love like thine, or fail or change?
Come, Lord, &c.

6 But if thou tarriest, why must I?

My God, what is this world to me?
This world of woe – hence let them fly,
The clouds that part my soul and thee:
Come, Lord, &c.

7 Why should this weary world delight,

Or sense th'immortal spirit bind?
Why should frail beauty's charms invite,
The trifling charms of woman-kind?
Come, Lord, &c.

8 A sigh thou breath'st into my heart,

And earthly joys I view with scorn:
Far from my soul, ye dreams depart,
Nor mock me with your vain return?
Come, Lord, &c.

9 Sorrow, and sin, and loss, and pain,

Are all that here on earth we see;

Restless, we pant for ease in vain,
 In vain—till ease we find in thee;
 Come, Lord, &c.

10 Idly we talk of harvest here,
 Eternity our harvest is:
 Grace brings the great sabbatic year,
 When ripen'd into glorious bliss:
 Come, Lord, &c.

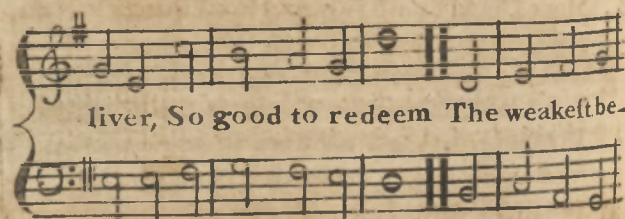
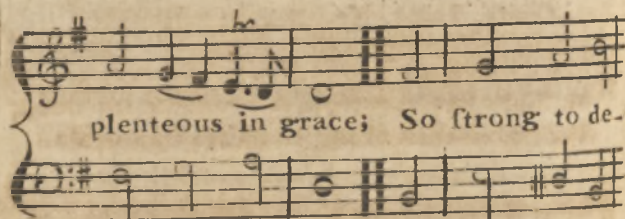
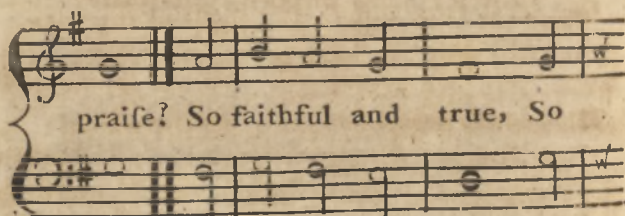
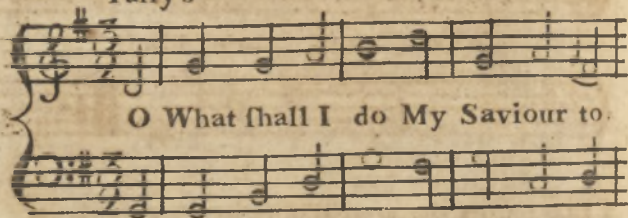
11 O loose this frame, life's knot untie,
 That my free soul may use her wing;
 Now pinion'd with mortality,
 A weak, entangled, wretched thing!
 Come, Lord, &c.

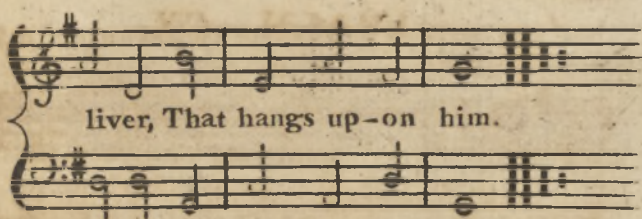
12 Why should I longer stay and groan!
 The most of me to heaven is fled:
 My thoughts and joys are thither gone;
 To all below I now am dead:
 Come, Lord, &c.

13 Come, dearest Lord, my soul's desire
 With eager pantings gasps for home:
 Thee, thee my restless hopes require:
 My flesh and spirit bid thee come:
 Come, Lord, &c.

HYMN CX.

Tally's

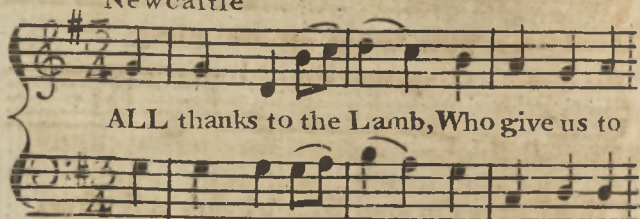




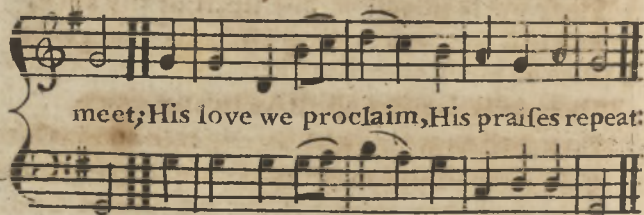
- 2 How happy the man Whose heart is fet free,
 The people that can Be joyful in thee!
 Their joy is to walk in The light of thy face,
 And still they are talking Of Jesus's his grace.
- 3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy name,
 They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim,
 Thy righteousness wearing and cleans'd by thy blood,
 Bold shall they appear in The presence of God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, Their glory and pow'r,
 And I also trust To see the glad hour;
 My soul's new creation, A life from the dead,
 The day of salvation, That lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus my Lord, Is now my defence,
 I trust in his word, None plucks me from thence;
 Since I have found favour, He all things will do,
 My King and my Saviour, Shall make me anew,
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see The blifs of thine own,
 Thy secret to me Shall soon be made known;
 For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
 And share in the gladness Of all that believe.

HYMN CXI.

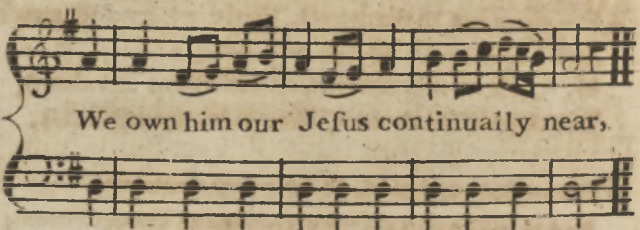
Newcastle



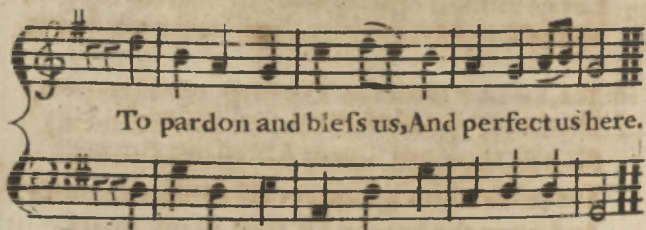
ALL thanks to the Lamb, Who give us to



meet; His love we proclaim, His praises repeat:



We own him our Jesus continually near.

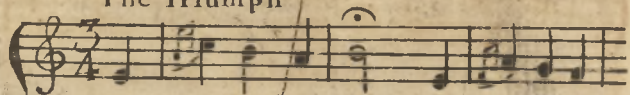


To pardon and blefs us, And perfect us here.

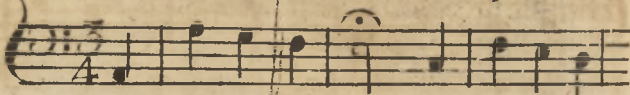
- 2 In him we have peace, In him we have pow'r,
Preserv'd by his grace, Throughout the dark hour
In all our temptation He keeps us to prove
His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.
- 3 Through pride and desire Unhurt we have gone,
Through water and fire With us he went on;
The world and the devil By him we o'ercame,
Our Jesus from evil, For ever the same.
- 4 When we would have spurn'd His mercy and grace,
To Egypt return'd, And fled from his face,
He hinder'd out flying (His goodness to show)
And stopt us by crying, "Will ye also go?"
- 5 O what shall we do Our Saviour to love?
To make us anew, Come, Lord, from above!
The fruit of thy passion, Thy holiness give,
Give us the salvation Of all that believe.
- 6 Come, Jesus, and loose The stammerer's tongue,
And teach even us The spiritual song:
Let us without ceasing Give thanks for thy grace,
And glory, and blessing, And honour, and praise,
- 7 Pronounce the glad word, And bid us be free:
Ah, hast thou not Lord, A blessing for me?
The peace thou hast given, This moment impart,
And open thy heaven Of love in my heart.

HYMN CXII.

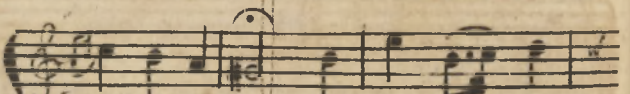
The Triumph



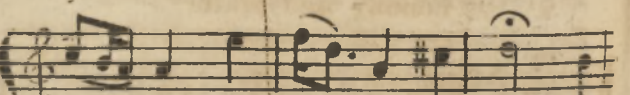
TIS finish'd! tis done! The spirit is



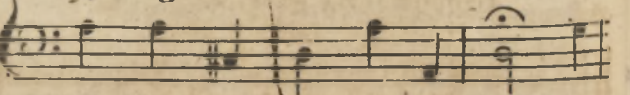
fled; The prisoner is gone, The

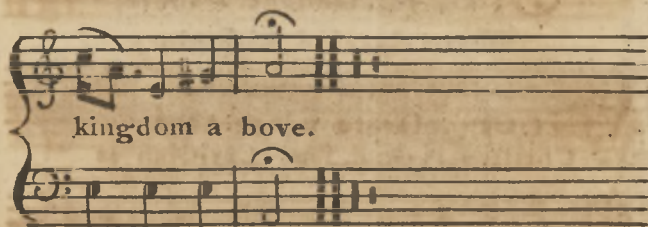
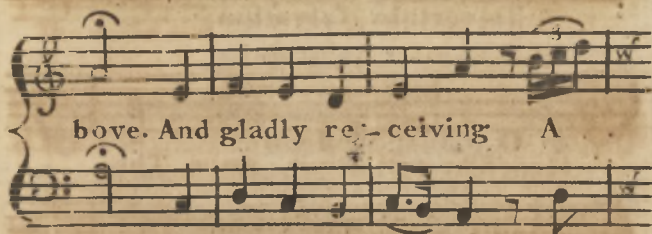
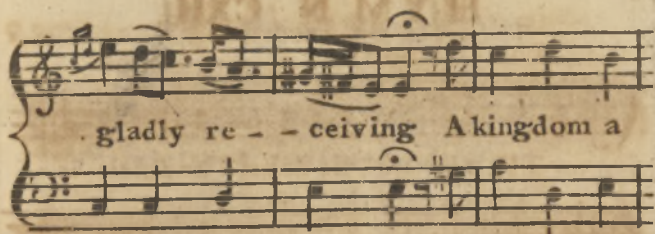


Christian is dead, The Christian is



living, Thro' Je - sus his love, And





- 2 All honour and praise
 Are Jesus's due,
 Supported by grace
 He fought his way through;
 Triumphantly glorious,
 Through Jesus's zeal,
 And more than victorious
 O'er sin, death, and hell.

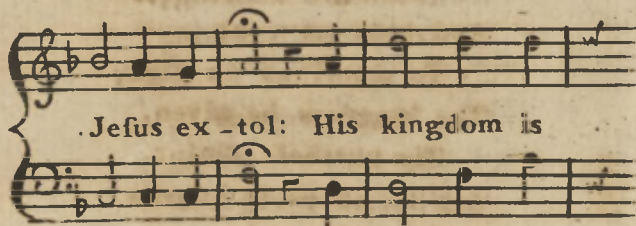
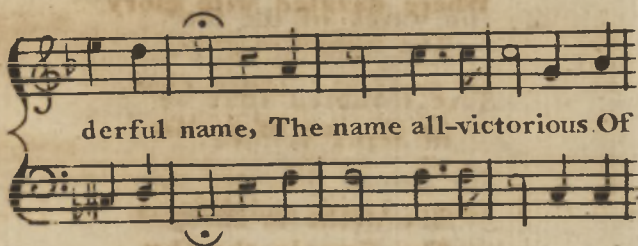
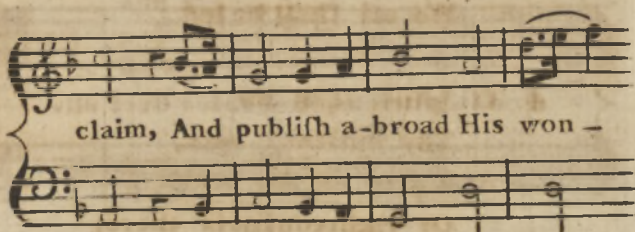
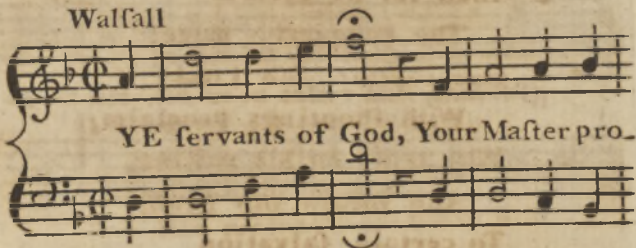
3 Then let us record
The conquering name;
Our captain and Lord
With shoutings proclaim;
Who trust in his passion,
And follow our head,
To certain salvation
We all shall be led.

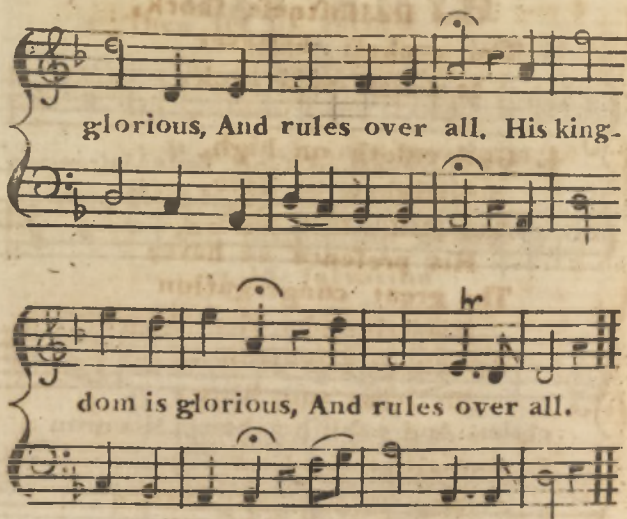
4 O Jesus, lead on
Thy militant care,
And give us the crown
Of righteousness there;
Where dazzled with glory
The seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore thee,
In silence of praise.

5 Come, Lord, and display
Thy sign in the sky,
And bear us away
To mansions on high;
The kingdom be given,
The purchase divine,
And crown us in heaven
Eternally thine.

HYMN CXIII.

Walfall





2 The waves of the sea
 Have lift up their voice,
 Sore troubled that we
 In Jesus rejoice:
 The floods they are roaring,
 But Jesus is here,
 While we are adoring,
 He always is near.

3 Men, devils engage,
 The billows arise,
 And horribly rage,
 And threaten the skies:

Their fury shall never
 Our steadfastness shock,
 The weakest believer
 Is built on a rock.

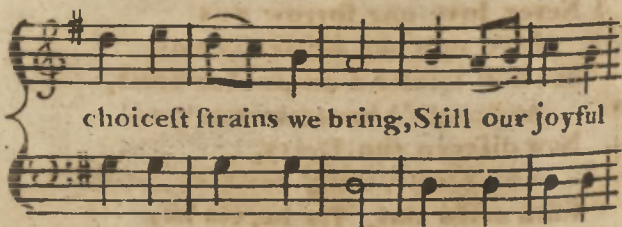
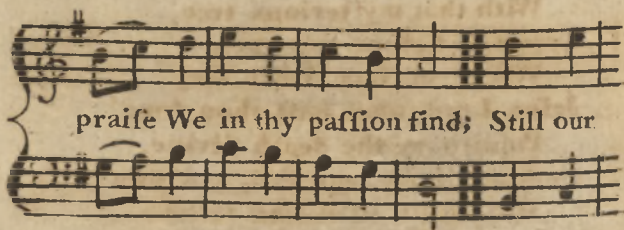
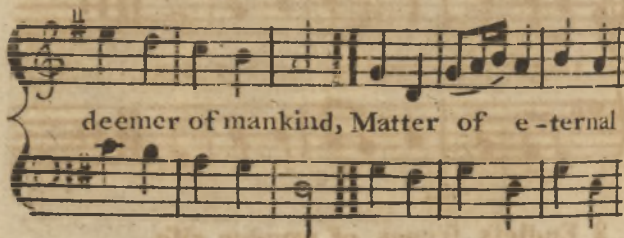
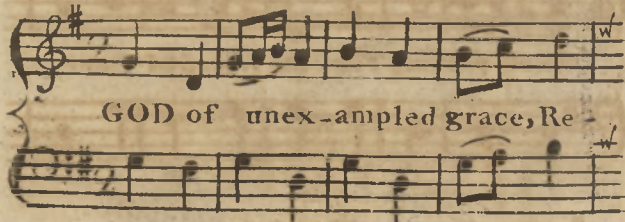
4 God ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save,
 And still he is nigh,
 His presence we have;
 The great congregation
 His triumphs shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation
 To Jesus our King.

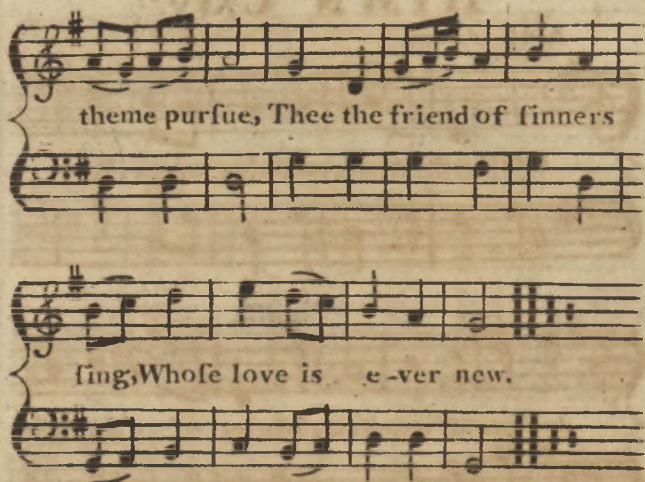
5 Salvation to God
 Who sits on the throne!
 Let all cry aloud,
 And honour the Son!
 Our Jesus's praises
 The angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces,
 And worship the Lamb.

6 Then let us adore,
 And give him his right,
 All glory and pow'r,
 And wisdom and might,
 All honour, and blessing
 With angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing
 And infinite love.

HYMN CXIV.

Amsterdam

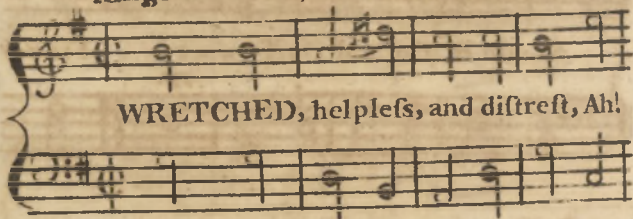




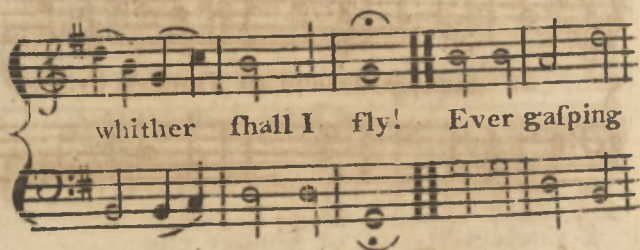
2 Endless scenes of wonder rise
 With that mysterious tree,
 Crucify'd before our eyes,
 Where we our Maker see;
 Jesus, Lord, what hast thou done!
 Publish we the death divine,
 Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own
 Was never love like thine!

3 Never love nor sorrow was
 Like that my Jesus show'd:
 See him stretch'd on yonder cross,
 And crush'd beneath our load!
 Now discern the Deity,
 Now his heavenly birth declare!
 Faith cries out, 'Tis he, 'tis he,
 My God that suffers there!

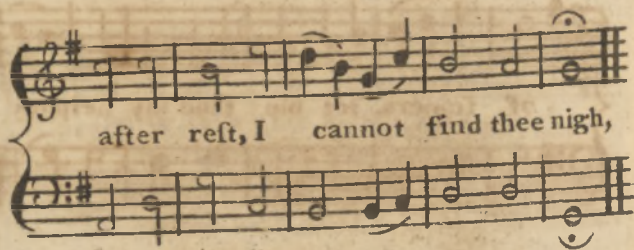
HYMN CXV.

Kingswood *after Hamilton*

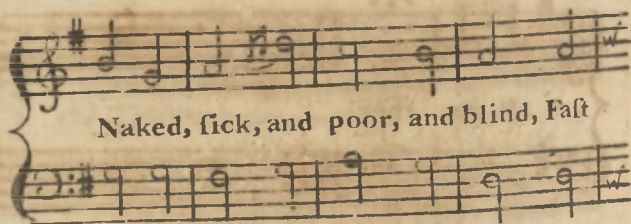
WRETCHED, helpless, and distressed, Ah!



whither shall I fly! Ever gasping



after rest, I cannot find thee nigh,



Naked, sick, and poor, and blind, Fast

bound in sin and mi-se - - ry; Friend

of sinners, Friend of sinners, Friend.

of sinners, let me find my help, my

all in thee.

- 2 Who my mis'ry can relate,
 My depth of woe reveal?
 I have left my first estate,
 In hapless Adam fell.
 Driven out of my abode,
 I now have lost my perfect bliss,
 Fallen, fallen out of God,
 And banish'd paradise.
- 3 I am all unclean, unclean,
 Thy purity I want,
 My whole heart is sick of sin,
 And my whole head is faint:
 Full of putrifying sores,
 Of bruises and of wounds, my soul
 Looks to Jesus, help implores,
 And gasps to be made whole.
- 4 In the wilderness I stray,
 My foolish heart is blind,
 Nothing do I know, the way
 Of peace I cannot find:
 Jesu, Lord, restore my sight,
 And take, O take the veil away,
 Turn my darkness into light,
 My midnight into day.
- 5 Naked of thine image, Lord,
 Forsaken and alone,
 Unrenew'd and unrestor'd,
 I have not thee put on:

Over me thy mantle spread,
 Send down thy likeness from above,
 Let thy goodness be display'd,
 And wrap me in thy love.

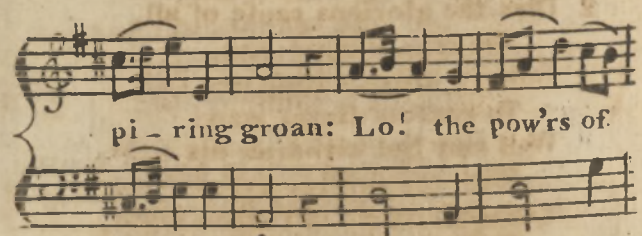
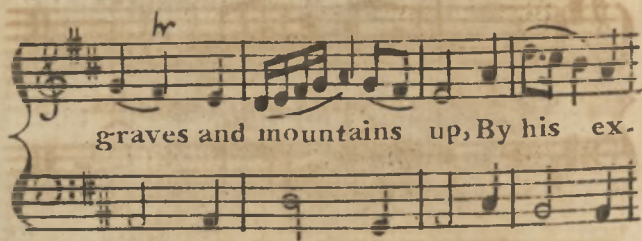
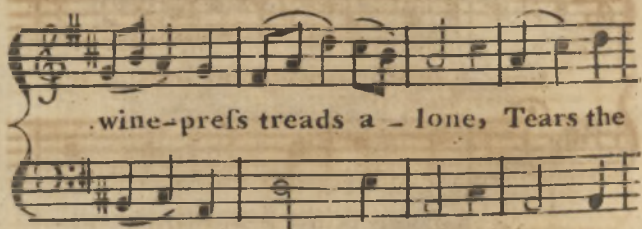
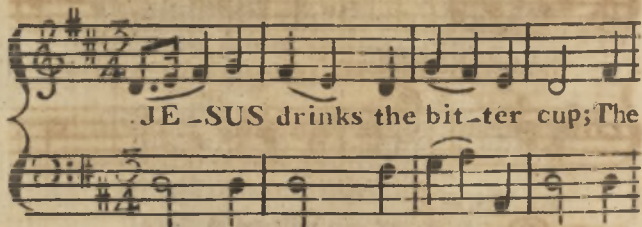
6 Poor, alas! thou know'st I am,
 And would be poorer still,
 See my nakedness and shame,
 And all my vileness feel:
 No good thing in me resides,
 My soul is all an aching void,
 'Till thy Spirit here abides,
 And I am fill'd with God.

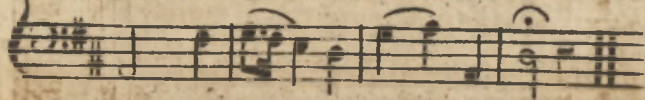
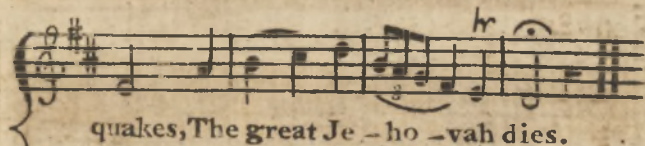
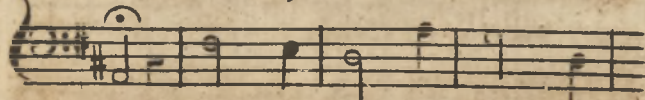
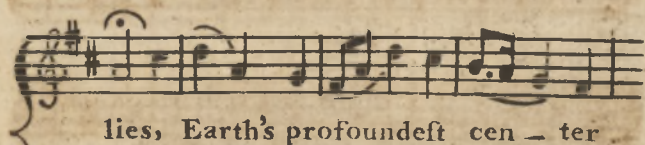
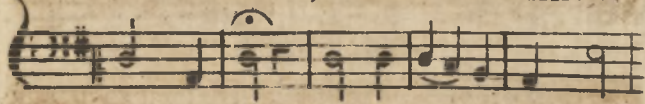
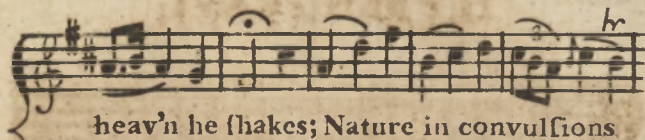
7 Jesu, full of truth and grace,
 In thee is all I want:
 Be the wand'rer's resting place,
 A cordial to the faint;
 Make me rich, for I am poor,
 In thee may I my Eden find,
 To the dying health restore,
 And eyefight to the blind.

8 Cloath me with thy holiness,
 Thy meek humility;
 Put on me thy glorious dress,
 Endue my soul with thee;
 Let thine image be restor'd,
 Thy name and nature let me prove,
 With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
 And perfect me in love.

HYMN CXVI

Hamilton's





- 2 Dies the glorious cause of all,
 The true eternal Pan,
 Falls to raise us from our fall,
 To ransom sinful man:
 Well may Sol withdraw his light,
 With the sufferer sympathize,
 Leave the world in sudden night,
 While his Creator dies.

- 3 Well may heaven be cloath'd with black,
 And solemn sackcloth wear,
 Jesu's agony partake,
 The hour of darkness share:
 Mourn th' astonish'd hosts above,
 Silence saddens all the skies,
 Kindler of seraphic love,
 The God of angels dies.
- 4 O my God, he dies for me,
 I feel the mortal smart!
 See him hanging on the tree —
 A sight that breaks my heart!
 O that all to thee might turn!
 Sinners, ye may love him too,
 Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
 For one who bled for you.
- 5 Weep o'er your desire and hope
 With tears of humblest love;
 Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
 And reigns enthron'd above!
 Lives our head to die no more,
 Power is all to Jesus given,
 Worshipp'd as he was before,
 Th' immortal king of heaven.
- 6 Lord, we bless thee for thy grace
 And truth which never fail,
 Hast'ning to behold thy face
 Without a dimming veil:
 We shall see our heavenly King,
 All thy glorious love proclaim,
 Help the angel choirs to sing
 Our dear triumphant Lamb.

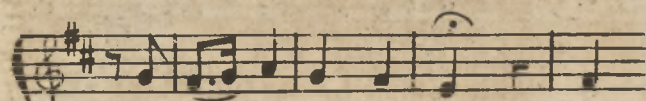
How sweetly Kingwood

HYMN CXVII.

Calvary



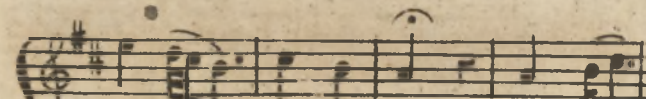
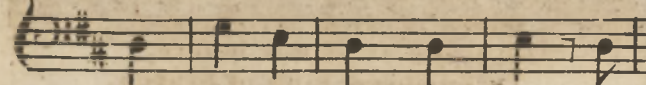
LAMB of God, whose bleeding love



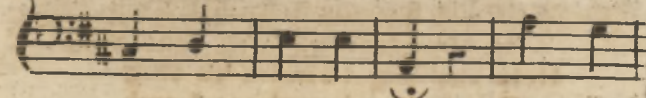
We now re-call to mind, Send

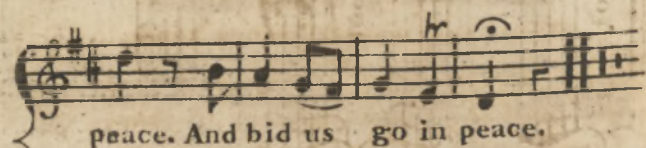
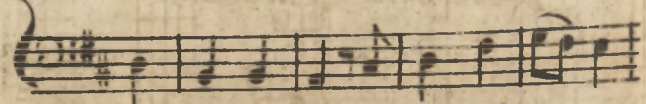
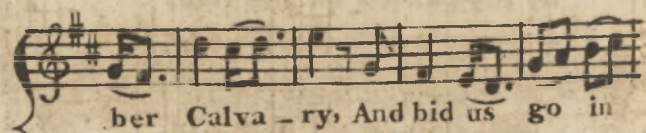
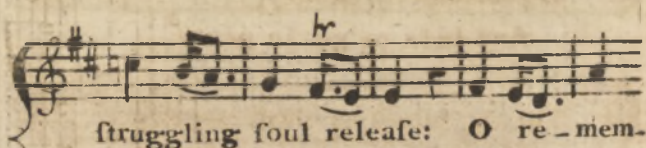
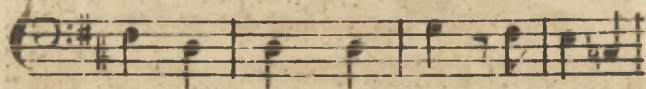
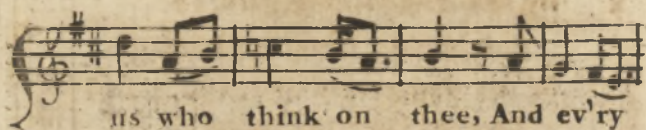


the answer from a - -bove, And



let us mercy find: Think on

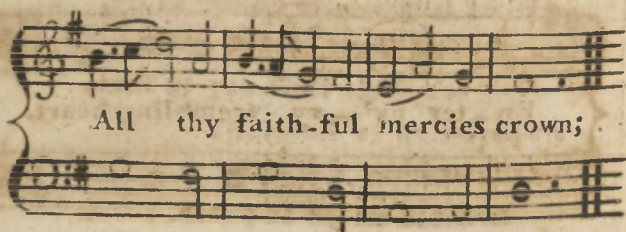
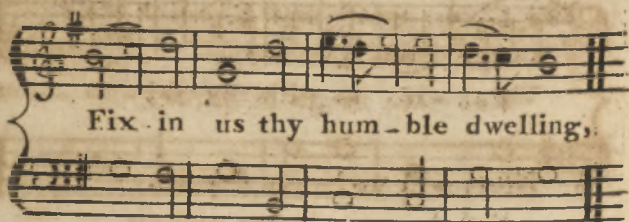
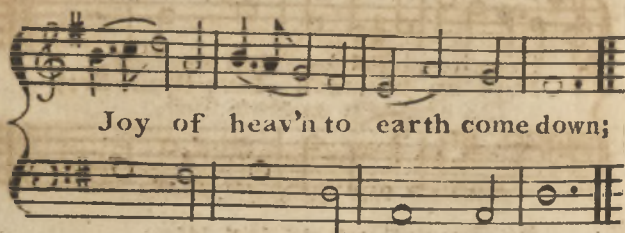
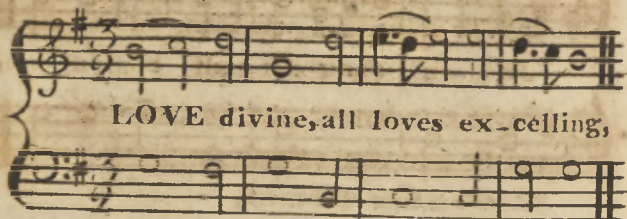


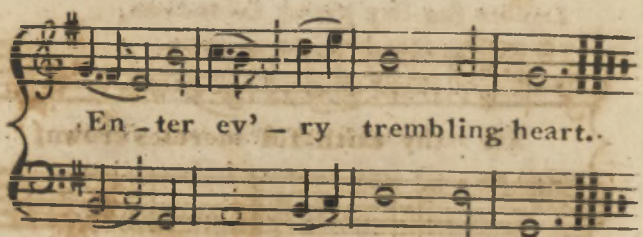
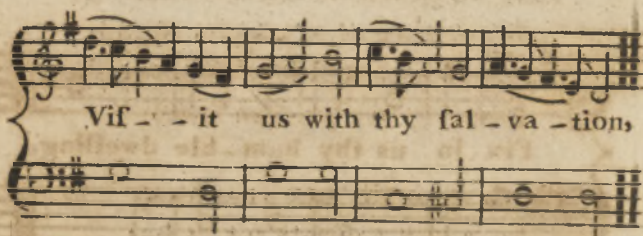
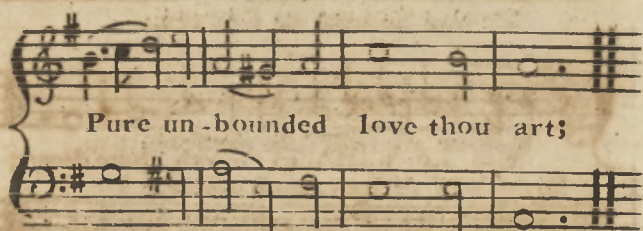
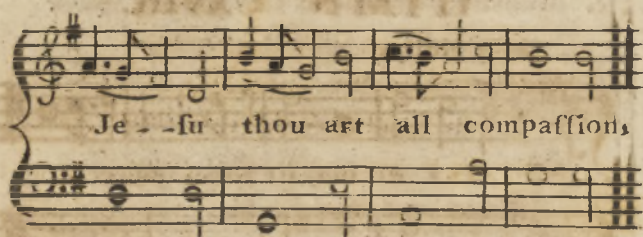


- 2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds and set us free,
From all iniquity release:
O remember Calvary,
And bids us go in peace.
- 3 Let thy blood by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal,
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease:
O remember Calvary,
And bids us go in peace.
- 4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give:
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfected in holiness:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

HYMN CXVIII.

Westminster



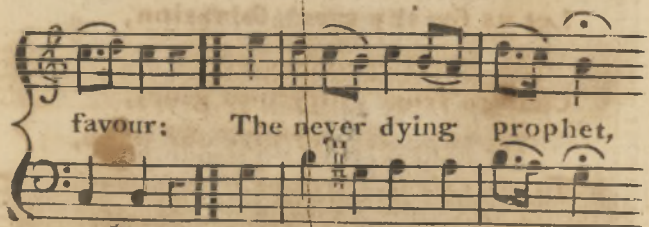
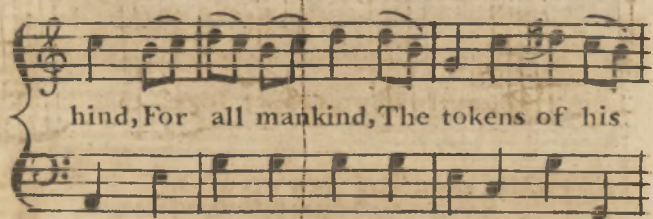
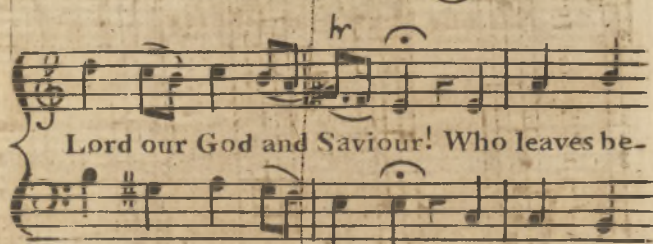
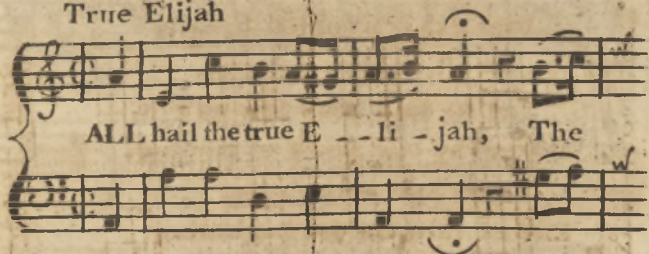


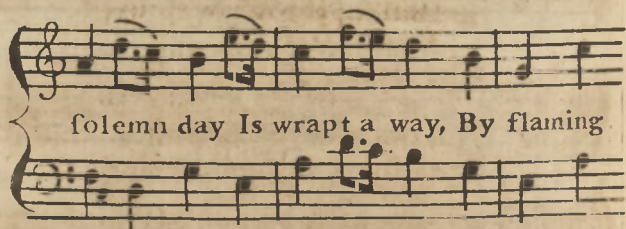
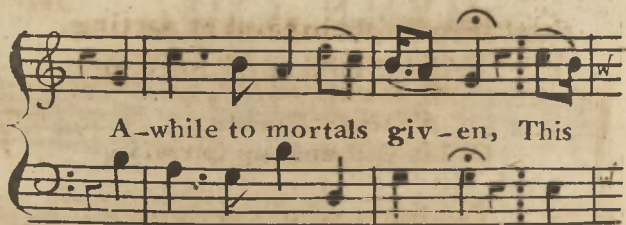
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find that second rest:
 Take away our pow'r of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,
 End of faith as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive,
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be:
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd in thee:
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee:
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

J. W. B.

HYMN CXIX.

True Elijah





- 2 Come see the rising triumph,
And prostrate fall before him;
He mounts, he flies
Above the skies,
Where all his hosts adore him.

Borne on his fiery chariot,
With joyful acclamation
Pursue the Lord,
To heaven restor'd,
The God of our salvation.

- 3 Who see their Lord at parting,
 They shall on earth inherit
 A double power,
 A larger flower
 Of his descending spirit.

The spirit of our master
 Shall rest on each believer,
 And surely we
 Our master see,
 Who lives and reigns for ever.

- 4 Yes, our exalted Jesus,
 By faith we now adore thee,
 And still we sit
 Before thy feet,
 And triumph in thy glory.

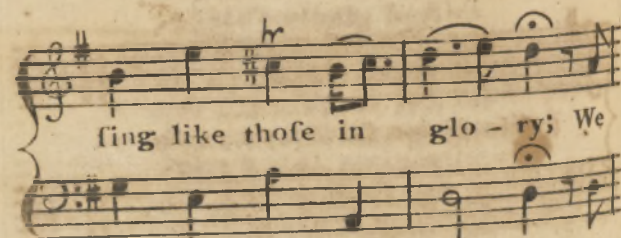
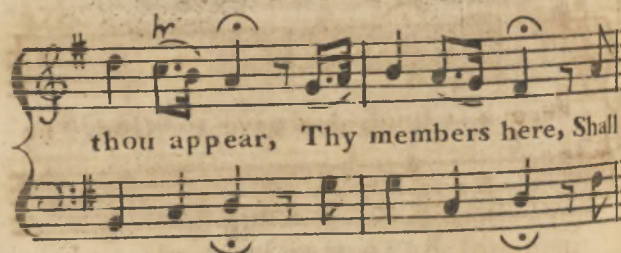
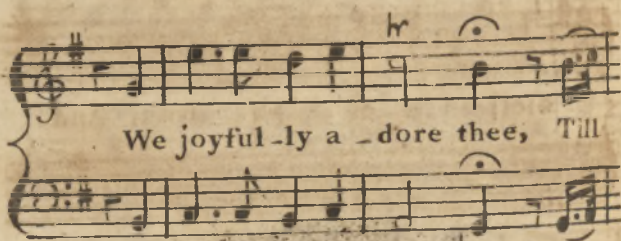
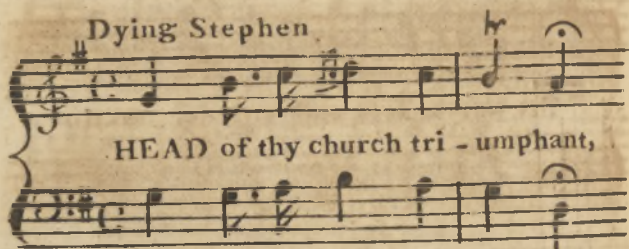
In vain the flaming chariot
 Hath parted us asunder;
 We still thro' grace
 Behold thy face,
 And shout our loving wonder.

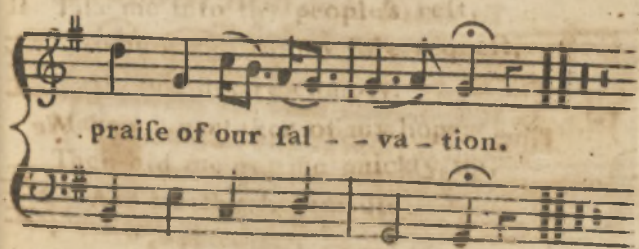
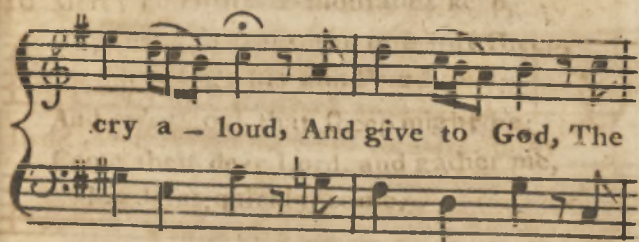
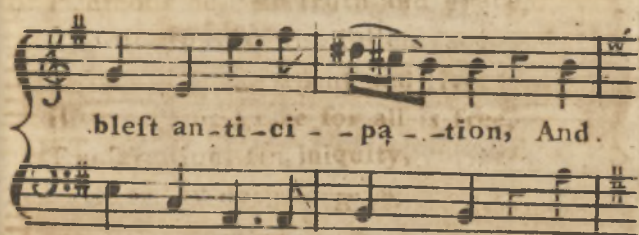
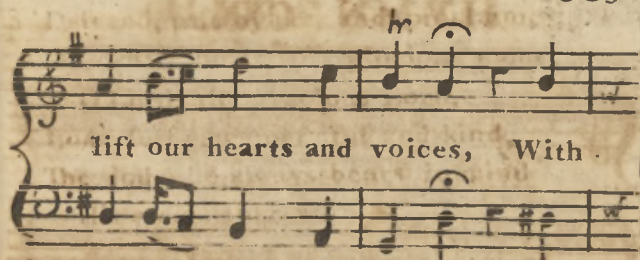
- 5 By faith we catch thy mantle,
 The cov'ring of thy spirit
 By faith we wear,
 And gladly share
 Thine all involving merit.

We rest beneath thy shadow,
 Till by the whirlwind driven,
 From earth we rise,
 And mount the skies,
 And grasp our Lord in heaven.

HYMN CXX.

Dying Stephen

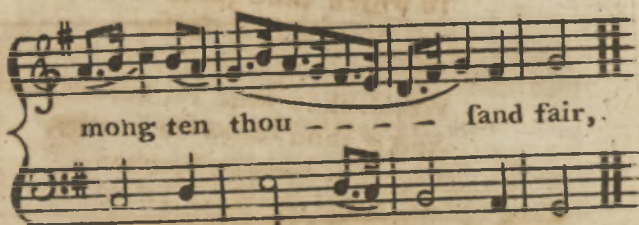
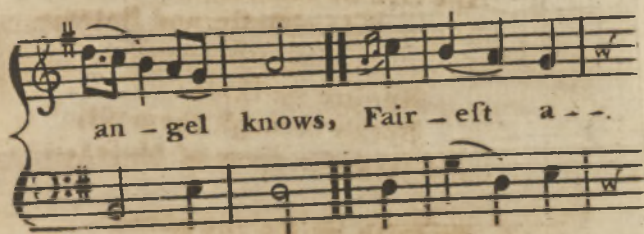
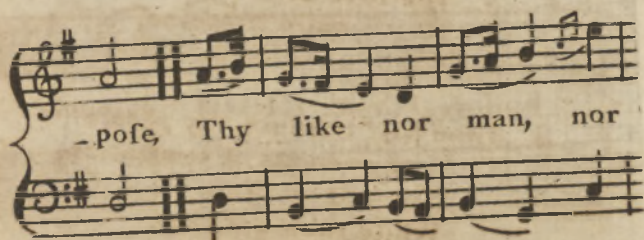
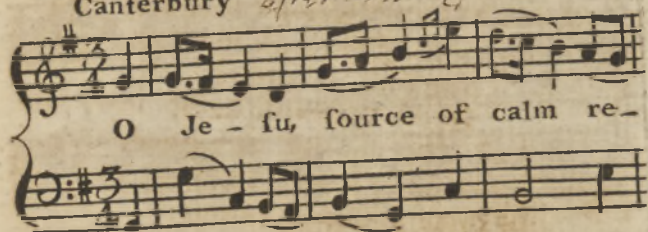




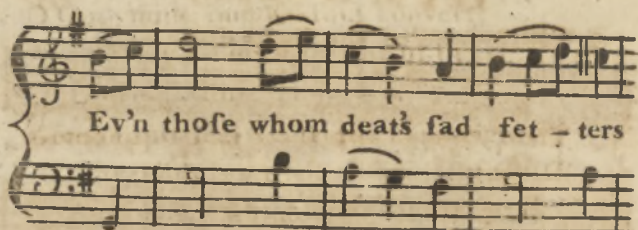
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher:
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favour:
The love divine
Which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise,
For that high prize,
Which thou hast set before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right-hand,
To take us up to heaven.

HYMN CXXI

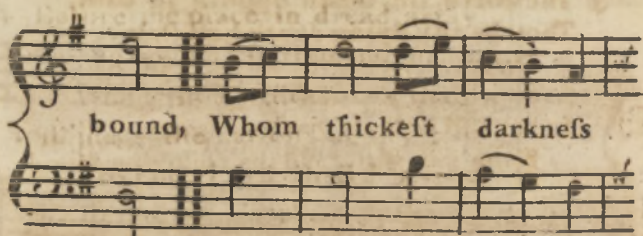
Canterbury

after Frankfort

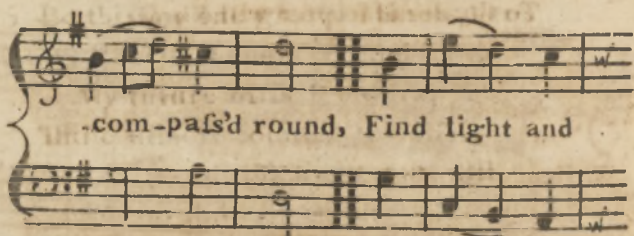
*At God's right hand
To take us up to heaven.*



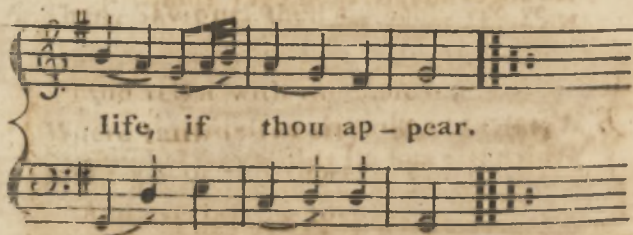
Ev'n those whom death's sad fet - ters



bound, Whom thickest darkness



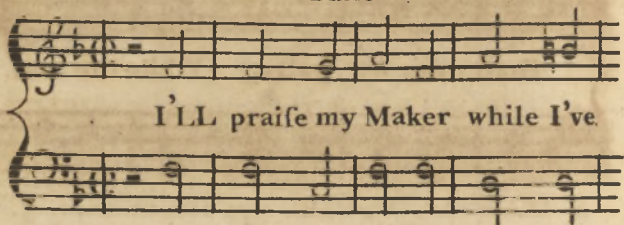
-com-pass'd round, Find light and



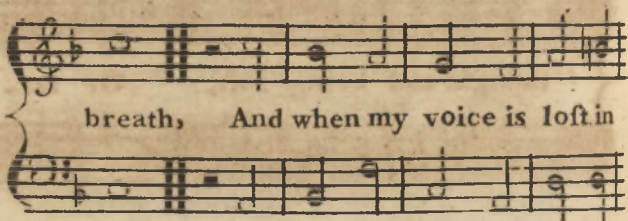
life, if thou ap - pear.

- 2 Effulgence of the light divine,
 E'er rolling planets knew to shine,
 E'er time its ceaseless course began;
 Thou when th'appointed time was come,
 Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
 But God with God — wert man with man
- 3 The world, sin, death oppose in vain,
 Thou by thy dying death hast slain,
 My great Deliv'rer and my God;
 In vain does the old dragon rage,
 In vain all hell its pow'rs engage;
 None can withstand thy conqu'ring blood.
- 4 Lord over all, sent to fulfil
 Thy gracious Father's sov'reign will,
 To thy dread scepter will I bow;
 With duteous rev'rence at thy feet,
 Like humble Mary, lo! I sit,
 Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now
- 5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me,
 Lowly and gentle may I be,
 No charms but these to thee are dear;
 No anger mayst thou ever find,
 No pride in my unruffled mind,
 But faith and heaven-born peace be there.
- 6 A patient, a victorious mind,
 Which life and all things cast behind,
 Springs forth obedient to thy call:
 An heart which no desire can move.
 But still t'adore believe and love,
 Give me, my Lord, my life, my all.

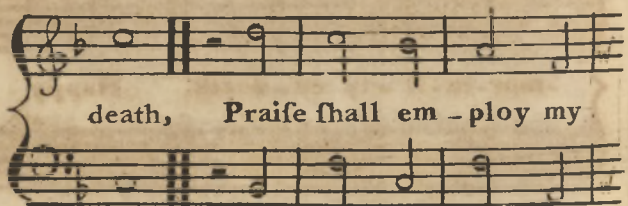
HYMN CXXII.

Old 113th Psalm Tune

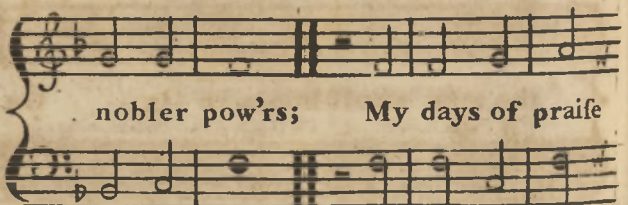
I'LL praise my Maker while I've



breath, And when my voice is lost in



death, Praise shall em - ploy my



nobler pow'rs; My days of praise

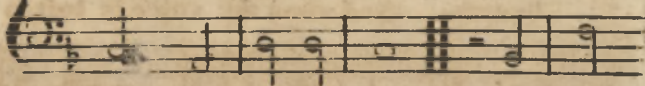
HYMN CXII



shall ne'er be past, While life and



thought and being last, Or im -

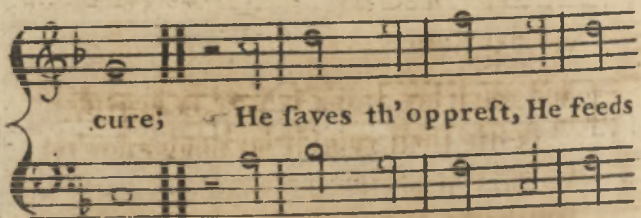
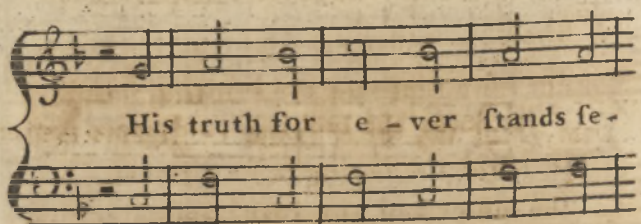
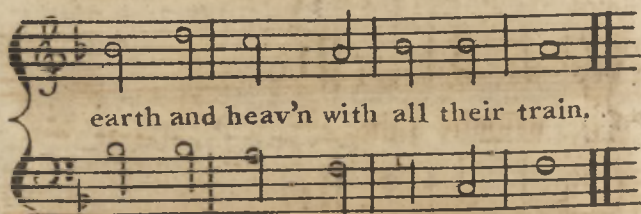
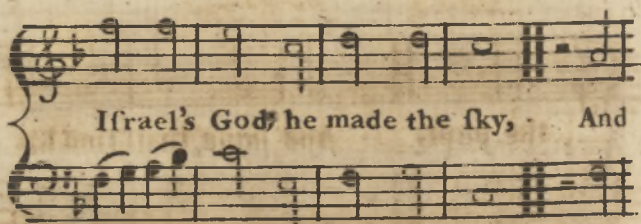


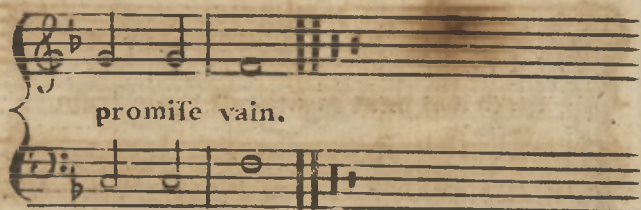
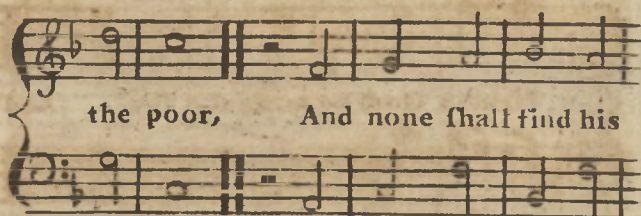
-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures. Happy



the man whose hopes re - ly On





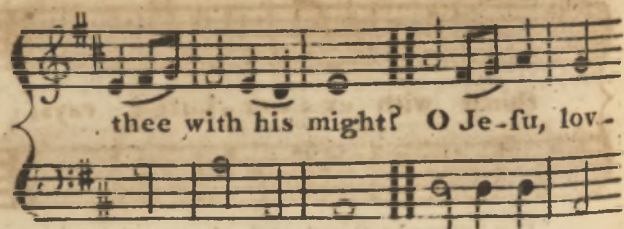
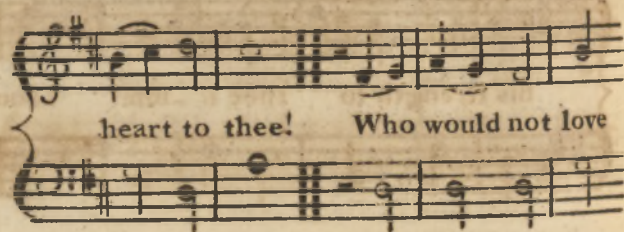
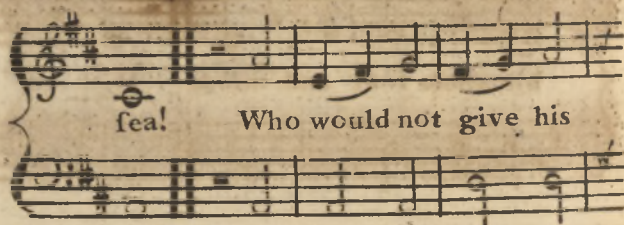
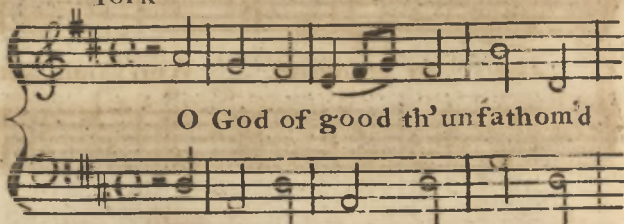


- 2 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
 The Lord supports the fainting mind;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace:
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

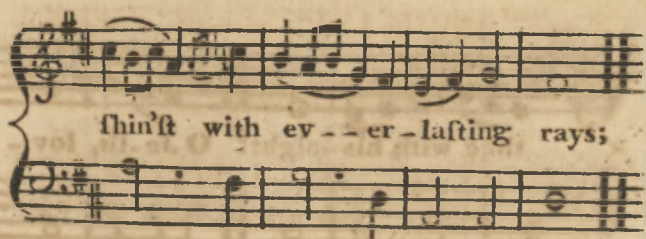
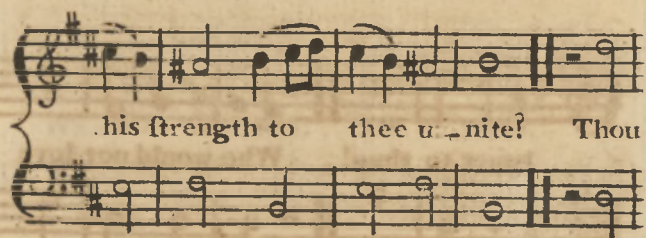
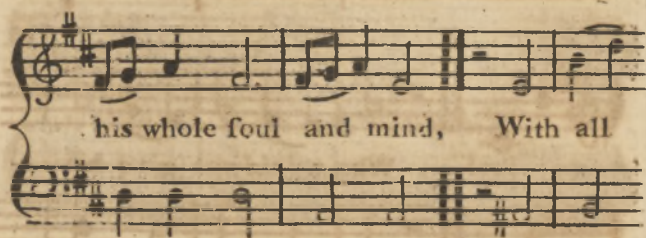
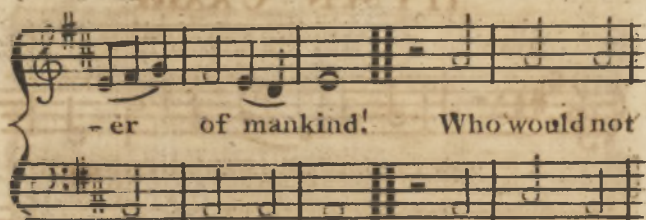
- 3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

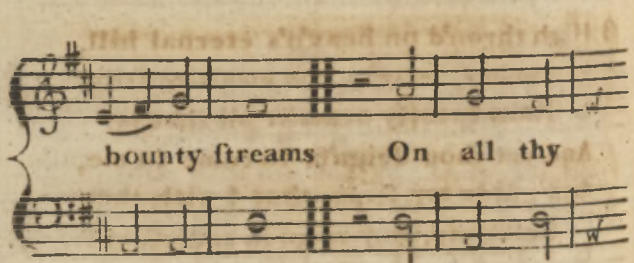
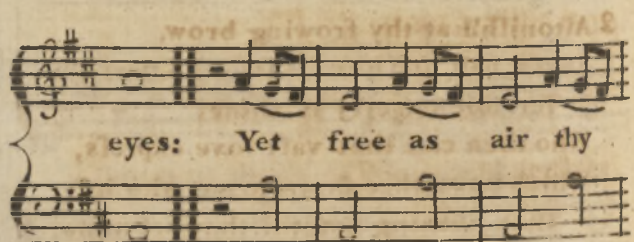
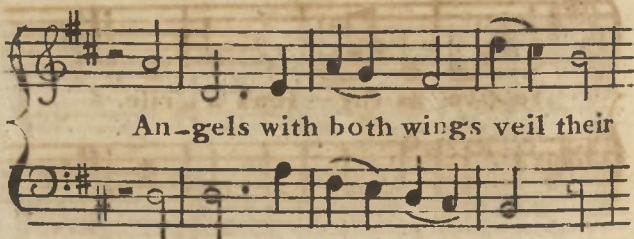
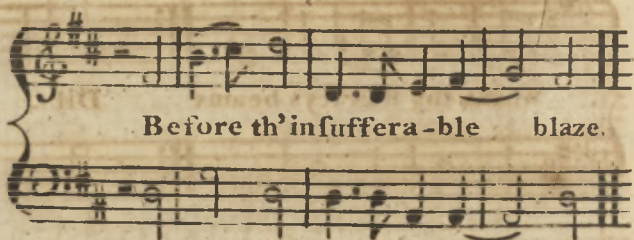
HYMN CXXIII.

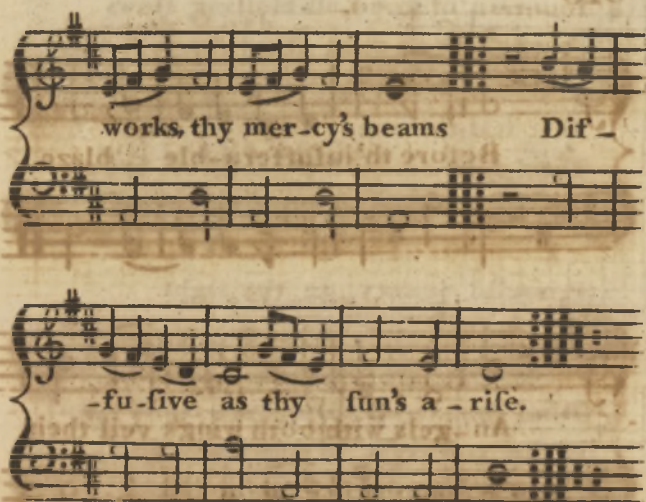
York



HYMN CXIII







2 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,
 Earth, hell, and heav'n's strong pillars bow,
 Terrible majesty is thine!
 Who then can that vast love express,
 Which bows thee down to me, who less
 Than nothing am, till thou art mine!

3 High thron'd on heav'n's eternal hill,
 In number, weight, and measure still
 Thou sweetly order'ft all that is:
 And yet thou deign'ft to come to me,
 And guide my steps, that I with thee
 Enthron'd, may reign in endless blifs.

4 Fountain of good, all blessing flows
 From thee; no want thy fulness knows:
 What but thyself canst thou desire?
 Yes: self-sufficient as thou art,
 Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
 This, only this thou dost require.

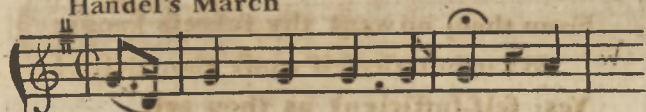
5 Primeval beauty! in thy fight
 The first-born fairest sons of light
 See all their brightest glories fade:
 What then to me thine eyes could turn?
 In sin conceiv'd, of woman born,
 A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade!

6 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
 And trembling own th' almighty God,
 Sov'reign of earth, hell, air, and sky;
 But who is this that comes from far,
 Whose garments roll'd in blood appear?
 'Tis God made man, for man to die.

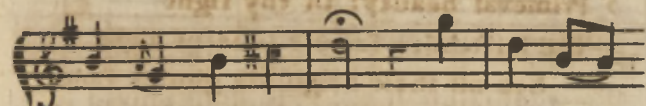
7 O God, of good th' unfathom'd sea,
 Who would not give his heart to thee?
 Who would not love thee with his might?
 O Jesu, lover of mankind,
 Who would not his whole soul and mind,
 With all his strength to thee unite?

HYMN CXXIV.

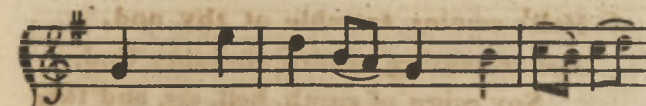
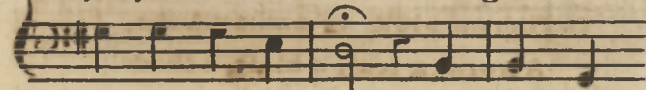
Handel's March



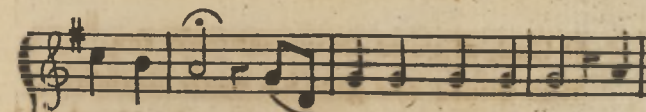
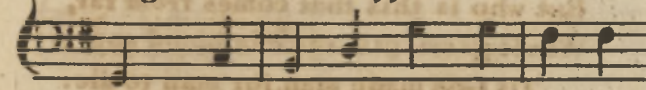
SOLDIERS of Christ a rise, And



put your armour on, Strong in the

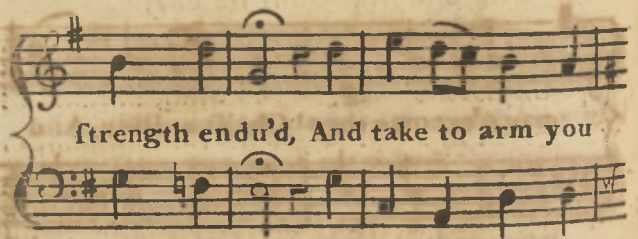
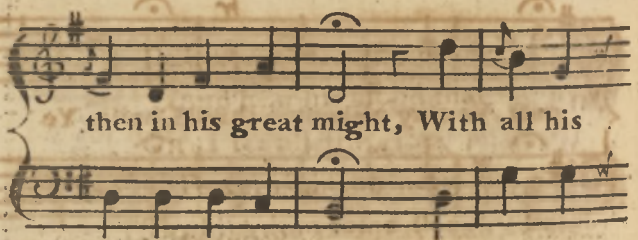
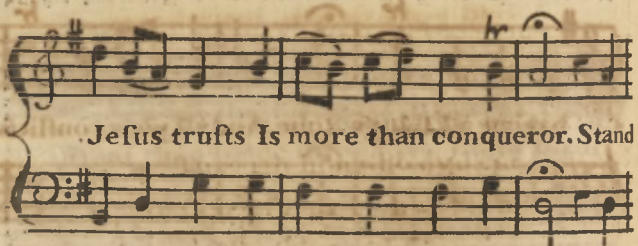
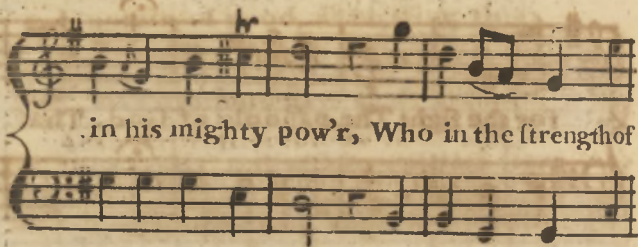


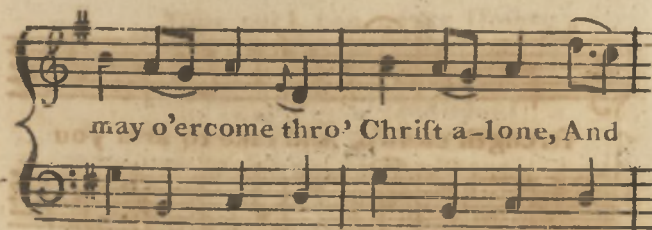
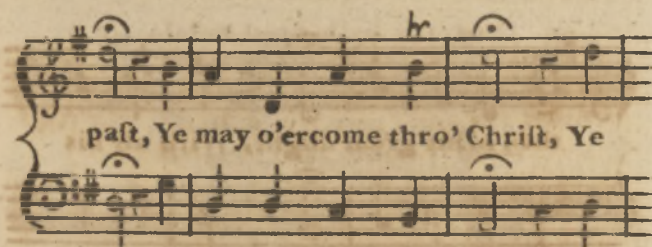
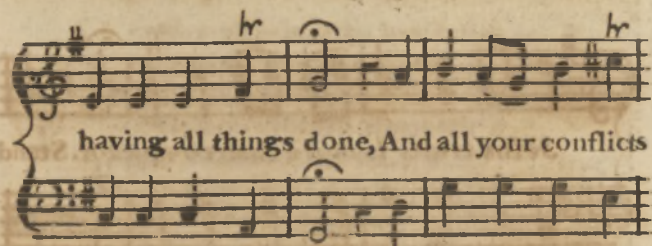
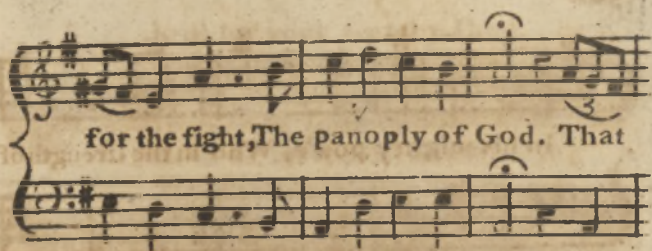
strength which God supplies, Thro' his e -

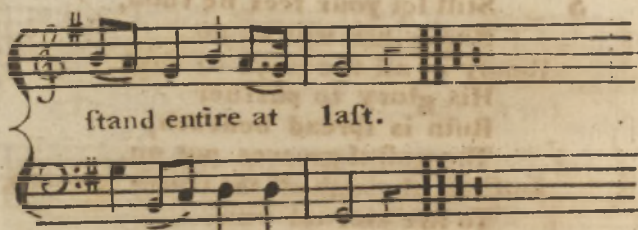


ternal Son; Strong in the Lord of hosts, And









- 2 Stand then against your foes
 In close and firm array,
 Legions of wily fiends oppose
 Throughout the evil day;
 But meet the sons of night,
 But mock their vain design,
 Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
 Of righteousness divine.
- 3 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul,
 Take ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
 And fortify the whole;
 Indissolubly join'd,
 To battle all proceed:
 But arm yourselves with all the mind
 That was in Christ your head.
- 4 Let truth the girdle be,
 That binds your armour on,
 In faithful, firm sincerity,
 To Jesus cleave alone;
 Let faith and love combine
 To guard your valiant breast:
 The plate be righteousness divine,
 Imputed and imprest.

5 Still let your feet be shod,
 Ready his will to do,
 Ready in all the ways of God
 His glory to pursue;
 Ruin is spread beneath,
 The gospel-greaves put on,
 And safe through all the snares of death,
 To life eternal run.

6 But above all, lay hold
 On faith's victorious shield,
 Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
 Be sure to win the field;
 If faith surround your heart,
 Satan shall be subdued;
 Repell'd his every fiery dart,
 And quench'd with Jesu's blood.

7 Jesus hath died for you!
 What can his love withstand?
 Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
 Shall pluck you from his hand.
 Believe that Jesus reigns,
 All pow'r to him is given:
 Believe, till freed from sin's remains
 Believe yourselves to heaven.

8 Your rock can never shake;
 Hither he saith, come up!
 The helmet of salvation take,
 The confidence of hope;
 Hope for his perfect love,
 Hope for his people's rest,
 Hope to sit down with Christ above,
 And share the marriage feast.

9 Brandish in faith till then
 The Spirit's two-edg'd sword,
 Hew all the snares of fiends and men
 In peices with the Word:
 "'Tis written,"—This apply'd,
 Baffles their strength and art,
 Spirit and soul with this divide,
 And joints and marrow part.

10 To keep your armour bright,
 Attend with constant care,
 Still walking in your captain's light,
 And watching unto prayer,
 Ready for all alarms,
 Steadfastly set your face,
 And always exercise your arms,
 And use your ev'ry grace.

11 Pray, without ceasing pray,
 (Your captain gives the word)
 His summons chearfully obey,
 And call upon the Lord:
 To God your ev'ry want
 In instant prayer display,
 Pray always, pray and never faint,
 Pray without ceasing, pray.

12 In fellowship alone,
 To God with faith draw near,
 Approach his courts, besiege his throne
 With all the pow'rs of prayer;

Go to his temple, go,
 Nor from his alter move,
 Let ev'ry house his worship know,
 And ev'ry heart his love.

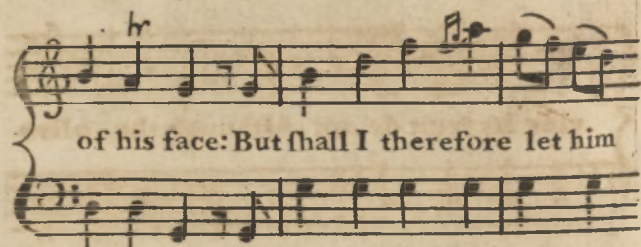
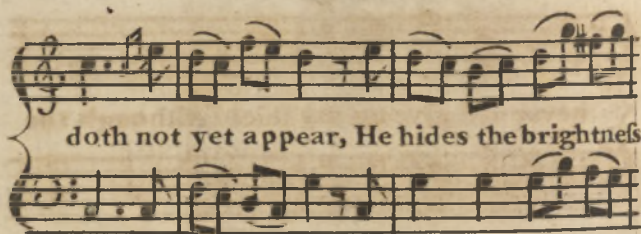
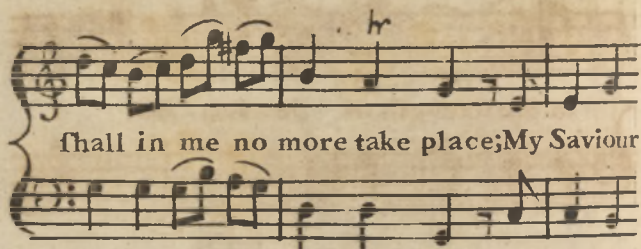
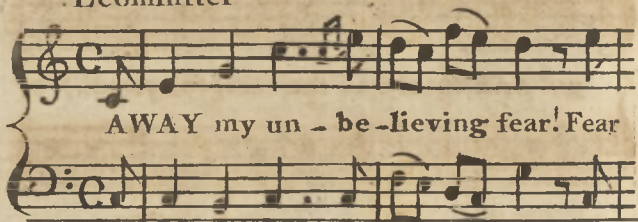
- 13 To God your spirits dart,
 Your souls in words declare,
 Or groan to him who reads the heart,
 Th'unutterable prayer:
 His mercy now implore,
 And now shew forth his praise,
 In shouts, or silent awe adore
 His miracles of grace.

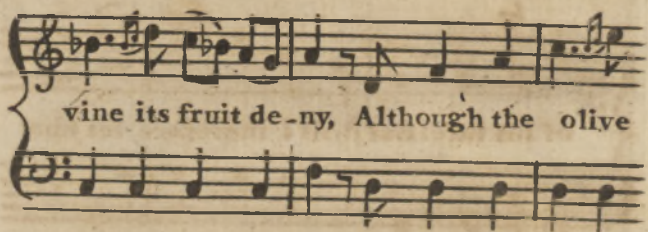
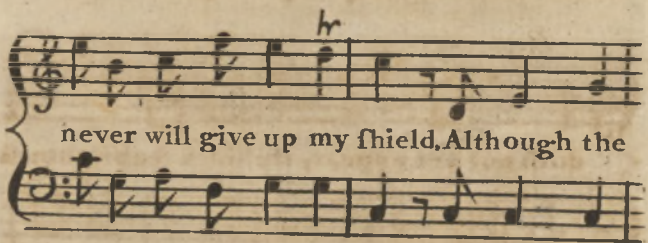
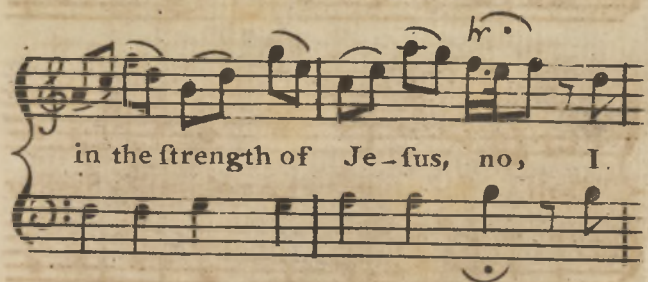
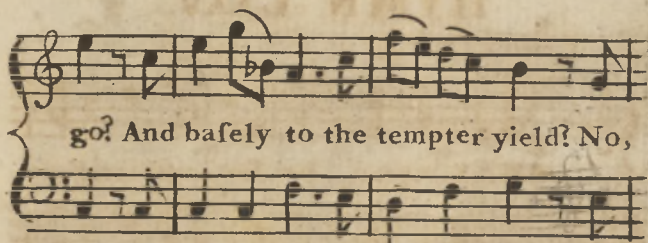
- 14 Pour out your souls to God,
 And bow them with your knees,
 And spread your hearts and hands abroad,
 And pray for Sion peace;
 Your guides and brethren bear
 For ever on your mind:
 Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
 In grasping all mankind.

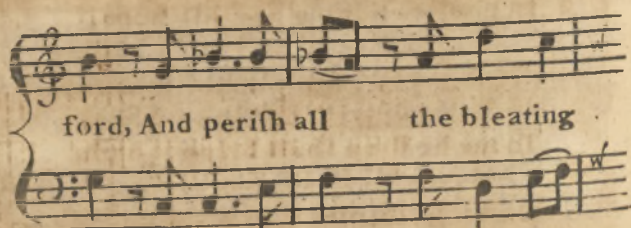
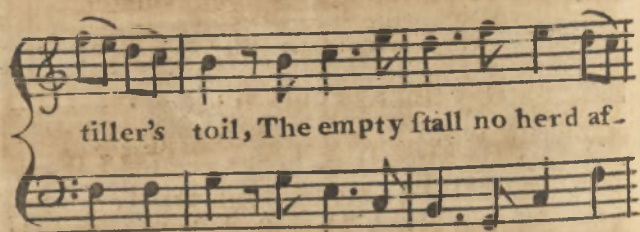
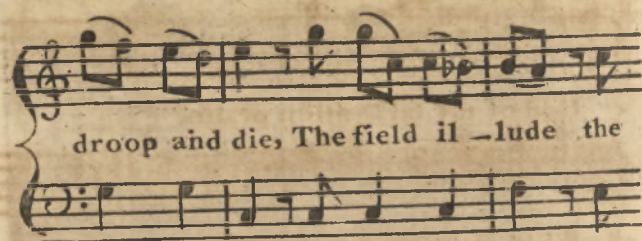
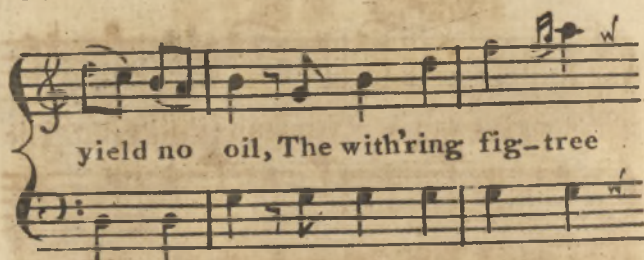
- 15 From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
 Tread all the pow'rs of darkneſs down,
 And win the well-fought day;
 Still let the Spirit cry
 In all his soldiers, "Come,"
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
 And takes the conq'rors home.

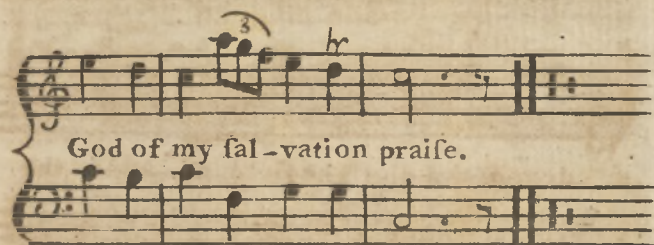
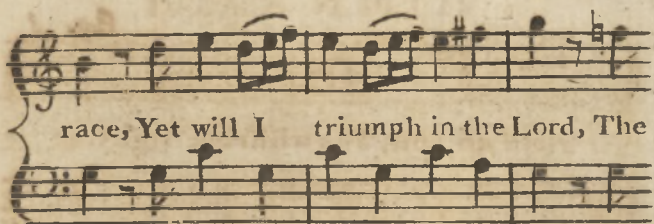
HYMN CXXV.

Leominster









- 2 Barren although my soul remain,
 And no one bud of grace appear;
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin, and only sin is here;
 Although my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 And glory that he dy'd for me.
- 3 In hope believing against hope,
 Jesus my Lord and God I claim;
 Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
 Salvation is in Jesu's name:
 To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN CXXVI.

L

Chesunt
2

THE voice of my be-lov-ed

THE voice of my be-lov-ed

founds, While o'er the moun-tain-tops

founds, While o'er the moun-tain-tops

he bounds, He flies ex-ulting

he bounds, He flies ex-ulting

o'er the hills, And all my soul with
o'er the hills, And all my soul with

transport fills. The voice of my be-
transport fills. The voice of my be-

-lov-ed sounds, While o'er the mountain
-lov-ed sounds, While o'er the mountain

tops he bounds, He flies ex-ulting

tops he bounds, He flies ex-ulting

o'er the hills, And all my foul with

o'er the hills, And all my foul with

transport fills. He flies ex-ulting

transport fills. He flies ex-ulting

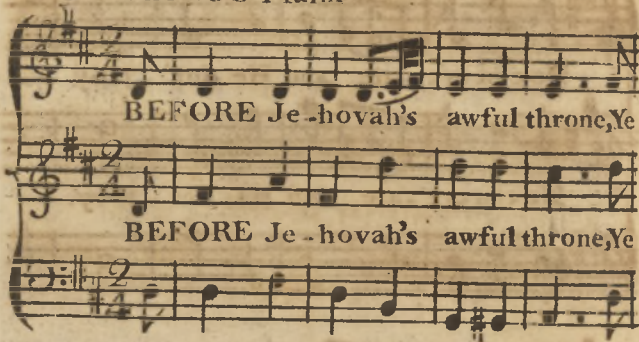
- 2 The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,
 The rain is gone, the winter's past
 The lovely vernal flow'rs appear,
 The warbling choir enchant our ear;
 Now with sweetly pensive moan,
 Cooes the turtle dove alone.
- 3 The voice of my beloved sounds,
 While o'er the mountain tops he bounds,
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,
 And all my soul with transport fills.
 Gently doth he chide my stay,
 Rise my love and come away."

HYMN CXXVII.

JESUS, my love, my life, my peace,
 Jesus is mine, and I am his,
 His bride, his dear bought property,
 Who lov'd, and gave himself for me:
 Joy and glory of my soul,
 While eternal ages roll!

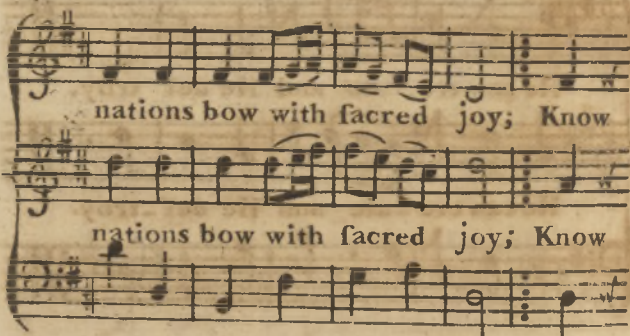
HYMN CXXVIII.

The 100 Psalm



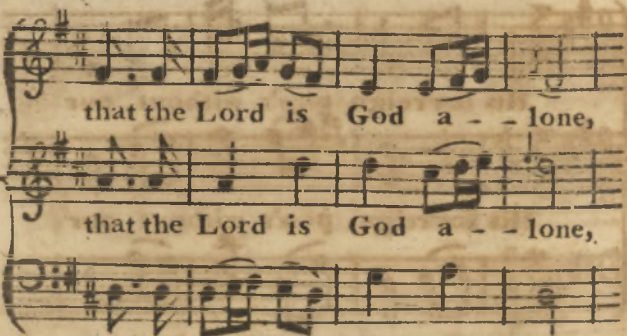
BEFORE Je-hovah's awful throne, Ye

BEFORE Je-hovah's awful throne, Ye



nations bow with sacred joy; Know

nations bow with sacred joy; Know



that the Lord is God a - - lone,

that the Lord is God a - - lone,

He can cre - ate and He def - troy.

He can cre - ate and He def - troy.

He can cre - ate and He def troy.

Hecan cre - ate and He def - troy.

His sov'reign pow'r without our

His sov'reign pow'r without our

aid, Made us of clay and form'd us

men, And when like wand'ring sheep we

stray'd, He brought us to his fold a-

2 The ſcatter'd clouds are fled at laſt,
 The rain is gone, the winter's paſt
 The lovely vernal flow'rs appear,
 The warbling choir enchant our ear;
 Now with ſweetly penſive moan,
 Cooes the turtle dove alone.

3 The voice of my beloved ſounds,
 While o'er the mountain tops he bounds,
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,
 And all my ſoul with tranſport fills.
 Gently doth he chide my ſtay,
 Riſe my love and come away?"

HYMN CXXVII.

JESUS, my love, my life, my peace,
 Jeſus is mine, and I am his,
 His bride, his dear bought property,
 Who lov'd, and gave himſelf for me:
 Joy and glory of my ſoul,
 While eternal ages roll!

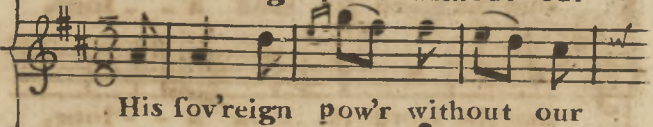
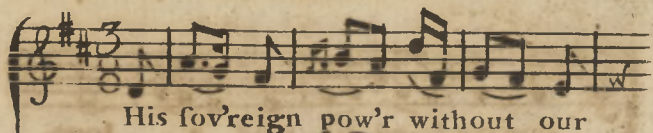
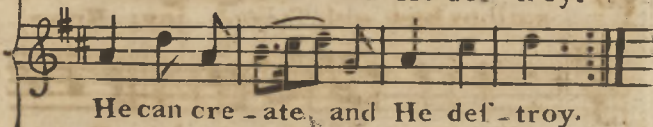
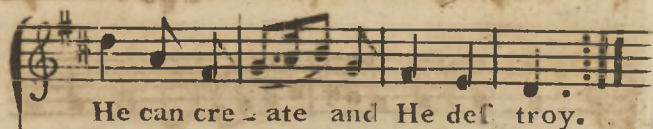
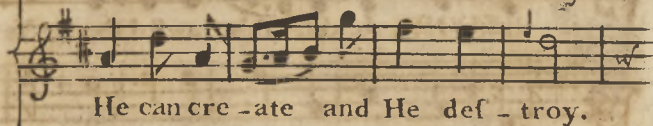
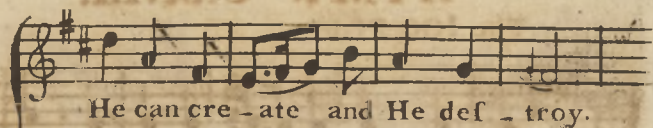
HYMN CXXVIII.

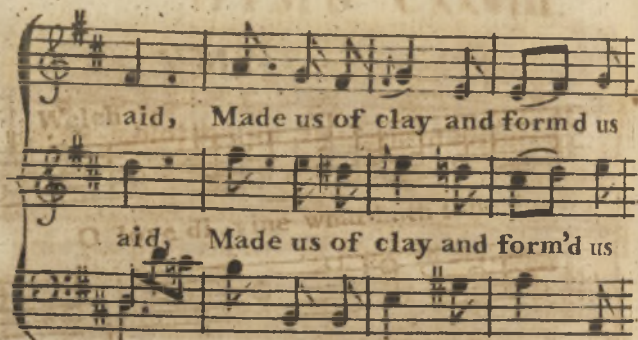
The 100 Psalm

BEFORE Je-hovah's awful throne, Ye
BEFORE Je-hovah's awful throne, Ye

nations bow with sacred joy; Know
nations bow with sacred joy; Know

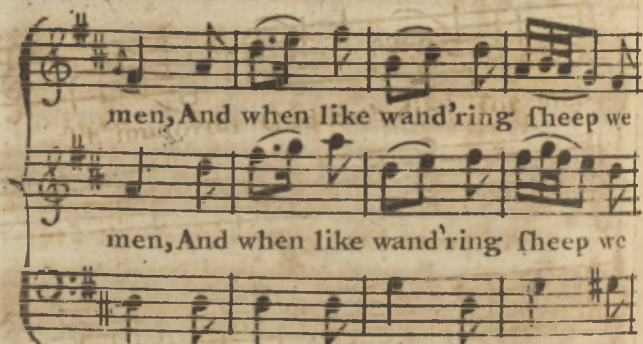
that the Lord is God a - - lone,
that the Lord is God a - - lone,





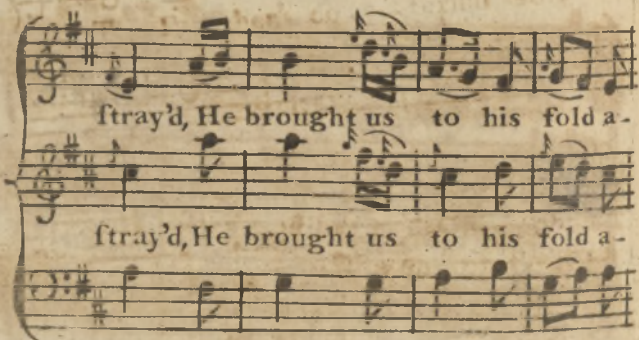
aid, Made us of clay and form'd us
aid, Made us of clay and form'd us

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below each staff.



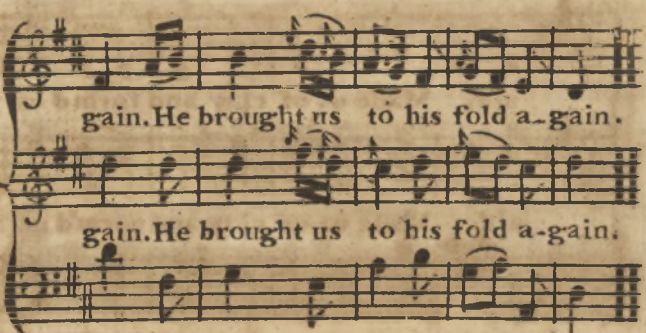
men, And when like wand'ring sheep we
men, And when like wand'ring sheep we

This system contains the next two staves of music, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below each staff.



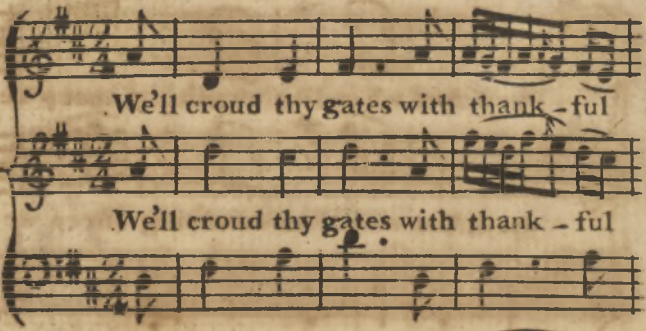
stray'd, He brought us to his fold a-
stray'd, He brought us to his fold a-

This system contains the final two staves of music on this page. The lyrics are written below each staff.



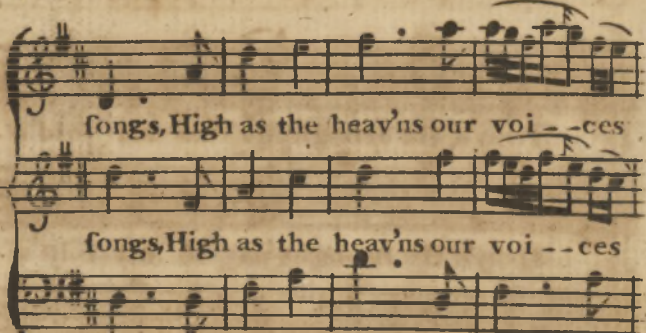
gain. He brought us to his fold a-gain.

gain. He brought us to his fold a-gain.



We'll croud thy gates with thank - ful

We'll croud thy gates with thank - ful



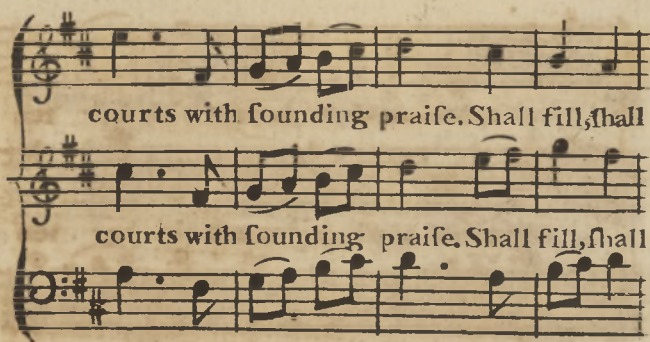
songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - - ces

songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - - ces

raife; And earth, And earth with her ten

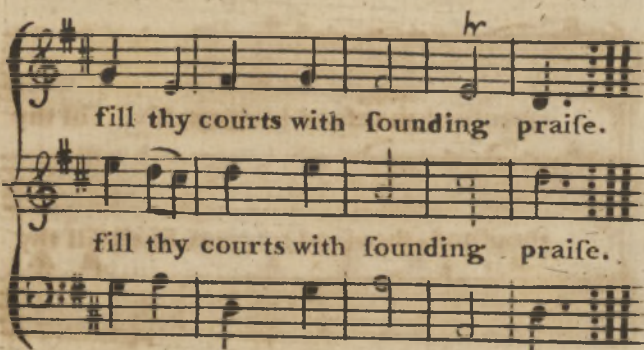
thousand, thousand tongues, Shall fill thy

courts with sounding praise. Shall fill thy



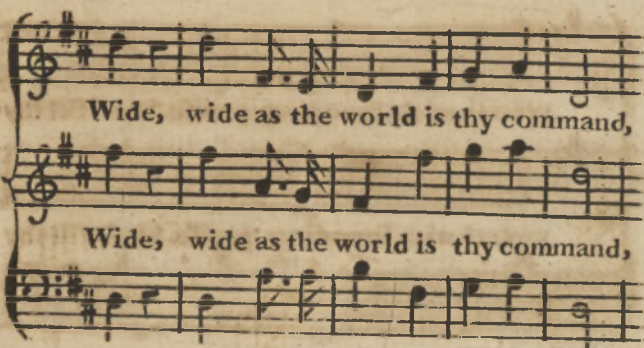
courts with founding praise. Shall fill, shall

courts with founding praise. Shall fill, shall



fill thy courts with founding praise.

fill thy courts with founding praise.



Wide, wide as the world is thy command,

Wide, wide as the world is thy command,

Vast as E - ternity, E - ternity thy love;

Vast as E - ternity, E - ternity thy love;

Firm as a rock thy truth must stand

Firm as a rock thy truth must stand

When rol - ling years shall cease to

When rol - ling years shall cease to

move, shall cease to move. When rolling

years shall cease to move. When rolling

years shall cease to move.

I N D E X.

	Page	Hymn
A		
All glory and Praise, — —	2	1
All ye that pass by, — —	6	4
Ah! tell us no more, — —	8	5
Away with our fears, — —	10	6
Ah! woe is me, constrain'd to dwell,	105	49
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!	176	77
Ah! lovely appearance of death,	191	82
Away with our sorrow and fear,	194	83
Arise, my soul arise, — —	206	87
All thanks to the Lamb, Who gives us to meet, — —	282	111
All hail the true Elijah, — —	305	119
Away my unbelieving fear! —	330	125

B

Being of beings, God of love, —	90	43
Brother in Christ, and well belov'd,	154	67
Blow ye the trumpet, blow, — —	219	91
Before Jehovah's awful throne, —	342	128

C

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